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MONTHLY

IOW THE GAME PLAN WENT WRONG

y Rowland Evans, Jr., and Robert D. Novak

OHN CONNALLY: NIXON'S NEW QUARTERBACK

y Ronnie Dugger

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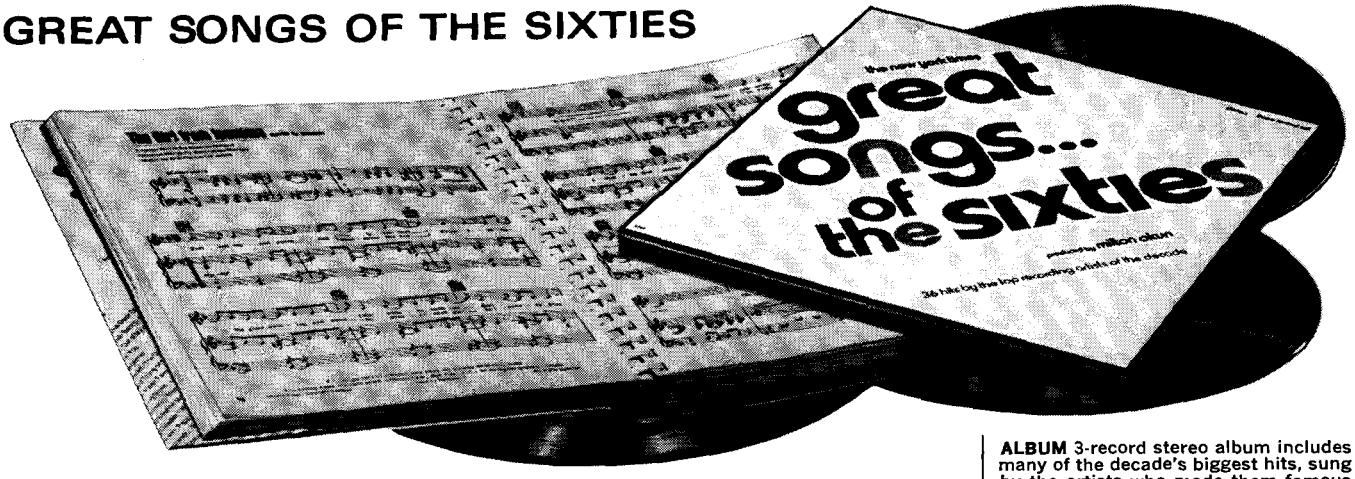

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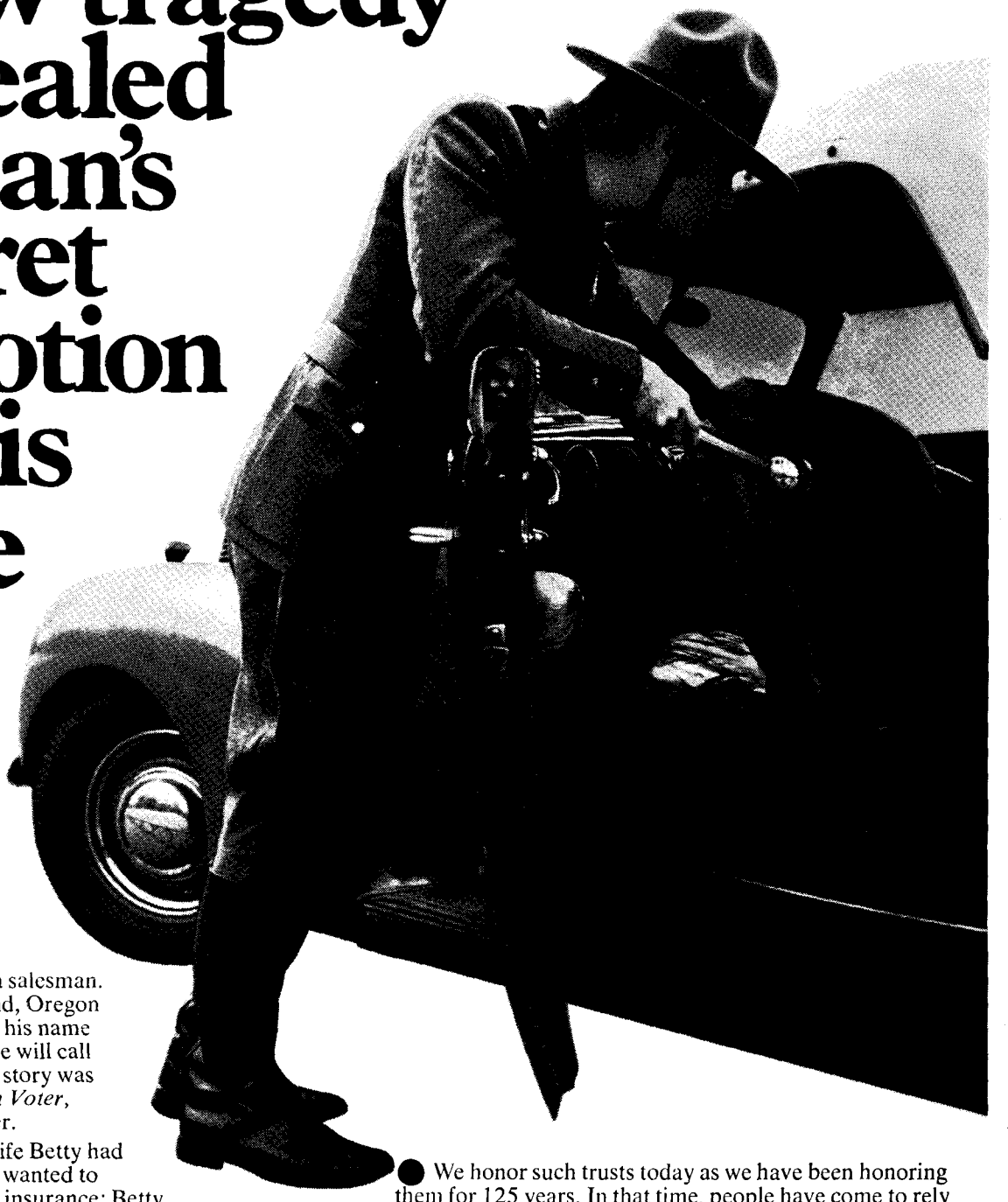

The man was a salesman. He lived in Portland, Oregon in the late 30's and his name was not John, so we will call him John. The full story was told in *The Oregon Voter*, the local newspaper.

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

As every schoolboy knows," is a phrase once employed in *Time* magazine to introduce readers to a quaint or esoteric bit of fact that was often little known to schoolboys, and not much better known to their elders. Anyway, as every schoolboy knows, the family name of Britain's Baron Delamere is spelled Cholmondeley and pronounced *chúmli.* This in itself should not perplex a visitor to the sceptered isle, but consider that the Cholmeley family name is also pronounced *chúmli,* as is that of the Chomley family and the communities of Chulmleigh and Chumleigh.

Suppose that you are tuned in to the BBC news one morning and are advised that the Cholmondeley and Chomley families are bringing joint suit against the Cholmeley family before the justice of the peace in Chumleigh over the rights to a hoard of old pewter found in a chest unearthed on a farm near Chulmleigh. Enough to drive a fellow off his chump, I'd think—especially if he happens to be staying at an inn in Cholmondeston, pronounced *chómsson.*

For this exercise in aural confusion—and for such other incidental tidbits as that the family name of the Earl of Cottenham, Pepys, is pronounced *pips* while that of the diarist Samuel is pronounced *peeps*—we are indebted to *BBC Pronouncing Dictionary of British Names,* recently published by the Oxford University Press.

The volume makes one understand the dismay of the Frenchman who traveled to London to learn English firsthand. He learned, with some struggle, that *through* was pronounced the same as *threw,* that *though* was pronounced differently from *tough,* and so on. One day—this was during the time of the big Festival of Britain in the late forties—he observed a newspaper headline saying "BRITISH FESTIVAL PRONOUNCED SUCCESS." He caught the next Channel boat to Calais.

In 1954, when he became editor of the irreverent Texas *Observer,* Ronnie Dugger began observing the career of John Connally, and he has kept his binoculars trained on the powerful and wealthy Texan ever since. Texas is probably the only state big enough to contain simultaneously a Lyndon Johnson and a John Connally (Texans pay no mind to the upstart claim of the fiftieth state that their turf is merely a smaller, baked Alaska), and probably no other reporter has spent so much time studying the politics and life-styles of the two men. In addition to his reportorial researches, Mr. Dugger profited from a long interview with Mr. Connally during 1968, his last year as governor of Texas. Connally talked at length then about his career and his political views. To prepare the profile that begins on page 82, Dugger sought another interview after Mr. Connally went to Washington recently as President Nixon's Secretary of the Treasury. The Secretary said no.

Mr. Dugger had more than enough to work with anyway, and the team of Evans and Novak were on hand to size up the state of the Nixon-era economy, and to discern how John Connally fits into the scene. As for the cover, Mr. Nixon's fondness for football provided instant inspiration for Sam Berman, a singularly effective political caricaturist who has returned to that art form after a long, self-imposed layoff. Disgusted by the atmosphere that grew out of McCarthyism (Joe), Mr. Berman turned from political cartooning to cartography in the fifties. Now he finds the atmosphere better and has re-entered the lists, using clay and kiln instead of pen and paper. "I feel that cold leaders are running the government," he says. "I'd like to warm them up a bit."

Robert Manning

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"Read the best books first,
or you may not have a chance
to read them at all."

Henry David Thoreau

photograph by André Kertesz

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REPORTS & COMMENT

LAOS

The springtime in Laos is very dry. Save for the brief Mango rains, the heat is unrelieved, and shriveled green leaves lie like dead frogs in the dusty roads. The sun is dull red in the smoke and haze, for in the springtime the hill people slash and burn the brush off the hillsides. The pilots say that the haze stretches all across the northern marches of Southeast Asia from North Vietnam across to Burma. The Air America helicopters must pick their way carefully among the fantastic limestone outcroppings that rise like castles from the wooded hills tumbling out of China. One realizes that the misty mountains of the classical Chinese landscape paintings were not the product of artistic imaginations, but faithful reproductions of nature.

Here in these hills, fifty miles northeast of Vientiane, there is an airstrip known to the pilots as site 272. It is the center for American refugee relief in Northern Laos and the fall-back point for Long Cheng, the secret CIA base twenty-five miles to the north. Long Cheng is the headquarters for the Meo General Vang Pao's "Armée Clandestine," supported by the CIA. All this past winter and spring the base has been under siege by the North Vietnamese. The hill peoples, the highland Lao and the Meo dependents of Vang Pao's army, have been fleeing south by the thousands, pouring into the hills and valleys near site 272. They make temporary bamboo shelters, and Air America drops rice to them, for they have no food. There is the despair of uncertainty. No one can tell them what their future will be. Like Laos itself, they have long since lost control of their own destiny.

In one such makeshift settlement the village chief greets visitors with a gold-toothed smile. There are over nine hundred people in his immediate area—four hundred of them are children. One night, the Pathet Lao and the North Vietnamese had come to his village. The soldiers in a nearby government outpost had detected no enemies in the area: "So we went to bed happy," the village chief said.

"But at four o'clock in the morning we were attacked. Before we knew it, they were in the village shooting and the houses were burning." Squatting down on his haunches, the village chief described with his hands in the dirt how the enemy had come and the attack on the outpost—the short, sharp explosions, the flames, the rifle fire, the measured hammering of the fifty-calibers, and then silence. Death had come in the classic Indochina way: a small, isolated outpost overrun in the night. It was a scene that has been played a thousand times in the last twenty-five years of war.

The villagers escaped into the surrounding woods, and for two days they marched over some of the most impenetrable and inhospitable country on earth. "We were so sorry to leave everything behind," the chief said, "and the march was very difficult. We walked two days, and the people cried and cried over the mountains. Two people died; one was an old person and the other was a child." There was talk that the men might be conscripted into Vang Pao's army, but the chief did not know for sure, and he did not know what would happen to his people. "I am afraid," he said.

"For what?"

At site 272 the Air America planes continue taking off and landing in a roar of red dust, bringing rice, pigs, and ducks to the refugees. But one senses the end of a decade of American policy in Laos. Ten years ago, when the Americans first began to train and equip the Meo tribesmen, Vang Pao's guerrillas operated all over Northeastern Laos—far behind enemy lines to the borders of North Vietnam itself. Fewer than two dozen American servicemen have been killed in these mountains. Asians fight Asians. But ten years of costly, vainglorious offensives and unremitting pressure from North Vietnamese counteroffensives have pushed the Meo beyond their endurance. Vang Pao's losses in the last three years have been so heavy that the Armée Clandestine is no longer an exclusively Meo force. Almost half their numbers are now made up of other highland peoples. And in the last three or four years, the Meo have been organized to fight in battalion-sized units of over five hundred men instead of small guerrilla units. As a result, the slaughter has been magnified. Vang Pao's army can no longer hold Long Cheng alone, and by early April it was reliably reported by Lao and American sources that no fewer

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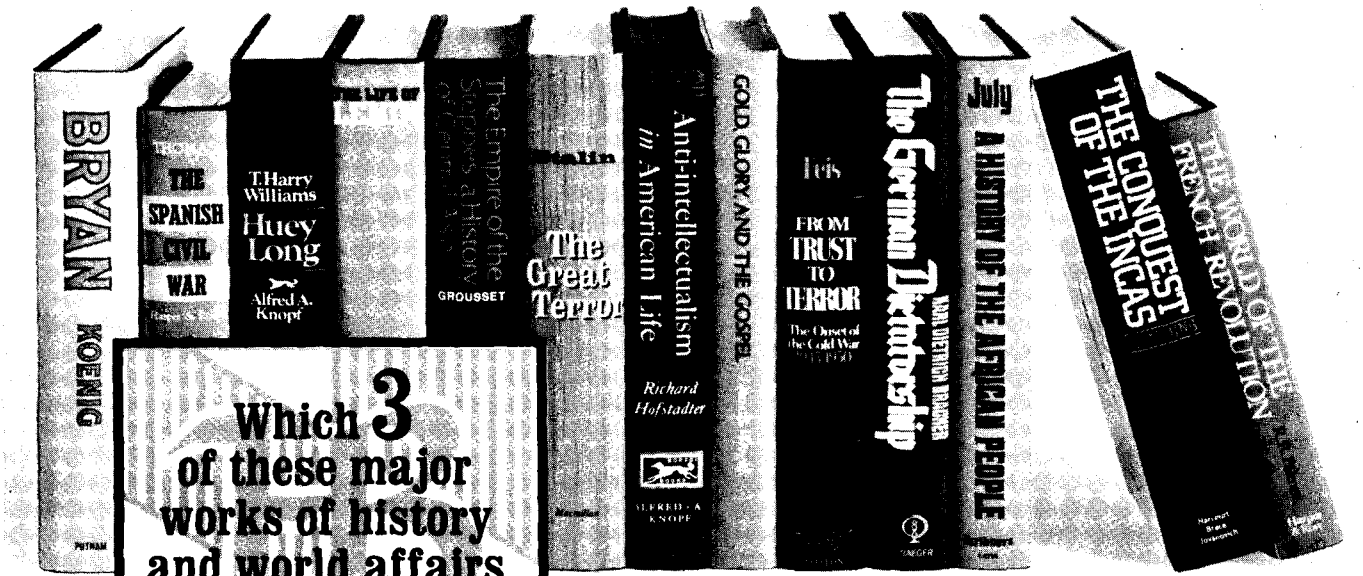

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Every half mile.

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Now 370 roadside emergency telephones are helping to make this section one of the safest highways in the state.

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than five thousand Thai troops had been flown in to bolster the Long Cheng front. (The Thai government still denies the presence of Thai troops in Laos, but their presence is common knowledge in Vientiane.)

For ten years the Meo people have been running and dying, and today there are few mountain ranges left into which to escape. American officials estimate that fully 15 percent of the 250,000 to 300,000 people in the military region that makes up Northeast Laos have died within the last three years.

The official Laotian and American Embassy position is that the Long Cheng airstrip must be held at all costs, but there is a general realization that the game is almost played out as far as the Meo are concerned. Officials speak of an eventual accommodation with the Communists, and say that the Armée Clandestine is all but finished as an effective fighting force.

Many of the Americans who have worked with the Meo have become profoundly disillusioned. The senior USAID official in the Northeast, Edgar Buell, the former Indiana farmer known as "Pop," who in ten years has become a Lawrence of Arabia figure to the Meo, is himself a casualty. Recovering now from a serious heart attack, burdened by overwork and worry during the last few years of disasters, Buell said: "All of this is difficult for us who have worked with these people since the beginning. Some of my boys are beginning to wonder, what was it all for?"

Some Americans are beginning to wonder why, if there is to be an accommodation now, we didn't encourage one ten years ago. Perhaps the arming and supplying of guerrillas so close to the North Vietnamese border provoked greater North Vietnamese retaliation in an area that has nothing to do with the Ho Chi Minh Trail and the war in Vietnam. Although it is true that the Meo had asked for arms in the first place, some Americans argue that they were urged to fight on for U.S. interests beyond their capacity and beyond anything that could be considered in their own interest.

"You know, over two thirds of the 170,000 people we are supporting in the Northeast are refugees," said one American with many years' experience. "Few have been permanently located, and they are milling about in limbo. Anthropologists call the Meo a seminomadic people, but before the war they would move only when they ran out of land. Normally, they might move only ten kilometers or so, and they might take a year to make the move. But to be uprooted as they are now is a great trauma for them.

"In these large refugee moves over the last four or five years we have found that about 10 or 15 percent die during the move or just afterwards," the American said. One always knew that the long marches were killers. When whole populations were on the move, walking for days on end through the mountains, one knew that the old, the weak, and the very young died. But, said the American, experience showed that about the same number of people died anyway even if they had been carried out by plane or helicopter. "We have American doctors waiting for them with mosquito nets, malaria pills, penicillin, the works. But they die anyway. It is the move itself—the adjusting to a new area, different food and water. Of course, part of the problem is that, like all Southeast Asians, a lot of these people are sick and weak to begin with. But a lot of it is psychosomatic—bad *phi* [spirits]. Just the trauma of moving kills them. They think they are going to die, and they do."

Edgar Buell expressed the phenomenon a little differently. "Just moving causes a kind of sickness," he said. "I wouldn't go so far as to say they die of a broken heart or anything like that, but, yes—you can just about say that for a lot of people, moving means dying."

"Up in the sky"

In the summer of 1969, in what may prove to have been Vang Pao's last successful offensive, the Armée Clandestine, with American logistical and air support, captured the Plain of Jars from the overextended North Vietnamese. But some people thought that the brilliantly executed offensive was a foolish escalation of the conflict. By February of 1970, Vang Pao had been pushed back off the plain, with heavy losses.

The raid produced one of the biggest refugee movements of the Laotian war. Fifteen thousand inhabitants from the Plain of Jars were resettled in camps near Vientiane. The last airplaneload left on the tenth of February, 1970. A silver C-130 with the American markings painted over landed in a rooster tail of dust on a makeshift strip on the western edge of the Plain of Jars. The last terrified refugees—it was their first plane ride—were herded aboard against the hurricane blast of the prop wash; nothing was left behind except their dogs, forming in packs and snarling among the refuse of their encampment.

"Some of them have slipped back to the Pathet Lao," said an American official at the time, "but we have rounded up most of the population, and the name of the game is control of the population."

The refugees were set up in temporary bamboo barracks. Now, a year later, these refugees have not yet been permanently resettled. Their conditions are good by refugee standards in Indochina, but the mental fatigue of their impermanent and unsettled status has begun to engulf them. They long for the cool uplands where they were born. To Americans who question them, they speak of their lives behind the Communist lines before they came away from the Plain of Jars. And they describe the role of American and American-supplied air power.

An old grandfather sits lethargically in the shade with his son-in-law and talks about his former life. "Our old house was big and made of wood, not bamboo," he said. "But there is just dust there now. All was burned. We had big, wide rice fields and many buffaloes. There were few trees and the rice grew really high—before the planes came."

In 1967 the grandfather saw only a few planes in the sky, but in 1968 and 1969: "*Hwai!* Maybe we would see two hundred planes in a day," he said, and he drew childish but recognizable pictures of the Laotian T-28's and the American jets he had seen. In August, 1968, his fourteen-year-old nephew was killed.

"The child was out tending the buffaloes when the planes came. He ran for a hole to hide, but he did not run fast enough, for the bombs killed him. They killed three buffaloes at

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the same time. The bombs cut his head off and his arm, and his insides came out on the ground. Many pieces of him went up in the sky," the grandfather said.

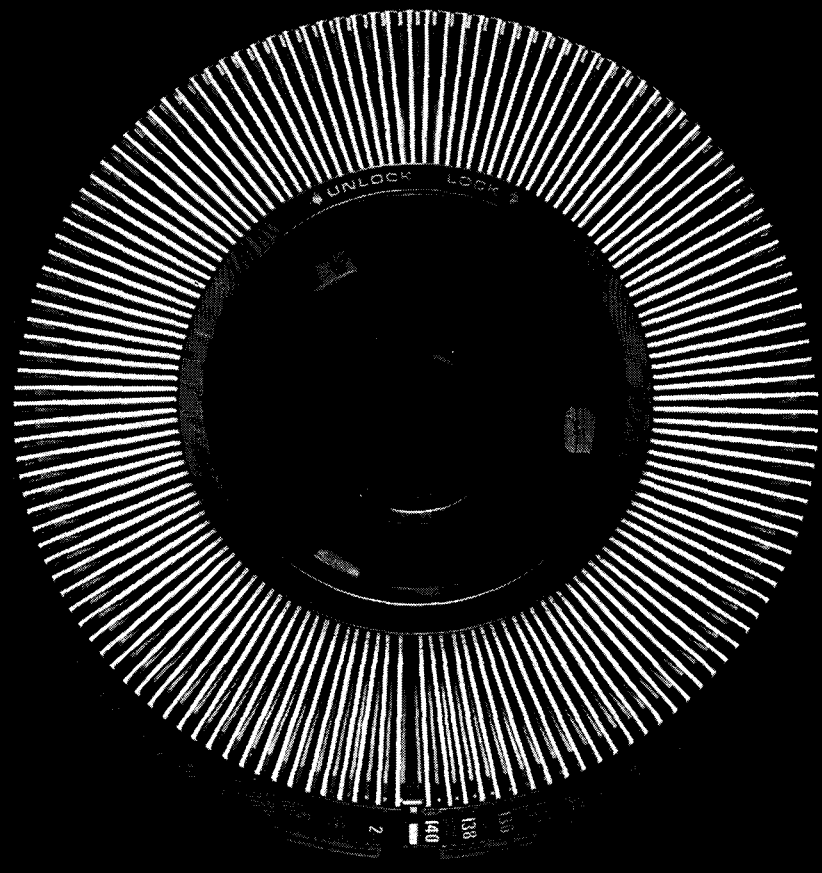
His niece, a woman of thirty, was also killed. "She was afraid to go out of the house because the planes shot at anything that moved," he said. "But the bombs fell on the house, and she was killed."

Later, in 1969, when many of the houses in the village had been destroyed, the people left their houses and lived in holes in the ground. "Every family had a hole, and we would live in the holes—even cook in the holes. We tried to plant our rice at night, but even at night the planes would come. They would drop flares and make it really bright—like day. They were trying to shoot the Pathet Lao soldiers, I suppose, but there weren't any soldiers on the plain. They all lived in the woods in the mountains," the grandfather said.

Periodically the Pathet Lao and the North Vietnamese cadres would come. "They would teach us things and talk about politics. The children studied and studied, and they would learn to read. The adults who could not read were taught, too, and whoever had the knowledge could go teach someone else. Sometimes women even taught men," the grandfather said. When they were hungry and could not grow their own rice, the Communists would give them rice "and some fish from Vietnam," the grandfather said. "But they didn't just take things like the government soldiers, who just took our animals. Sometimes they [the North Vietnamese] would trade us salt and ducks for dogs because they ate dogs. Ten or twelve kilos of salt was the price of a dog."

From time to time, the villagers would be asked to serve as porters for the Pathet Lao, which they didn't like. "Sometimes," said the son-in-law, "we had to carry ammunitions and guns. If there were twenty of us, ten might carry the guns and rockets and ten would carry rice. Sometimes we would have to go for several days, but if you were old you did not have to go. In the daytime we would sleep in the forest and move only at night."

The villagers said that the North Vietnamese never asked them to serve as porters because they brought



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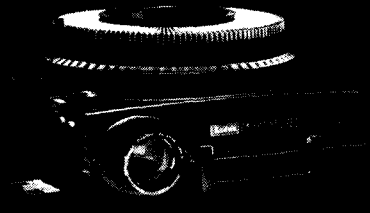

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their own porters, mostly women, from Vietnam.

In the summer of 1969, Vang Pao's Armée Clandestine came. "We were hiding when they came," the grandfather said. "There were about two hundred of them. They said: 'Whoever is there, come out. Come out! You cannot stay here. If you stay here, it means you want to go with the Pathet Lao, and we will shoot you.'" And so the villagers were taken away, and the soldiers burned the houses that were left standing. Were they taken by force? "Oh, we were glad enough to go from there because of the bombing," the grandfather said, "but you were not able not to go."

An old woman, also a refugee from the Plain of Jars, sat with her small granddaughter. Her son, the child's father, had died from disease, and another son had been killed by the "bombi"—the word Laotians use for the antipersonnel bombs that spray flesh-destroying pellets when they explode. "He was out transplanting rice at night," she said, "when the planes came. They took him to a hospital in a cave, but he died."

"The enemies"

"All the houses in our village were destroyed by bombs," the old lady said, "and all we had left was our own bodies. There were ten houses in our village and the *wat* [temple], and the *wat* was destroyed, too. We were always afraid of the planes, and we lived in deep holes as high as a man's head. Maybe fifteen planes would come each day, and we made a place for ourselves in the holes, and we cooked and slept in the holes. The children were very afraid when the planes came, and they cried and cried. The mosquitoes were very bad, and when the rain came, the water would come up to our knees and it was difficult to sleep."

Sometimes the Pathet Lao would ask for porters from her village, too. "My sons and daughters had to go, and I didn't like it. I did not go myself because I am too old. I am sixty-three. Sometimes when the enemies would come near we were really afraid, and there was lots of firing when they came near. Old people do not understand the war," said the old woman.

Many villagers spoke of "the enemies," as indeed they do in Cambodia as well. They do not mean their own enemies. Just the enemies—people who are fighting each other.

The American Embassy, when asked why the Plain of Jars villages were bombed, says that the rules of engagement in the air war are very strict. The rules are that population centers cannot be bombed, and that villages are hit only by accident—the accidents of war. But in dozens of interviews I had in 1970 and 1971 with people from different towns around the Plain of Jars, the evidence led to the conclusion that the population centers behind the Pathet Lao lines had frequently been bombed by U.S. and Laotian aircraft.

"All we really have"

There are still backwater villages in Laos where it is possible to believe that there is no war, and such a village is Ban Xa Phong Meuk. It is only twelve kilometers from Vientiane, and the wooden thatched-roof houses are built on stilts in the traditional Laotian way. In the heat of the day, chickens, ducks, and sway-backed sows sleep underneath the houses in the shade.

Po Tou Douang was born in the village around the turn of the century, and he has never been further than a few kilometers away. The wooden floor of his open-sided house has a high polish, the result of decades of bare feet upon it. His body is old but tough and sinewy. His eyesight is going, but his hands are still quick and sure at the old skills of weaving rice baskets out of straw or making fish traps or copying Buddhist scriptures onto strips of bamboo leaf. The invasions that have swept across Laos in his lifetime have scarcely touched him. He remembers hearing the guns firing along the Mekong after the fall of France in 1940, when the Thais attacked the isolated French garrisons. Later he heard firing again, and his little son ran to tell him that the Japanese had come to Vientiane. "The French ran away to the North," he said, but he never saw a Japanese in his village.

To Po Tou Douang the Americans

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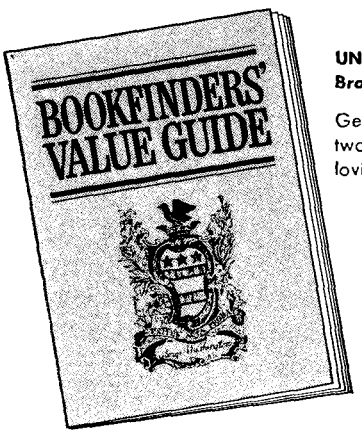

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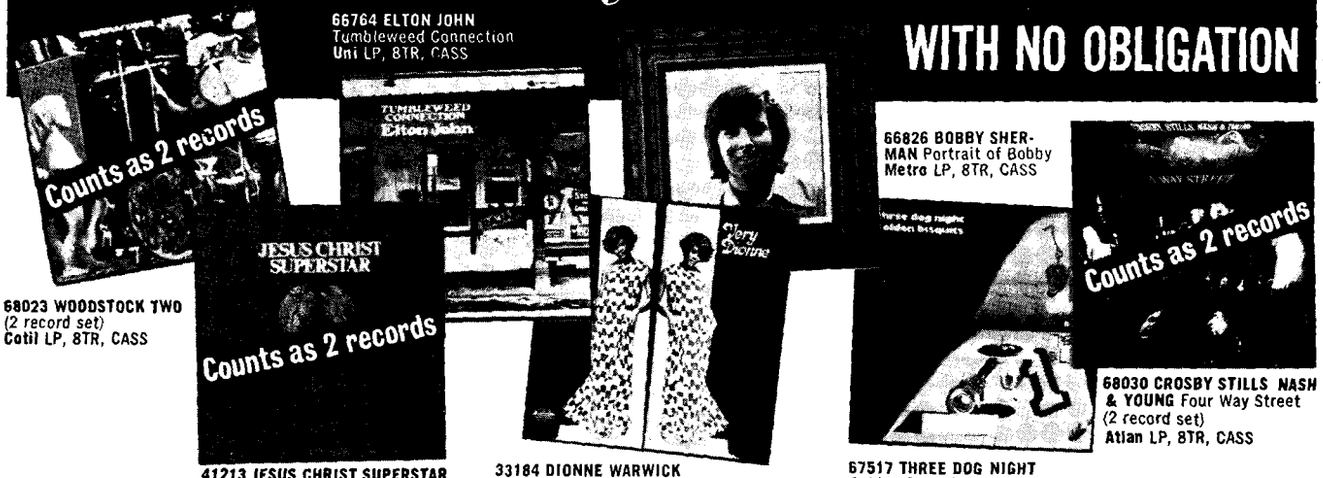

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33184 DIONNE WARWICK
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37833 ROD McKUEN
In The Beginning
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21551 BEETHOVEN
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30618 DIANA ROSS
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

37838 FLIP WILSON
Flipped Out
Sunse LP, 8TR

21633 RED ARMY ENSEMBLE
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

42988 ROGER WILLIAMS Love Story
Kapp LP, 8TR, CASS

42986 ROGER WILLIAMS Golden Hits Vol. II
Kapp LP, 8TR, CASS

48800 B. B. KING Live At Cook County Jail
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

38373 IKE & TINA TURNER
Workin' Together
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS

75002 JACKSON 5
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Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

42665 CROSBY STILLS & NASH
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

43870 MELBA MOORE
Look What You're Doing
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

33099 PDQ BACH
Stoned Guest
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

50506 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE
Wanna Be A Ballerina
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

32882 JOAN BAEZ
Joan Baez 5
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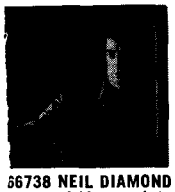
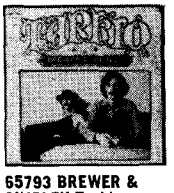
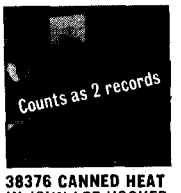


66738 NEIL DIAMOND *Tap Root Manuscript* **Uni** LP, 8TR, CASS

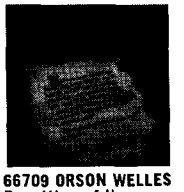


65793 BREWER & SHIPLEY *Tarkio* **KamSu** LP, 8TR, CASS



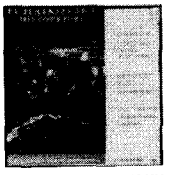
38376 CANNED HEAT *'N JOHN LEE HOOKER* (2 record set) **Liber** LP

42784 STEPHEN STILLS **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

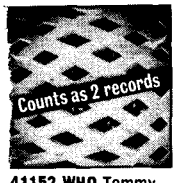


66709 ORSON WELLES *Begatting of the President* **Media** LP

65784 MELANIE *Leftover Wine* **Budda** LP, 8TR, CASS

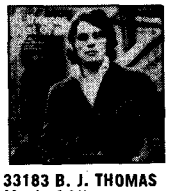


21537 TCHAIKOVSKY *1812 Overture* **Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

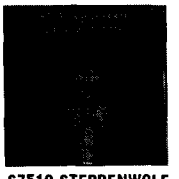


41152 WHO *Tommy* (2 record set) **Decca** LP, 8TR, CASS

33185 JOSEPH & THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT **Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

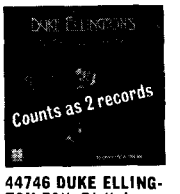


33183 B. J. THOMAS *Most of All* **Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

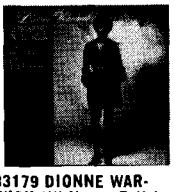


67519 STEPPENWOLF *Gold* **Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

33092 BEST OF BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE (2 record set) **Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS



44746 DUKE ELLINGTON *70th Birthday Concert* (2 record set) **Solst** LP



33179 DIONNE WARWICK *I'll Never Fall In Love Again* **Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

44726 FERRANTE & TEICHER *10th Anniversary Album* (2 record set) **UniAr** LP

28082 GREGORIAN CHANT TREASURY **Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

33134 B. J. THOMAS *Greatest Hits Vol. 1* **Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

65775 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL **KamSu** LP, 8TR, CASS

33065 JOAN BAEZ *David's Album* **Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

44757 BEST OF GORDON LIGHTFOOT **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

42911 MAN OF LA MANCHA *Original Cast* **Kapp** LP, 8TR, CASS

65796 CAL TJADER *Tjader-Ade* **Budda** LP, 8TR, CASS

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are much the same as the French and other foreigners—otherworldly and unapproachable beings. Like the *phi,* the magic spirits that haunt all Laotian life, the unpredictable beings must be placated and charmed lest they prove dangerous.

In 1969, the Pathet Lao managed to blow up a government ammunition dump about five miles away, and in the false dawn the explosions lit up the sky and the ground shook beneath the village. The people crowded into the trenches they had dug and waited in fear while the ammunition burned and boomed on into the night. The old man remembers the courage of his neighbor who left his trench during the explosions to bring cakes to the village spirit house, in case the village should need supernatural protection.

Save for those few brushes with war, Ban Xa Phong Meuk continues as it has for centuries. The demarcations of the past, present, and future are blurred and softened in the traditional village, and the incidents of war have been like acts of nature which interrupt and punctuate the rhythm of the rice-growing.

Po Tou Douang can read only the Buddhist scriptures, which he has learned by rote from the monks. He has no education and no money. But does the townsman have a better life? "Oh, for sure not," he said. "Take me. During the dry season I fetch water and cut firewood. At the end of the dry season I used to look up in the sky. Ho! Time to plant my upland rice and vegetables, so I got out there in my paddies to plow, and I would stand behind my buffalo, push him along saying, 'Tsk, tsk, hey you! Go straight.' I worked as I liked. If I felt tired or the sun was too hot, I'd stop that day, come back to the house, and rest. The next day I would go back, and soon the plowing and planting and transplanting were finished. Nothing to do for a few months—fetch water, cut wood, fish. Then go harvest the rice, and I was all set for the next season."

The old man's eldest son, Khamphouang, is a townsman. Now in his forties, he has none of the old skills. He cannot weave baskets or make fish traps, nor can he write Buddhist scriptures on bamboo leaves. But he can speak French and English, and he has been to Europe and America.

Khamphouang is an orthopedic technician—a maker of artificial legs. Business is good, for legless men have become something of a cash crop in Laos. He works in the yellow stucco orthopedic hospital in Vientiane—a sad, dusty place on the edge of town.

Sitting in the cool of Khamphouang's office, watching the amputees shuffling about on crutches in the remorseless heat in the courtyard, we spoke of the war in Laos. We spoke of the Air America planes flying into dangerous dirt airstrips bringing rice for refugees. We spoke of the Americans who worked twelve or fifteen hours a day trying to help the homeless and dispossessed and of the bombers, which, with equal vigor and dedication, were bombing people out of their homes. We spoke of the North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao, who were against corruption and seldom stole from the people, and yet who, year after year, continued to kill and maim the men whom Khamphouang tried to put back together.

"We have nothing in Laos," he said. "We have neither money nor factories to make arms. But we have other people from other countries to help us, so all we really have is unending war. If peace does not come soon, I am afraid we are all going to die."

—H. D. S. GREENWAY

SUEZ

For the last six months, Suez has been the focus of converging national interests. Egypt, the Soviet Union, all of Asia, Western Europe, and now the United States want the Suez Canal opened. Practical politics and shipping economics combine to reassert universal interest in the Suez passageway. Since Egyptian President Anwar el-Sadat first formally offered to open it last February, it has been up to Israel to decide whether to heed the general consensus and, in the interest of real détente with Egypt, to consent to the first steps of withdrawal from the Eastern bank of the Canal.

Israel's position here can be truly fateful. An initial pullback for the limited purpose of enabling Egypt to reopen the waterway implies further steps toward eventual peace with the Arabs. For Israel to face this possi-

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bility for the first time in its twenty-three-year history requires a wholly new orientation. Without putting down its guard or relinquishing its deterrent power, Israel can now choose peace. Egypt and Jordan have offered recognition and negotiations for a peace settlement. Israel, for all its cynical views and expressed doubts, appears to realize that these are genuine offers, that something new has happened in the Middle East.

Therapy

Even so, some quantum jumps are required. The psychological gaps between the two sides are so great and the distrust so chronic that no normal dealing is yet possible. Confidence and insights taken for granted elsewhere in the world will have to be carefully nurtured here. Old stereotypes implanted during years of propaganda about Arab "intransigence" and Israeli "expansionism" have to be discarded. This has been the essential aim of the long procession of mediators, buffer agencies, and friendly advisers to both sides over twenty years of truces and wars.

Their work is not yet done. Such efforts as those of Secretary of State William Rogers on his recent visits to Arab capitals and to Israel show how much more persuasion is required to alter the psychological climate. If time could stand still, the necessary changes in attitude could be allowed to grow slowly. Today, outside pressures threaten further polarization unless some breakthrough can be achieved.

The specific issue of the Canal could just possibly provide a therapeutic exercise. Agreement on its reopening involves dealings between Egypt and Israel under U.S. and UN auspices, which could provide some of the encouragement needed to cool suspicions and build confidence. The heavily armed contenders, now poised only two hundred yards apart on opposite banks, would be separated.

Israeli withdrawal, even the few miles it is considering, would put its forces out of sight and range of Egyptian guns. Washington's suggestion for a pullback of twenty-five miles would place Israel's defense line at the Mitla Pass, well out of missile range. This in turn would mean more rapid Egyptianization of the Western bank. It has been noted that Russian technicians have already begun to withdraw from there.

In Cairo a year ago Gamal Abdel Nasser was seeking alternatives to overdependence on the Soviet Union. This was one of the reasons for his acceptance of the Rogers peace proposals of June, 1970. President Sadat and Prime Minister Mahmoud Fawzi are equally concerned to regain economic and political independence. Everything they have done since taking office has shown their determination to improve relations with Washington and regain Egypt's international status. The decision in May to relieve Vice President Aly Sabry of his office reflected the regime's rejection of more exclusive ties with Moscow. Aly Sabry, while not a Communist, is regarded as Moscow's man in Cairo. The ensuing Cabinet changes confirmed Sadat's moderate position.

Paradoxically, it is Russian support and arms which have put Egypt into a position of relative strength from which to bargain with Israel. The Russian military presence in the Mediterranean and in Egypt has also acted as a powerful deterrent to Israel. When four Russian planes were brought down by the Israeli Air Force last summer, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan had suddenly to face a new situation in Egypt. In his pragmatic way, he changed course and began to examine ways of approaching a settlement with Egypt. More recently, General Dayan commented that the delivery to Egypt of the advanced Soviet MIG-23 jets is "burdensome," though he maintains that Israel is still better equipped militarily than Egypt.

It was Dayan and his press friends in Israel who first floated the idea of reopening the Canal. Readers of *Maariv* and *Haaretz* pondered suggestions last fall that both Israel and Egypt had a common interest in not resuming war; and that, since it was unrealistic to expect to work out a formal peace, some "interim arrangement" should be tried. These papers carried various proposals for demilitarized zones along the Canal which would make possible its reopening and the resumption of civilian life in

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the blitzed cities of Suez, Port Said, Qantarah, and Ismailia. Some of the underlying rationale for the Israeli ideas was hinted at in *Haaretz*. It was suggested that such an initiative by Israel for partial withdrawal would help assure contacts with the Soviets.

In addition to appeasing the Soviet Union, the Israeli suggestion offered something for everyone. But it did not become official policy. It only added momentum to the earlier efforts of World Bank officials, European diplomats, and other leaders trying to arrange some détente along the Canal as a means of reducing tensions. In October, 1968, world banker Eugene Black urged this step in an important speech in Washington. Early last fall the idea was put forth again by John C. Campbell in *Foreign Affairs*. "Is Suez our Thermopylae?" he asked. "Is the United States to move to a showdown with the Soviet Union on such a point as maintenance of Israel's air superiority over Egyptian territory west of the Canal as the key to blocking Soviet domination of the Middle East?" Implicit here was the idea now being urged by President Nixon and Secretary of State Rogers that geography is no longer the real key to security.

Realism

Western Europe's concern over the dangerous military buildups along the Canal is evident at NATO meetings. The Common Market countries' dependence on Middle Eastern fuel for industrial survival gives them a vital interest in its cost and accessibility. A series of diplomatic visits to Israel and Egypt by Dutch, French, Italian, and British ministers has underscored their concern. These consuming countries have been paying the extra freight rates on all shipping caused by the Canal's closing. Equally serious for their economies is the rising cost of oil as the producing countries see their chance and unite to raise charges all along the line. Opening of the Canal would not reverse this sellers' market, but it would at once reduce shipping rates by re-employing many small tankers not now in use. For all these economic and strategic reasons, European governments have exerted what influence they can on Israel and Egypt to move toward some agreement on the Canal.

The Soviet attitude toward a genuine settlement between Egypt and Israel remains undefined. It may be significant that President Sadat's ideas of a rollback at Suez resemble those of the Russians for phased withdrawals which they put forth at the UN in 1969. Egypt's present offer to reopen the Canal in return for partial Israeli withdrawal is openly encouraged by the Soviets, who have been lobbying tirelessly at the UN for just such a step. How much contact there has been between Israelis and Soviets is a matter for speculation. It is known that Moscow has specifically restated that it recognizes Israel's integrity, though it has so far made no moves toward establishing formal diplomatic relations with Tel Aviv.

Basically, Russian policy has been designed to isolate the United States in company with Israel while actively working to influence the Arabs. Washington has managed not to let this happen, in spite of deep Arab resentment over the special U.S. relationship with Israel. Secretary Rogers has taken pains to keep open channels of communication with Egypt. There is consistent American support for Jordan. His recent visits to the area underscored American interests in the region as a whole. At the same time, he emphasized that the United States continues to support Israel but does not support Israel's 1967 conquests. This distinction, maintained ever since 1967, has helped to prevent the polarization envisioned by the Russians. Rogers' willingness to assume an active peacemaking and peacekeeping role cuts across the Russian desire not to let him claim a success in the region. There is a question whether this aim is as important, however, as their real desire to see the Canal opened.

In Egypt, time has shown that in spite of enormous Russian investment, the Egyptians have not been won over to the Russian view of the world or to Russian methods. In ten years of working together, little rapport has developed. The Russians seem to have underestimated the degree of sophistication among Egyptian technocrats now running the country. They find the Sadat government freer to act than was President Nasser's, and more inclined to realism. The government attempts to reduce tensions and avoid open conflict. Soviet interests also seem to call for avoiding an all-out challenge to the West in the Middle East. This much seems true regardless of the continuing amount of armament still being provided for Egypt's defense. It is important to note that even the latest additions of aircraft do not change the essentially defensive character of Egypt's air protection.

Opening

Assuming that the Canal will be opened this year, Egyptian technicians have been busy for some time with planning. The first step must be to sweep both banks for mines. Beyond that, no major works are involved. It would take less than six months to tow away the fourteen ships stranded in Great Bitter Lake and to clear obstructions which are far less formidable than in 1957. Once cleared, ships of up to 40,000 tons, which include the bulk of the world's tankers, could transit the Canal.

A second stage of dredging, reinforcing weakened banks, and restoring harbors and docks would take about eighteen months. The cost of these two stages of restoration are estimated by Mahmoud Younes, former chairman of the Suez Canal Authority, at some $25 million. Mr. Younes also foresees the possible widening and deepening of the Canal in the next five years. In 1966, there was a plan for this enlargement to take ships of up to 250,000 deadweight tons. Studies for this improvement were completed in February, 1967. An international consortium was to provide the financing, with World Bank assistance. Mr. Younes, on a recent visit to the United States, saw no reason why this plan could not now be carried out.

Geography is still the significant fact in gauging the value of the Canal. It cuts the mileage from Britain to the Far East by 30 percent and to India by 40 percent. In its last full year of operation, it handled 21,250 ships. Italian tonnage was greatest, followed by British, French, and American. In seventh place among 1966 shippers was the Soviet Union. The Canal is of particular importance to the Soviets, however, be-

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cause their merchant fleet is made up of some 1800 ships all under 40,000 tons. Such ships cannot operate economically around the Cape of Good Hope. For commercial reasons alone, then, the Russians need the Suez route.

Until recently it has been widely believed that much more sinister reasons lay behind Russian interest in the Canal. Today these reasons do not seem so important as the general needs of world shipping interests to reduce costs and regain open access to East and West. Closure of the Canal has not prevented Russian movement and expansion. It has only increased costs and been inconvenient.

Egypt's stake in the Canal is economic and political. In 1966 it took in $215 million from tolls. Beyond this profitable outlook, the reopening would be a sign of political success for the Sadat government. Sadat would have carried out the Nasser policy of preventing the Canal from becoming a frontier. This would be his answer to his more reckless domestic opponents who suddenly left the government in May. President Sadat has shown courage in the face of real internal pressures. He needs to be able to show that the policy of compromise works.

Time

Nineteen seventy-one was to have been the year of negotiation. This was heralded by Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban and by Secretary Rogers. With half the year gone, there is a new sense of urgency in Washington and among the Big Four. The cease-fire needs to be confirmed. Both sides talk about peace, but to each it means different things.

Egypt, in taking the plunge and offering recognition and peace, expects to regain its land, even with demilitarized zones. No Egyptian government can sign away its lands in a peace treaty. Withdrawal means something else to Israel. It can accept Egypt's need for sovereignty over its territory, but Israel does not feel safe with buffer zones and international patrols. Israel asks control rather than sovereignty. As Flora Lewis wrote here ("Israel," *The Atlantic*, June), Israel's occupation policy has been designed to maintain *control* wherever security is involved, regardless of sovereignty. All the stratagems involved in the Allon, Dayan, and other plans for peace have been based on their definitions of security. These were theoretical in the days when Israel expected continued stalemate. But the peace offers have finally come, along with internationally recognized requirements of sovereignty over occupied areas. The offers present Israel with an agonizing choice between taking them and trusting the international community for the first time under peaceful circumstances; or rejecting them and remaining isolated for years.

United States efforts have been directed at making it possible for Israel to opt for peace without risking its security. Hence the offers of international guarantees reinforced by American guarantees. The massive arms supplied to Israel have been sent with the same purpose of making that nation feel safe. There is still no question that Israel is the strongest power in the area, with overwhelming offensive and defensive strength.

Having made this strength possible, Washington looks to Israel to meet the Arab overtures on a realistic basis, while still under the protective cover of guarantees. It makes the point that this is not 1956 all over again. This time the Arab offers open up a whole new prospect for acceptance of Israel in the Middle East. Part of Secretary Rogers' mission was to reinforce this view.

At the same time Ambassador Gunnar Jarring's public request for simultaneous and parallel commitments to withdrawal and peace by each side stands. Israel is asked to withdraw to former boundary lines between Palestine and Egypt, with arrangements for protection of shipping through the Red Sea and Suez. Egypt is to agree to "enter into a peace agreement" and to "secure and recognized boundaries" for Israel which shall not be violated by any action originating in Egypt.

Egyptian acceptance of the Jarring conditions has put Israel into its unexpected new situation. All sides have been giving Israel time to adjust to a new reality. But time is not on Israel's side, and 1971 is running out.

—GEORGIANA G. STEVENS

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Innocent Bystander

High Wind on Madison Avenue

by L. E. Sissman

Don't look now—if you do, you won't see much clear-cut evidence as yet—but the man in the gray-flannel suit is on his way to the showers. A high wind on Madison Avenue is sweeping him out of power; what just blew in to take his place is a gaggle of mod-dressing kids who are changing the rules of American advertising for better and for worse.

Back in the thirties and forties and fifties, the days of *The Hucksters,* certain truths were held to be self-evident about the Ad Game. The men who played it were updates of the Arrow Collar man or the characters in Scott Fitzgerald's "May Day": WASP, handsome, Ivy, ruthless, cynical. They reputedly manipulated colleagues and clients for their own ends; stayed sober and shrewd through three-martini lunches; consumed and discarded women like cigarettes; talked, half-seriously, of running things up flagpoles; lived on the Sound in Cheeverville. All this, of course, was tosh, or nearly all of it. Superficial evidence had led outsiders to build another all-American stereotype.

The truth of the matter was quite different; the signs had been misread. (I speak with some assurance here, since I am a second-generation advertising man and a twenty-year veteran of the business.) The man in the gray-flannel uniform was a victim, not a victor, and his manners and morals, to use a dear old *Time* phrase of the period, were not the earmarks of success but the symptoms of pain, failure, and frustration. Of all American businessmen, his lot was the unhappiest: in a nation celebrated for its anti-intellectualism, he had to sell the productions of men who worked with their heads to men who worked with their hands. No flinty, self-made manufacturer or millowner was about to accept without question the words and ideas of people whom he privately—and sometimes publicly—considered overeducated, effete, overpaid, frivolous, and impractical. Worse, since advertising seemed to him simply a matter of scribbling words and pictures on paper, he often succumbed to the urge to show those city boys how it should be done—or took counsel from such other experts as his wife, his directors, and the fellows at the club. Worse still, his suspicion and hostility toward admen, who, as outside suppliers, were easier to humble with impunity than his own employees, led often to all sorts of sadistic excesses. Whole laboriously conceived campaigns were summarily dismissed; creative people worked night after night to replace them with new ones; account men with years of faithful service were banished for an imagined slight; and agencies were fired at a kingly whim.

"Consciousness IIA"

All this led, quite predictably, to an endemic neurosis among admen. With their dignity and expertise at a discount and their jobs always in the balance, they did indeed become cynics, though seldom ruthless ones; their greatest ruthlessness was self-preservative. Flattering, entertaining, and placating the client occupied much of their time, and the advertising they produced was almost, in many cases, incidental to the client relationship. Thus it was easy for them to accept another stereotype of the time and look upon the public as the great unwashed, as the twelve-year-old minds (the result of a misreading of the First World War military-classification tests) put on earth to consume, without let or complaint, their clients' products. Secretly hating and looking down on both client and consumer, the trapped, affluent admen became elitists, and their advertising showed it. They condescended shamelessly to the consumer; they played openly upon his fears and confusions, creating new ones (B.O.) where none had existed before; they deluged him with empty, unbelievable claims and promises ("a treat instead of a treatment"); they dinned repetitious nonsense into his ever-suffering ears. And, while they played advertising as a bitter and cynical game, they dreamed of release and rehabilitation for themselves. There was, in truth, many a novel in a bottom drawer.

What we have seen so far is a classic confrontation between what Charles Reich would call Consciousness I—the client as self-made man with primitive-American values—and Consciousness II, as represented by the college-trained, verbal, melioristic adman. But in 1949 the signals began to change with the emergence of a new kind of adman—one could call him Consciousness IIA—who was so disenchanted with the situation that he was determined to counterattack, to reverse the roles of adman and client, to bring a new dignity and cachet to his calling. Two assumptions were necessary here: first, that the advertising man is a professional who deserves as much respect as any other well-qualified outside consultant; second, that the consumer is not a boob to be talked down to and patronized, a drone or prole, but a first-class citizen who is equally deserving of respect.

Two men stepped forward to revolutionize the agency-client relationship: William Bernbach, whose new agency, Doyle Dane Bernbach, changed the rules of advertising overnight with ads (Ohrbach's, VW, Levy's Bread) that talked modestly, amusingly, and disarmingly to the consumer in colloquial, everyday language; and David Ogilvy, whose urbane, impeccable copy persuaded the reader, step by logical step, to buy the product, and made him feel at the same time that he was in the presence of a charming, charismatic mentor of whose company he, the consumer, was eminently worthy.

Advertising has never been quite the same since then. The sensation that Ogilvy and Bernbach created on Madison Avenue echoed throughout the country, conferring a new prestige on the advertising agency and its creative people. The polarity began to change, and the client, accustomed to a buyer's market, suddenly and shockingly found himself selling his company to one of the hot new agencies. This dose of crow was

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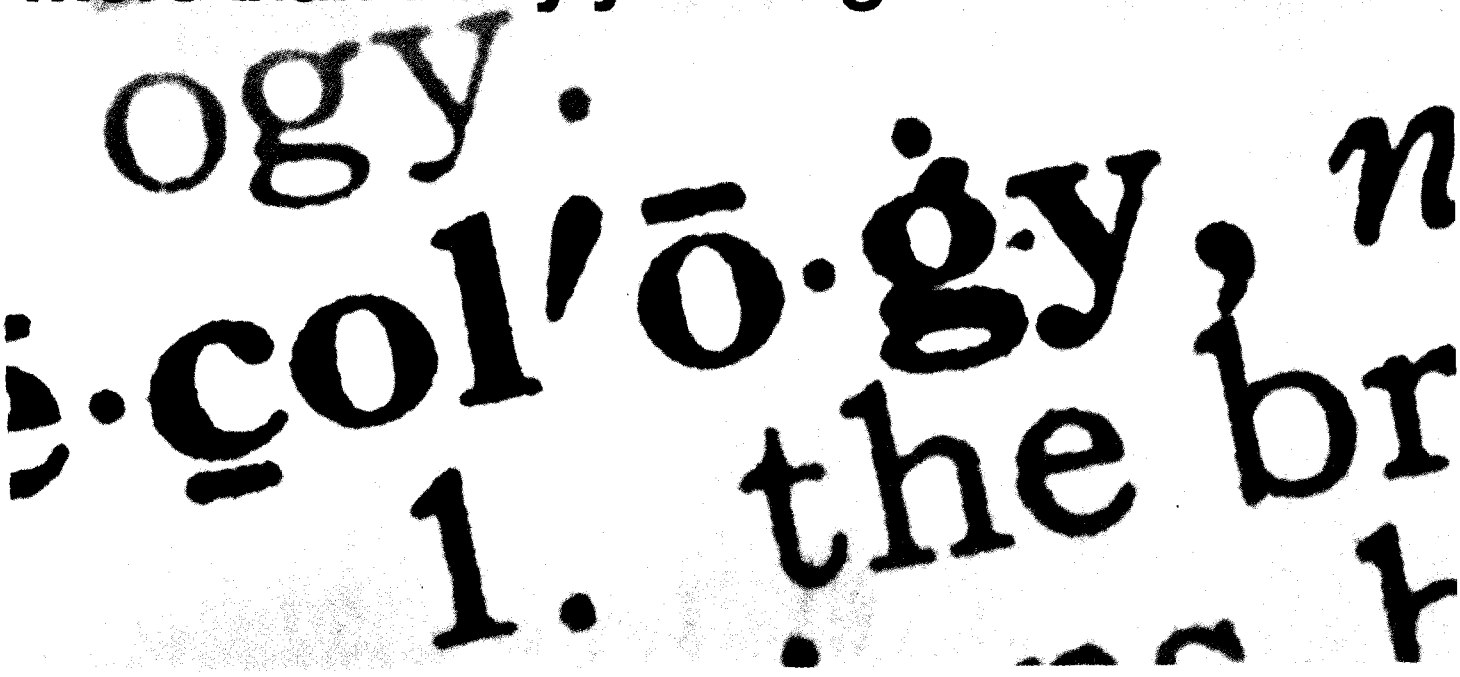
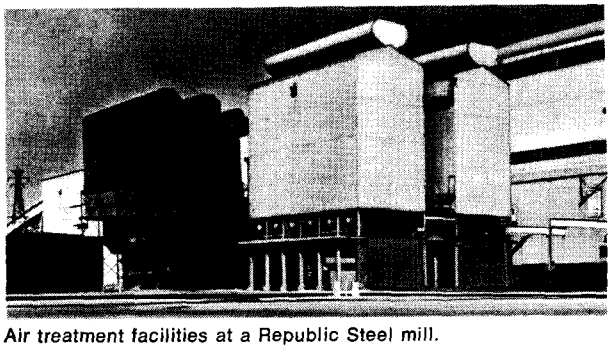


In the past few months, we have pushed our fight for a cleaner environment to a new high.

In Republic plant cities—such as Cleveland; Buffalo; Chicago; Gadsden, Alabama; and Warren-Youngstown and Canton-Massillon, Ohio — Republic has put into operation some of the most advanced air and water quality control systems in the nation.

Since December, we've started up such massive equipment as air-cleaning electrostatic precipitators . . . waste water treatment plants . . . water recycling systems . . . vacuum filters . . . giant settling lagoons . . . and water thickener-clarifiers. The environment of every city where Republic operates has benefited by this equipment.

For example, our new Cleveland water treatment plant is considered to be the largest private facility in Ohio for water quality control. It processes 100 million gallons of water per day — equivalent to the consumption of a city of 500,000 people.



Air treatment facilities at a Republic Steel mill.

New electrostatic precipitators in Chicago and Buffalo on open-hearth and basic oxygen furnaces remove more than 98 percent by weight of the particulate matter in the incoming airstream.

At Republic, we're fighting for a cleaner environment with the most sophisticated air and water quality control equipment available, throughout our operations. This is a result of many years of installing effective air and water control facilities . . . years of continuous innovative research, engineering, design, and construction — entailing millions of dollars and thousands upon thousands of man-hours.

We were working on problems of environmental improvement long before *ecology* became a household word!

In the early 1930's, soon after Republic Steel Corporation came into being, air quality control equipment was put to work. As early as 1944, water quality control devices were included in a new plant in Chicago. In recent years, we have consistently accelerated installation of costly, complex environmental control equipment in the communities where we make steel.

We've come a long way in cleaning up our own backyard. And we are planning now for the future. Republic Steel Corporation, Cleveland, OH 44101.

Republicsteel

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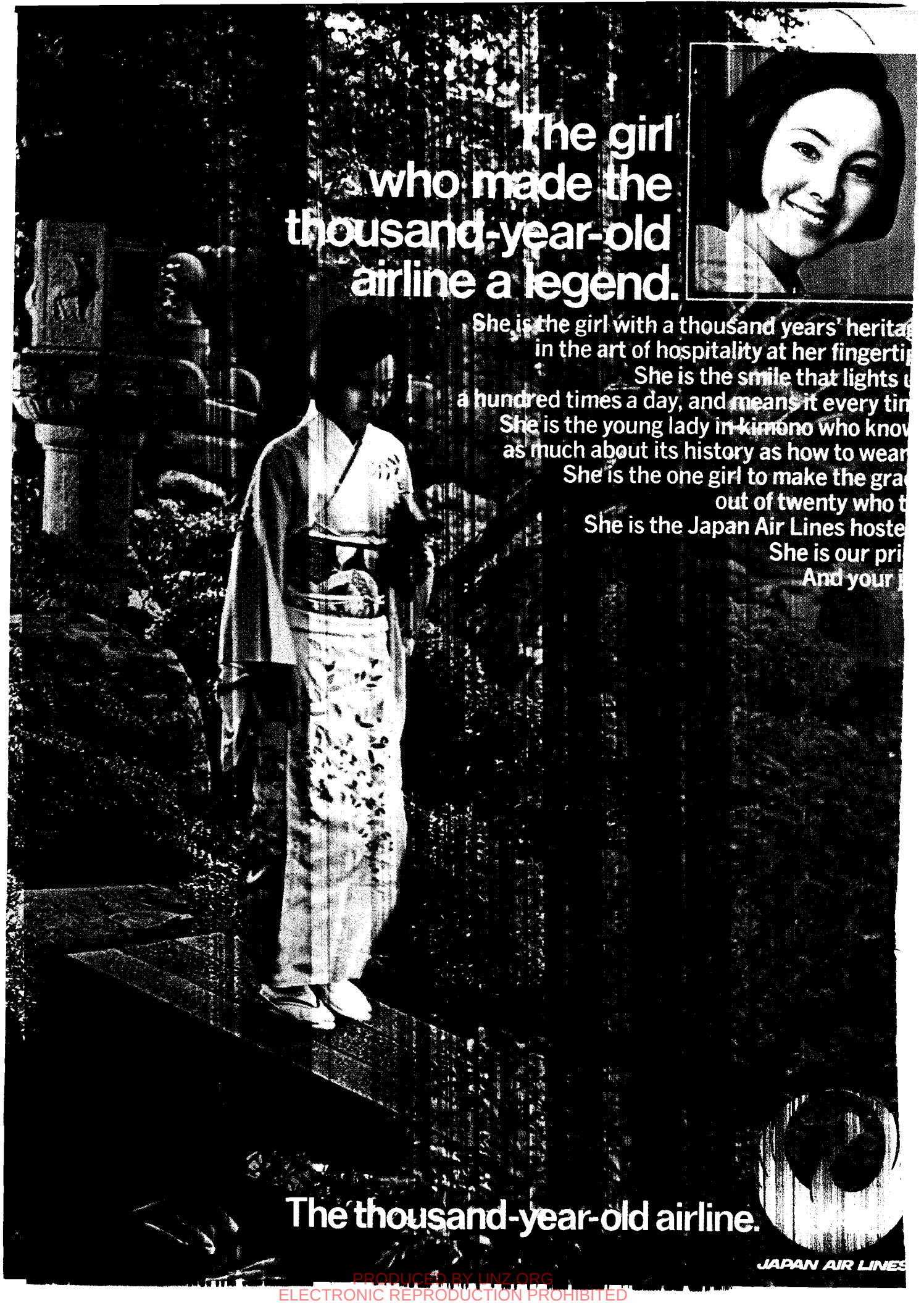

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highly salutary, and it resulted in almost the first advertising that took full advantage of the consumer's ravenous hunger to be talked to like a grown-up human being. The satisfaction of this hunger made the newly literate, newly affluent postwar citizen, long turned off by the patronizing prattle of ads, a voluntary consumer again. It made the Volkswagen—a well-finished but cramped, dated, and unstable 1936 design—a best seller for nearly twenty years; it made travel to England almost a necessity instead of a luxury; it put the primitive, unwieldy Polaroid Camera on the map; it made the Rolls-Royce—a sad simulacrum of its prewar self—the hallmark of arrivism once again. In the hands of such new practitioners of the art of talking on the level to consumers—with a modicum of fun at one's own expense thrown in—as Stan Freberg and Howard Gossage, the Chun King line of Chinese foods rose from deserved obscurity to best-sellership, Eagle Shirts became the subject of an audience-participation game involving thousands of readers, and the Rover 2000, according to a *Road & Track* owner survey the most trouble-prone car in import history, became the symbol of safety and security on the road.

(I do not mean to suggest that the new admen callously plugged marginal or defective products with their eyes open; it is simply in the nature of things that an agency man, given a new assignment, will do his often very competent best to look on, and project, the bright side of the product.)

Though—needless to say, if you read any magazines or newspapers or look at any television—the great mass of advertising was terribly slow to follow the lead of these innovators, and is likely to remain so for years to come, it's still a fact that an *apertura a sinistra* was opened in the late forties, and that the whole client attitude toward agencies and their creative function continued to evolve.

By the early sixties, the young copywriters and art directors who had learned their trade under the tutelage of the Bernbachs and Ogilvys began to spread their wings and fly to other places. Some lighted in the bigger, older agencies, where they proceeded to bore from within to change the structure; others banded together to form small, new creative agencies, or boutiques, which often substituted creative brilliance and intuitive judgment for the needed and useful techniques—research, marketing, media selection—of the bigger shops.

Many of these young creative people are radically different in their backgrounds and viewpoints from the older agency men. They are often the sons and daughters of blue-collar New Yorkers, which makes them hungry, upwardly mobile, and ambitious. They are often non-WASP's—many Greek, Italian, and Jewish names now appear on the annual lists of advertising awards. They are often less than traditionally college-educated; many are graduates of art schools or film schools. And they are the first generation of advertising people to have been brought up on movies and TV rather than books and magazines; they are visual thinkers and nonreaders, for the most part.

Because of their extreme mobility (and its accompanying social insecurity), because of their lack of traditional cultural roots, they are exceedingly trend-conscious, exceedingly anxious to be with it. They make (or break) a fad or more a year in art styles, interior decoration, fashions, films, media, restaurants, and resorts. They are largely responsible, in an age of the decline and death of magazines, for the relative success of *Esquire* and *New York*—both of which, be it noted, are art-directed and designed by members of their own circle of commercial artists (it could also be said that the young agency people had a hand in the earlier success of Pop Art, much of it created by advertising artists like Andy Warhol).

How are these talented, self-concerned, hard-charging, young creative people (who might, for the sake of convenience, be dubbed Consciousness III, though their greatest interest in an ad for peace or the environment might often be said to lie in whether it will win an award or not) regarded by their agency principals and their clients? In the larger agencies, the booted, bell-bottomed, bearded creative wizards are sometimes treated like a cross between a

comparison shopper's tour guide to Europe, the Orient, the world. Free.

Compare our free, full-color 48-page guidebook, A World Festival of Tours, with any other. Compare prices, itineraries, and departures of Japan Air Lines Happi Holidays tours with any others. Compare feature after feature. Then choose the tour with the best value for your travel dollar.

As you compare, remember: Only the tours that meet JAL's standards of value and travel satisfaction bear the Happi Holidays seal. Be a comparison shopper. Send for the Japan Air Lines Happi Holidays tour guide. Today.

Japan Air Lines
P.O. Box 1160, Radio City Station
New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me a free copy of Japan Air Lines Happi Holidays World Festival of Tours.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

TEL. AREA CODE

MY TRAVEL AGENT AX-0771

JAPAN AIR LINES

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Reuven Frank, head of the news department at CBS, told EARTH: "Every time you undertake something that is just not quite as bland as all other things you do, you worry—will I be cited by the FCC? will I have to testify to an examiner?" Why else did all the networks ignore the peace moratorium in the early days of the Nixon administration?

from the July issue of EARTH, which explores the attempts of the Nixon administration to censor an award-winning CBS documentary exposé of Pentagon propaganda.

Subscriptions: $8.00 year.

EARTH

The Agriculture Building, Embarcadero at Mission, San Francisco, Calif. 94105

profit center and a freak show: they are kept in segregated sections of the agency, shown off on state occasions to the clients as physical evidence of the agency's creativity, and seldom allowed to establish a day-to-day relation with the client's marketing department. (Jerry della Femina, in his laughably inaccurate and execrably worded—even though written with the help of a collaborator—book *From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor* does give a revealing picture of a creative man's life inside a big, and ultra-conservative, agency.)

In the new boutiques, however, the creative teams—copywriter and art director working together, almost living together, in a state of creative symbiosis—are often not the sideshow but the whole show. They are frequently the agency principals themselves; when they are not, they still exert immense influence on their principals and on their "straight" colleagues—account men, research men, media men—and, inevitably, on their clients. They are, after all, the acknowledged stars of the show, as perhaps they ought to be. Their clients must already be adventurous or they wouldn't have chosen such an agency; those boots and beards are a highly visible caveat. But, once embarked on the agency relationship, the clients find that's where the action is and become irresistibly drawn to the young creative magicians. Often they metamorphose from gray-suited, white-shirted boxes in tables of organization to bearded, booted swingers themselves. And today, even in big agencies and big client companies, there's a creeping trend on the part of chief executive officers to cast themselves in a mod mold.

So where does advertising—increasingly in the hands of Young Turks of no great learning and no great handed-down religious, ethical, or political conviction—go from here? If we were to rely on the pronouncements of Jerry della Femina, whose unsophistication takes the form of Know-Nothingism and makes him sound like an apologist for such Consciousness I values as individualism, free enterprise, and laissez-faire, we might conclude that the new admen, like the old ones, would become simply handmaidens of unbridled corporate condescension and rapacity toward the consumer. But there are other forces abroad in the land—intelligent and undoctrinaire consumerism is undoubtedly a needed corrective to corporate excesses, in spite of the fulminations of Thomas R. Shepard, Jr., the publisher of *Look*—and I think that most of the young admen who will make the advertising of tomorrow are both bright and malleable enough to accept a greater degree of regulation of advertising and even to regard it as a creative challenge.

If I had to predict the look of advertising in 1980, I'd suggest that it would largely resemble the best of advertising today, which is the direct descendant of the pioneering efforts of Ogilvy and Bernbach. On television, it will position a product or service in the life of the consumer, simply suggesting, for example, that Monday-morning headaches are endemic and that it might be handy to have some Alka-Seltzer around; the memorability of the commercial will lie in the naturalism and the humor of the Feiffer-like portrayal. In print, it will place its tongue firmly in its cheek and spoof a product or a company in order to make it fallible, unmonolithic—and remembered. Finally, it will seek to establish a *dialogue* with the consumer—a two-way communication that will enable the corporation to hear and deal with consumer complaints and desires on a personal basis.

The high wind on Madison Avenue may thus be the harbinger of a great day for all of us—a day when patronizing, maddening, intrusive advertising, with its burden of inflated claims and excessive promises, will at last (and none too soon) perish from the earth.

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THE MAIL

Not-So-Obsolescent Mothers

SIR: As a woman who has undergone pregnancy and natural childbirth with *minimal* pain, no anxiety, little bother or discomfort, I was upset by Edward Grossman's introduction to "The Obsolescent Mother" (May). Birth is, of course, a big event, but certainly not a mystery to anyone who has been involved with Lamaze education classes. To say that *man* has transformed childbirth from painful danger to efficient routine is extreme when you consider that:

1. The supine position for labor is unnatural and more painful but more convenient for (male) doctors. An upright position for labor and delivery makes good use of gravity.
2. Childbearing apparatus (strings, straps, and so forth) were designed by men and do not consider the comfort or convenience of the woman.
3. Anesthesia generally is not good for the baby.

It seems to me that in a normal delivery, knowledge of what to do when, gravity, and a doctor (or paramedic) for direction would make childbirth more "casual" and less "formidable." Fear and lack of knowledge of one's body create the traditional pain, and I have a nagging suspicion that society has perpetuated this tradition as a means of defining and maintaining the role of women.

CAROLINE F. PERRY
Rochester, N.H.

SIR: Only in "civilization" is childbirth physically "a disturbance, and more or less a shock." "Savage" women apparently undergo the process quickly and relatively comfortably; "civilized" women today practice "natural" childbirth (which they learn from predominantly male obstetricians in classrooms) and report an easy, even enjoyable experience. And how much of the world is tainted with the dogma of the Christian church to rationalize the pain of childbirth as "punishment for an original sin against God"?

After lamenting childbirth without anesthesia or antisepsis (and much of the former exists even today because of doctors' persistently archaic attitudes), Grossman says, "Yet the transformation of childbirth from painful and dangerous event to safe and efficient routine was thanks to men, to the energy of males."

Males, not females, made the rules which were the backbone of the society which prohibited dissection for anatomical studies. Males, not females, wrote the Bible: a man, not "God," said "in sorrow shall she bring forth," and kept her for centuries in ignorance and in subjection to his foolish and destructive doctrine. Males, not females, created the image of woman as madonna or whore; kept her at home or out in the streets; denied her education and access to the professions, tools with which she might have worked to better her own lot.

Yet women "owe" the improvement of a wretched, often deadly situation to "men, to the energy of males." Never let it be forgotten that women owe a large part of the "painful and dangerous" to the whims of men. Under these circumstances it is a little difficult to be grateful.

LUCIA TORIAN
Rhinebeck, N.Y.

SIR: The resistance of the Western male medical and scientific establishment to the findings and protestations of its own few feminine members, and to the very notion that women might possess greater insight into their own unique biological processes and needs, has created a stranglehold on even the potential for meaningful progress in gynecology and obstetrics. This resistance has, in fact, represented the major cause for a disproportionate *lack* of progress in women's behalf: doctors and hospitals that consider natural childbirth sane, much less permissible, are hard to find, and few gynecologists will dispute that we still have no understanding of the menstrual process whatsoever.

"The spectacle of a woman withdrawing into herself, becoming huge, and in blood and tumult bringing forth the succeeding generation" is certainly a horrible vision—but not an unavoidable one!

We know that given an understanding of the reproductive process, backed by the attitude that it is a loving, beautiful, and indeed wondrous phenomenon, such horror fails to develop at all. Where it exists it has been taught.

When we accept that horror as innate, we are wide open to the "reasoning" which justifies any pursuit toward "alleviating" such a "burden" from women's existence—including cloning research itself.

DEBBIE LOUIS
Venice, Calif.

SIR: I would suggest that for every dollar allowed for general research in developing an artificial womb, another dollar be matched for responsible public control of such research, and for independent psychological and social research into the possible desirable and undesirable effects it may have on the individual and on society, so we may truly not be "liberated by surprise."

JAMES PARADIS
New York City

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FIVE IN PAPER.

J. KRISHNAMURTI

The First & Last Freedom. Without cant or hypocrisy, Krishnamurti points the way for the individual to find himself. *Foreword by ALDOUS HUXLEY.* Quest paperbound, $1.75

Life Ahead. For the student and draft-age individual apprehensive of what comes next. Intelligent talk about war, love, money, freedom, God, duty, the low-income career, and more. Quest paperbound, $1.45

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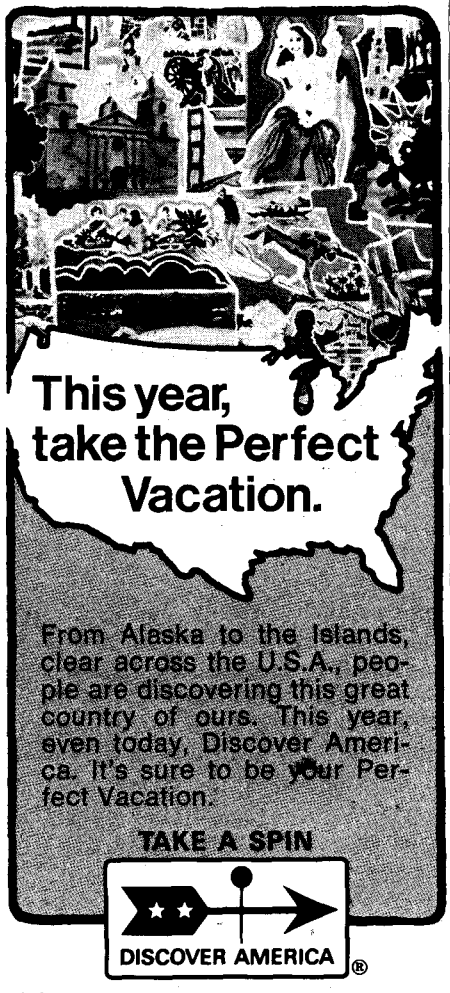

SIR: As a practicing embryologist, I would like to comment on Professor Watson's article "Moving Toward Clonal Man," or the making of human copies.

Professor Watson proposes to accomplish such asexual reproduction by transplanting a cell nucleus from the person to be copied into an enucleated egg of another person. Evidently, he supposes that the human so begun would be a fairly exact copy of the nuclear donor. There is excellent reason to doubt this. While human data are still lacking, there is plenty of evidence in other creatures that the host egg's cytoplasm would substantially affect the outcome. (The direction of spiraling in snails is well known to be under such control, to cite just one example.)

Much closer human copies should be attainable by somehow suppressing meiosis (the process which normally extrudes half the genetic material) in immature eggs, activating such ameiotic eggs without sperm, and then raising them in their mother's womb. Indeed, it seems possible that a few such virgin births have already happened, by chance, and unbeknown among the trillions of births since man evolved.

Since such an egg would grow in a different womb from that in which its mother grew, its product would surely resemble her less closely even than so-called identical twins resemble each other. And the degree of difference made by the environment should certainly be interesting to discover!

But I do doubt that the social effects of such delayed twinning would be as grave as Professor Watson fears. Right now, it is *technically* possible for one man to sire a whole generation in a fair-sized country; some men would just love to; but society—any society—prevents *that,* and will, I suppose, as easily and inevitably suppress large-scale asexual reproduction.

LIONEL JAFFE
Professor of Biology
Purdue University
Lafayette, Ind.

SIR: I was surprised that James Watson neglected to mention the possibility that psychologists and sociologists could attempt to settle the argument of whether heredity or environment has the greater influence on man by experimentation with several identical clonal men—not to mention the furor it would create if they did. Would the second or third James Watson try as hard if he knew in advance he would make it?

MARILYN GIAMPAOLO
San Jose, Calif.

Holt on "Sesame Street"

SIR: John Holt's piece on *Sesame Street* in the May *Atlantic* is a major achievement. It is the first article I have seen on *Sesame Street* which is both critical and fair; the piece goes to the heart of what is wrong with *Sesame Street,* and to the heart of how it could and should be changed to make it the kind of force in children's lives that it ought to be.

CHARLES E. SILBERMAN
New York City

SIR: John Holt is right in asserting that the problem with *Sesame Street* is that it is trying to get children *ready* for school when it should indeed *be* the school. If a program for children could generate the kind of interest and excitement in which children really learn—not just prepare them for readiness tests and school situations—we might see a revolution in the schools themselves. But even the kind of job *Sesame Street* is now doing, granted its limitations, does force first-grade teachers to re-evaluate their work and their assumptions.

REVEREND RICHARD C. NEVIUS
Chairman, Lower Schools Committee
The National Association of Episcopal Schools
Columbia, S.C

SIR: As a part-time househusband and the father of a preschooler, have watched upwards of fifty hours of *Sesame Street.* Had John Holt had the same opportunity, I think he would have found many of his proposals redundant.

He suggests, for instance, that the audience should "hear a voice speaking and at the same time see the words, *as they are spoken,* appearing in print." Mr. Holt implies that this never happens on *Sesame Street,* whereas it does—though perhaps too infrequently—in certain cartoon shorts. Similarly, Mr. Holt calls for the showing of "transformations," or "the way the sound of a word changes when we change a letter in

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it." He seems unaware that one of the innovations of the program's second season was a series of just such demonstrations. Emphasizing three-letter words with the same terminal pair of letters, puppets describe a short episode, or sing a song, meanwhile holding up cards showing the key words as they are spoken and as they are transformed. In some cases, the episode is simultaneously acted out.

"More often than not," Mr. Holt declares, "numbers appear on the screen only as numerals, with nothing to show the quantities they represent." This statement is misleading. For each number from one to ten, *Sesame Street* has a musical film clip in which quantities of various objects are shown in succession. Each group is counted, both visually (with printed numerals) and orally. Mr. Holt must have missed these, for no one could forget the corny climax of each clip: a tall-hatted chef tumbles downstairs, spilling a tray of dessert plates of the appropriate quantity. These clips could well be criticized for bathos or repetition—each has appeared scores of times—but not for any failure to connect the basic elements of numbers: symbol (numeral), concept (quantity), and activity (counting).

"The screen is almost never used, as it might be," Holt laments, "to convey ideas, information, relationships that *cannot* be conveyed with words." Furthermore, "there is the remarkable failure . . . to use as a visual and learning resource the city around it." Oh, what Mr. Holt has missed! If only he had seen the cinematic poem about a manhole cover, by day and by night, in sunshine and in rain . . . or the story of a boy who tests his perception of the sights and sounds of the city with "magic glasses" . . . or the clip in which shots of a youngster using toy trucks and machines alternate with shots of actual earth-moving equipment at work. Such films not only use the urban setting to convey nonverbal ideas, they evoke the viewers' aesthetic and imaginative powers, subtly encouraging children to view their environment, and themselves, in new ways.

Show "a child getting on a real train . . . getting off, and the like"? All right. But let us hope that besides illustrating the ordinary, the program

Tiny May San is safe now.

But only a short time ago, she was shivering with cold—hungry—crying. She had been abandoned, left during the night on the front porch of our Pine Hill Babies Home, in Hong Kong.

Why? We may never know. Hong Kong is full of desperate people—a mother too poor to feed her little daughter . . . a father too ill to work . . . orphaned children with no relatives at all . . .

We do know that little May San needed us. Our housemother gently picked her up and took her inside. May San had a bath and a warm bottle of milk. Dressed in a fresh nightgown she fell asleep in a clean comfortable crib. Yes, May San is safe for now.

Will you help keep her safe?

May San and thousands of others like her need American sponsors to help provide shelter and care. May San will stay at Pine Hill (a new babies' home, built and supported by American contributions) until she is six. Then she will move to a CCF cottage-plan Home where she will have "brothers" and "sisters" and a cottage-mother. But all this depends on her American sponsor.

Will you help? For only $12 a month you can sponsor a child like May San. You can choose a boy or girl from the countries listed below, or you can allow us to select a child for you from our emergency list.

In about two weeks you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the project where your child receives help.

Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Today, while you have it in mind, will you fill out the sponsor application and send it along with your first month's $12.00 check. Thanks so much.

Countries of greatest need this month: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Box 511 Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

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80% of the scientists who have ever lived are alive today.

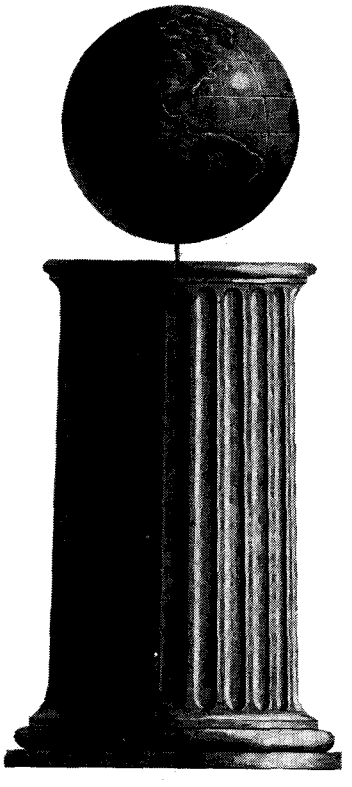
This means that most of man's scientific knowledge is new knowledge, requiring new equipment, techniques, trained teachers. It means more classrooms for more college students than ever before if they are to learn more than ever before.

Putting this new knowledge to work can even mean our survival.

College is where the questions of our future will be answered. Everybody's future.

It comes down to this: quality education for the future takes money.

Join the future. **Give to the college of your choice.**



will continue to invite consideration of the extraordinary. Because it has been doing this right along, *Sesame Street,* contrary to Mr. Holt's judgment, has always been "very different from school."

SAMUEL C. BROWN, JR.
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

SIR: John Holt did *Sesame Street* a great disservice. Had he watched the program more frequently, he would have realized that more than half the suggestions he put forth in his article are a part of *Sesame Street.* One of the best alphabet segments is a silent film with a camera zooming in on each letter in widely varying areas—street signs, license plates, wall graffiti. Skywriting, one of his prime suggestions, is a major letter demonstrator.

The show has its faults, but has improved greatly in its second year. Let us hope that next year will bring still more improvements and more attentive observation on Mr. Holt's part.

JUDITH C. GILMAN
North Marshfield, Mass.

SIR: Mr. Holt has overlooked the children's program that meets the ideal he outlines "of [children] learning from the world and people around them."

Misterogers' Neighborhood, an older, if less flashy, children's program, has gone unheralded since *Sesame Street* smashed into our homes. Mentioned only briefly by Mr. Holt, or anybody else these days, *Misterogers'* teaches a child to relate to his material world, other humans, and to his inner self (that is, feelings and imagination).

Misterogers' fosters the sort of continued learning that only the Free School movement has attempted. The public schools will need to do a lot of growing and changing before they can live in Mr. Rogers' neighborhood.

JOANNE M. LINK
Harrisburg, Penn.

SIR: My father read to me Mr. Holt's article on *Sesame Street.* I think Mr. Holt has not seen enough programs of *Sesame Street* to judge it, and I've watched it for two years or more. Many of the things Mr. Holt says should be on *Sesame Street* ARE.

BRUCE PAYNE (*age 9*)
Cleveland, Ohio

SIR: Mr. Holt should have interviewed children and parents before coming to conclusions. I know *Sesame Street* has something to do with the fact that my five-year-old can read and write, although she has yet to enter kindergarten.

One subject on which the old and young people of my acquaintance agree is that *Sesame Street* is an unmitigated blessing.

BARBARA HORTON
Evanston, Ill.

SIR: The Children's Television Workshop is grateful to *The Atlantic* for publishing John Holt's excellent piece, "Big Bird, Meet Dick and Jane." Both in tone and content, the article revealed Mr. Holt as a thoughtful and constructive critic whose interest is the same as ours—that is, to see television become responsive to the real needs of children. We find ourselves in agreement with many of his suggestions for *Sesame Street* and, indeed, are currently developing a reading series for seven- to ten-year-olds, the research for which has led us to many of Mr. Holt's own conclusions about the teaching of reading.

JOAN GANZ COONEY
President
Children's Television Workshop
New York City

Write On

SIR: Three cheers for Robert Manning's editorial in the May *Atlantic* on the debasement of the English language. But the malady is evidently so widespread that it has even infected his effort to combat it. Why, for example, "the literary and communications process"? And why in the very next line "the purgation process"? These lapses illustrate two common sins of American writing. One is to use nouns instead of verbs and adjectives, especially abstract nouns where "do" words are better. The other is to string a series of nouns as adjectives onto a final noun; for example, the purgation process. Often there are three or four. "Process" is unnecessary here, but where it is, please: the process of purgation.

H. L. ROBINSON
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

SIR: Mr. Manning's editorial brings to mind my pet horror, if such an

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expression in itself doesn't debase our language.

The small cattle town of my youth had a restaurant with well-prepared food, appetizingly served. This was offset to some degree by the menu, which always listed the house specialty: prime rib with au jus gravy.

W. R. KOGER
Denver, Colo.

SIR: I agree completely with Robert Manning's editorial about the effect of the debasement of language on political thought and expression.

Yet in the fourth paragraph, he uses as an example the "slavey" who served food in a hospital. Why does he so demean honest labor? The "slavey" was probably a woman in her mid-forties supporting several children in the absence of a husband. Being a dietitian, I have worked with and respected many such women who tender a strenuous day's work in return for little money.

BARBARA HOLES MARSHALL
Saratoga, Calif.

Mr. Manning replies:

Mr. Koger hasn't begun to eat until he's sampled Rocky Mountain trout from Denmark and Geisha brand sardines from Norway.

Mr. Robinson certainly has a point. If I am going to put on the airs of a purist, I shouldn't try to have it both ways by resorting to increasingly common usage. We've been wrestling with problems of this sort ever since 1857, when Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested calling an about-to-be-launched magazine *The Atlantic Monthly*. Longfellow, Lowell, and a couple of others objected to the use of an adjective as a noun, but the good Doctor prevailed, and the process of usage (not the usage process) has carried the adjective into the alternative role of noun.

Barbara Marshall's rebuke is accepted, although no debasement was intended.

Advice and Consent

SIR: Steven Marcus in his April review of *The Passions of the Mind* by Irving Stone (see "Freud Without Warts . . .") is certainly entitled to his opinion of the book, but he is in serious error on one point. He said that the author had depended entirely on secondary sources. If there is one thing that Irving Stone is it's an indefatigable researcher. *The Passions of the Mind* has two unique features—one is the case histories from a Vienna asylum which have never been seen since 1893 when they were put there, discovered by Irving Stone in some of his sleuthing to find original Freud documents.

The other is that the book also goes into Dr. Freud's considerable reputation as a neurologist, a fact that is barely noted in Jones's great three-volume biography. In *The Passions of the Mind* it represents not only new material but an emphasizing of the fact that if Dr. Freud had never moved into psychoanalysis, he would be remembered in medical fields as a great neurologist.

KEN MCCORMICK
Editor in Chief, Doubleday & Co., Inc.
New York City

SIR: In her Washington Report in your April issue, Elizabeth Drew wrote that "a most significant figure in the new budget is the one for the Pentagon; that figure has gone back up," she says, to "$77.5 billion." There are, however, several other "significant figures" in the Defense budget which Mrs. Drew chose to ignore.

To begin with, in constant dollars, the Fiscal Year 1972 Defense budget outlays are $76.0 billion versus $75.8 billion in FY 1964. In other words, the Defense budget is back to the pre-Vietnam-war level and is still financing billions of dollars' worth of residual war costs. The Defense budget is $23.9 billion less than the peak war year, in constant dollars, and the decrease has been reallocated to domestic budget programs. In addition, while this year's Defense budget is up slightly, the figure is still less than in previous years as both a percentage of total budget outlays and as a percentage of the GNP.

JOHN D. LOFTON, JR.
Republican National Committee
Washington, D.C.

Elizabeth Drew replies:

As Mr. Lofton's own figures show, the spending for defense is now at about the same level as the last prewar figure. This means there has been no substantial saving, as might have been expected from the advertised defense economies. Moreover, new weapons systems will send the Pentagon budget even higher.

Contributors

H.D.S. GREENWAY, a reporter for *Time* in Indochina from 1968 to 1970, recently returned to Vietnam and Laos.

GEORGIANA G. STEVENS writes frequently from the Middle East for *The Atlantic*.

L. E. SISSMAN is the author of *Pursuit of Honor* and other books of poetry.

EDWARD HOAGLAND is the author of *The Courage of Turtles*.

Essayist, critic, short-story writer, and novelist, V. S. PRITCHETT is at work on an autobiography, the second volume of which will appear later this year.

JOYCE CAROL OATES is the author of *Them* and other novels.

PETER KLAPPERT has been awarded the prize in the Yale Series of Younger Poets.

BRUTUS is the pen name of a stockbroker whose diary for June-July, 1970, appeared in last month's *Atlantic*.

JUDITH RASCOE's last story in these pages was "A Lot of Cowboys."

WALLACE E. KNIGHT writes out of Ashland, Kentucky.

ROWLAND EVANS, JR., and ROBERT D. NOVAK, authors of the syndicated column "Inside Report," are at work on a book called *The Frustration of Power: Nixon in the White House*, to be published by Random House later this year.

RONNIE DUGGER, editor in chief of the *Texas Observer* from 1954 to 1961, and editor-at-large since then, is writing a book about LBJ.

MELVIN MADDOCKS is a critic and columnist for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

ROBERT EVETT is a Washington-based composer and critic.

DAVID DENBY is a film critic for *The Atlantic*.

EDWARD WEEKS and PHOEBE ADAMS review books regularly in our columns.

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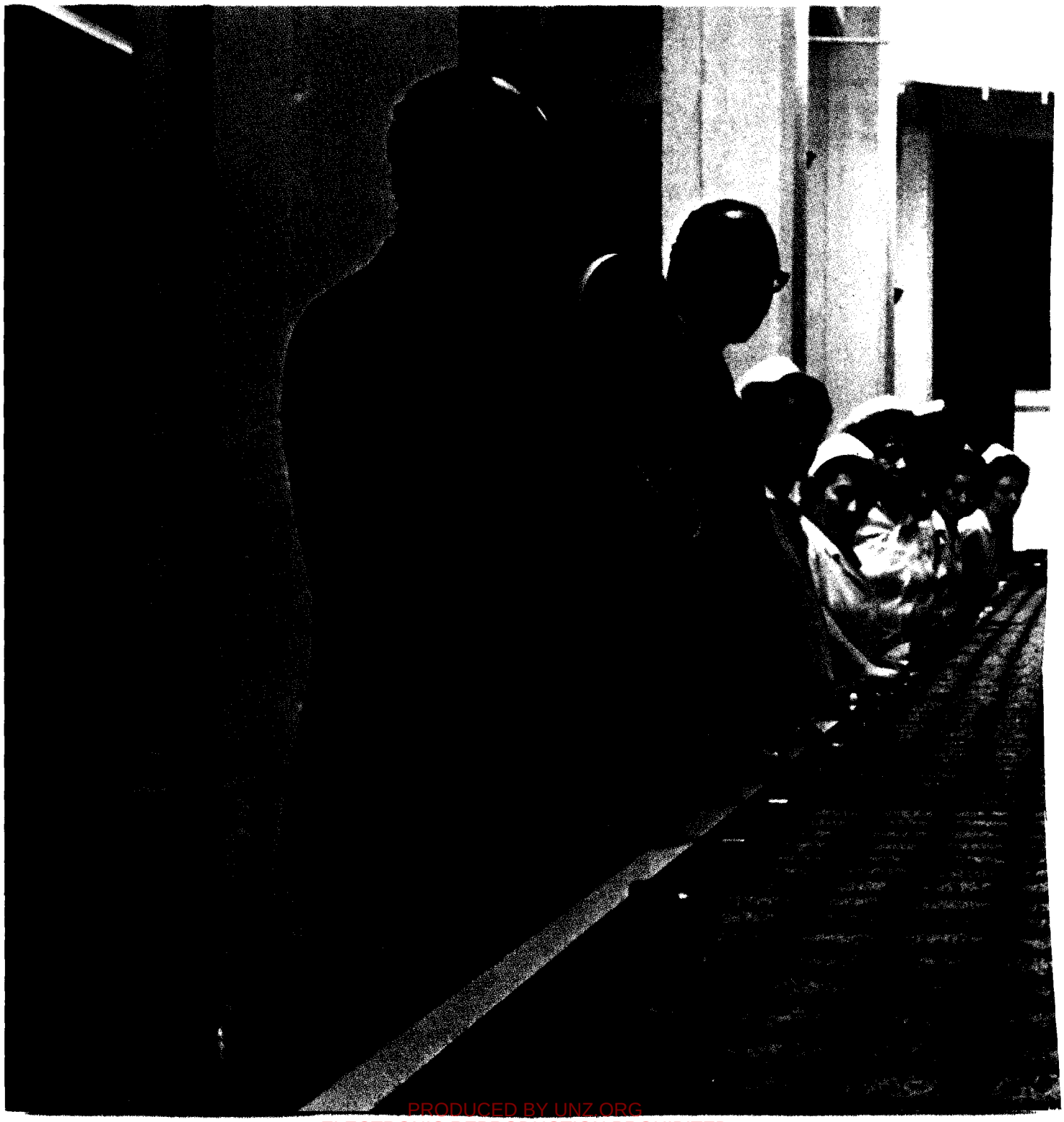
We're helping a cookie mai

Southern Delicious Bakeries, Inc., is the first major Black-operated bakery in the United States. It started with a little help from its friends. Werner-Lehara Inc., a manufacturer of commercial baking equipment. A large supermarket chain. And Chase Manhattan, which continues to serve as a financial advisor.

Its product is a quality line of "home style" cookies. Southern Delicious sells mostly to supermarket chains, grocery outlets and the institutional food market in the New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania areas. The bakery is also equipped for private-label distribution.

The West Orange plant contains more



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acturer make a lot of bread.

than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of modern, high-speed baking and packaging machinery. The location was chosen because of its accessibility by public transportation to Newark's labor force. Because teaching people new skills and giving them pride in their work is an important part of Southern Delicious.

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A good motive for change is the profit motive.

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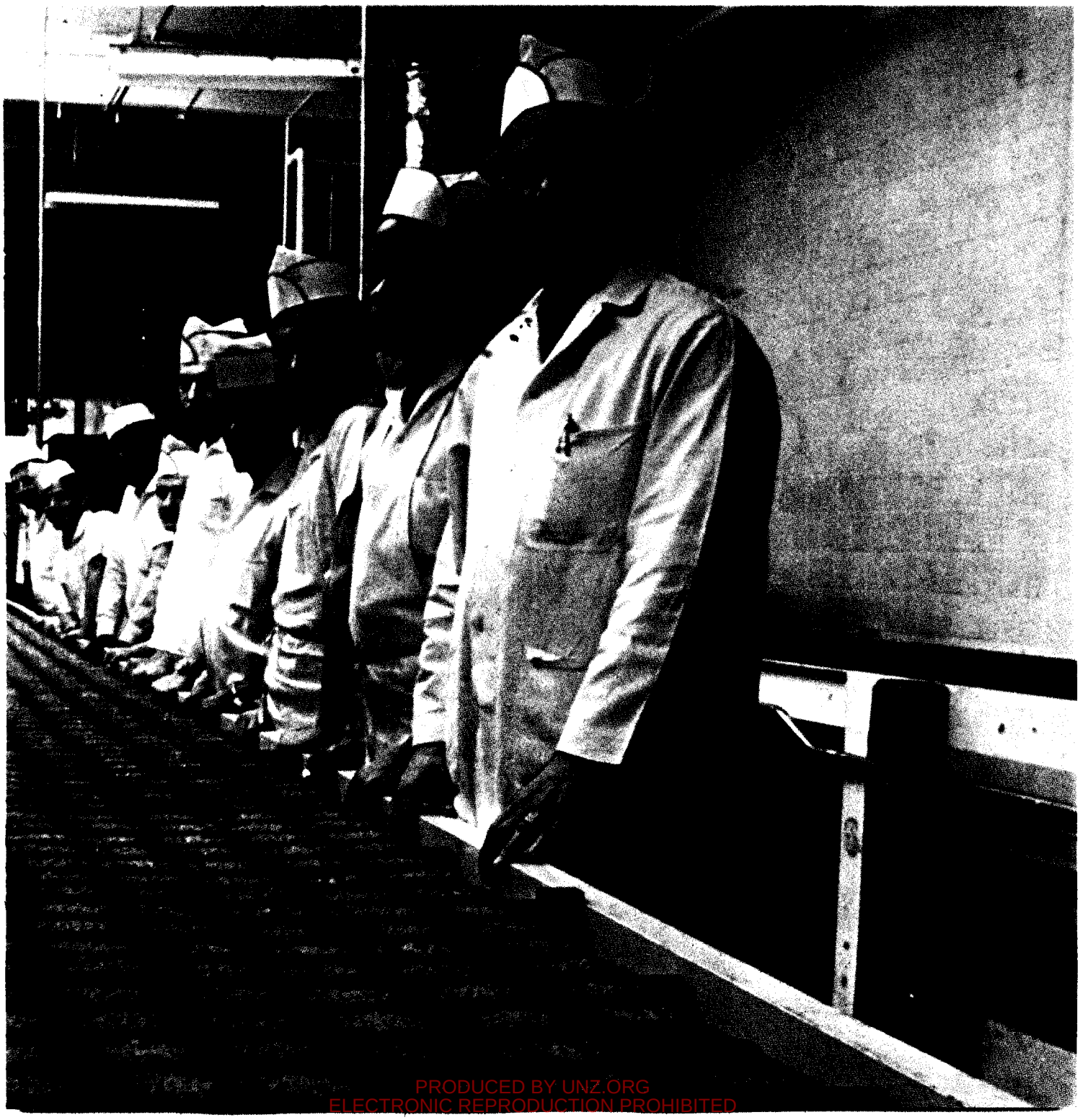

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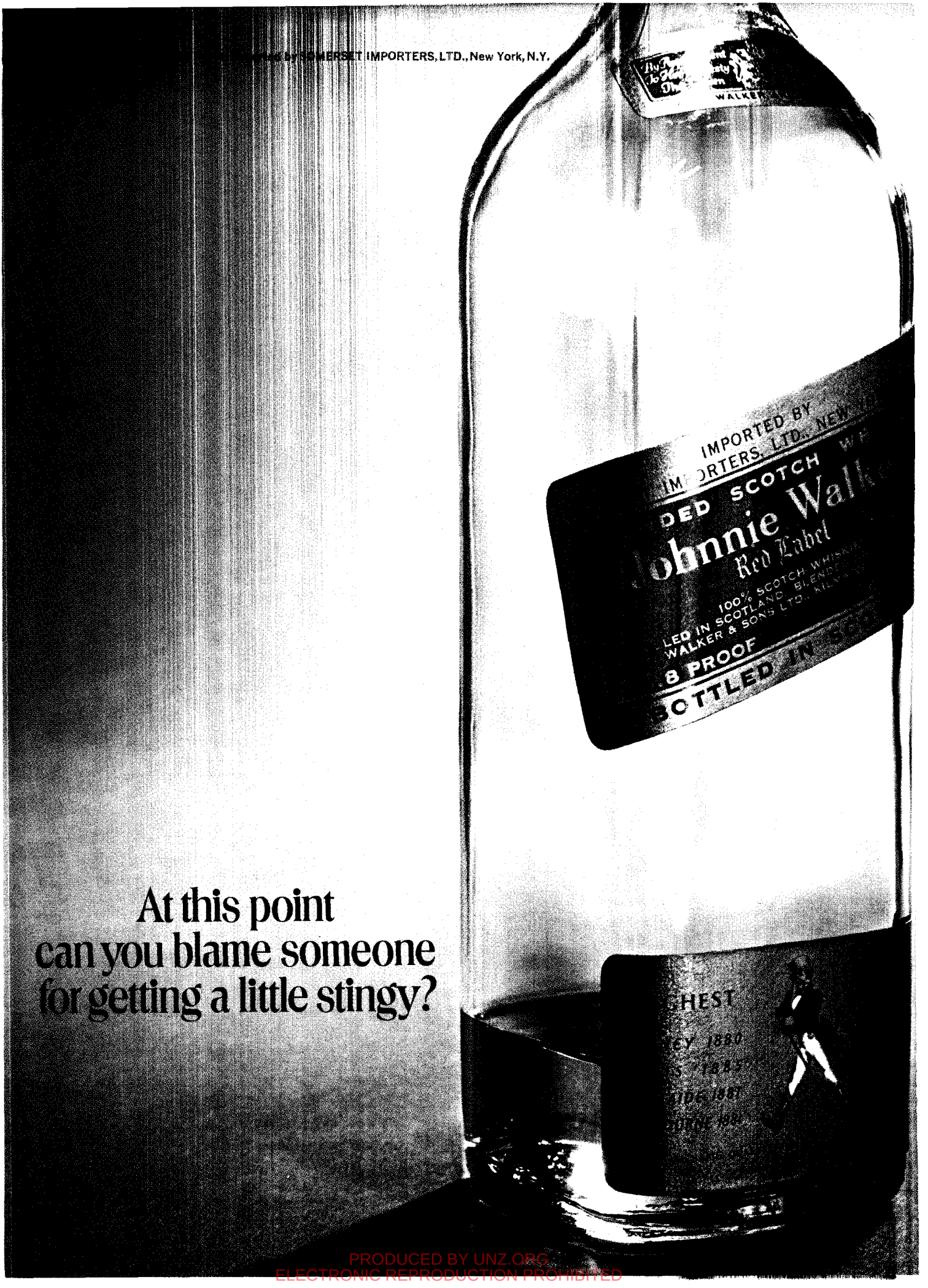

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THE Atlantic
FOUNDED IN 1857

OF COWS AND CAMBODIA

by Edward Hoagland

"He who fights and runs away lives on."

During the invasion of Cambodia, an event which may rate little space when recent American initiatives are summarized but which for many people seemed the last straw at the time, I made an escape to the woods. The old saw we've tried to live by for an egalitarian half century that "nothing human is alien" has become so pervasive a truth that I was worn to a frazzle. I was the massacre victim, the massacring soldier, and all the gaudy queens and freaked-out hipsters on the street. Nothing human *was* alien; I'd lost the essential, anti-egalitarian ability to tune out on occasion, and everything was ringing in my ears. Of course, even my flight itself was part of a stampede of people who were doing the same; and since my wife and I happened to be involved in a kind of low-grade marital crisis, too, for all my dovish politics, during my last few days in the city I had been going to mean and bloody movies and reading dirty books, as I do in a trough of depression.

I've got a hundred acres, mostly woodland, which I'm informed is probably generating enough oxygen for eighteen hundred people to breathe. I don't institute many improvements, both because of my ignorance and because, for instance, instead of chopping deadwood for the stove, for twelve dollars I can buy sufficient stove-sized scrap from the bobbin-and-dowel mill down the road to cook and heat the house four months. A ten-mile stretch of Vermont State Forest adjoins my land, and there is more forest than that around, so what I really do is walk. An old grown-over stagecoach road which has been kept open by hunters' jeeps and loggers' wagons winds, with appropriate slow grandeur, up through a pass and down into a wild valley, where there are several ponds and much birdlife and an abandoned log shack or two. A long brook rattles through the undergrowth and evergreens for miles, and the ridges roll up to haystack humps and aggregate themselves into the broad miniature mass of Mount Hor, which on its other side looks off a giddy cliff into a spring-fed lake several miles long. There is a smugglers' cave on the lake side where silks and whiskey used to be stored—the Canadian border is only fifteen miles away, and for a whole summer a revenuer slept in a hammock in the woods along the shore, posing as a poet but listening for sounds. Another nearly lost, forgotten smugglers' camp, complete with cemetery and cellar holes—this dating from the Civil War—is up behind an opposing mountain across the lake; and around on my side of Mount Hor a deep, traditional sort of cave corkscrews into the mountain a hundred feet or more, a place where hunters lived, and once an eccentric called "Leatherman," who wore skins and lived entirely off whatever he could catch or kill. Hor is a fastness for bears. I have heard descriptions of how six of them died of gunshot wounds in the valley below: their special staggerings and groans. The surviving bears, like shy, fleet Indians still holding out, hoot to their mates at dusk sometimes in the late summer, a single quiet hoot with a growl at the end, which distinguishes the sound from an owl's call. Plenty of deer skirt through, and on the mountainside you can find boggy glades where these fellows have made their beds in the fine grassy patches, leaving the imprint of themselves after they run. There are frogs on the paths and occasionally a charged, invigorated snake with a frog in its mouth. I've seen mink holes along the brook, and I've seen a pair of tiny shrews playing at the entrance to their burrow. The porcupines, after huddling in congregations through the winter, spread out and fight for territory during the spring, with piercing, nasty screams, though in the evening you can hear them chewing bark high in the spruces, their teeth sounding gravelly voiced.

My collie, Bimbo, who accompanies me, tangles with mystery creatures like mother raccoons fifty yards back in the brush. Before I adopted him, he wolfed down crusts of bread on his visits, running four miles for the privilege. Though he is uncompromising with strangers, he's almost overly loyal to me.

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He sticks beside me in the woods rather than ranging out, but chases any deer we see with businesslike directness, wholly wolfish for the moment, testing the air, before finally happily lying down in a stream. He avoids gun-carrying people, having seen some shooting, and is afraid of thunder, indicating its approach before I hear it come. He is most cheerful in the morning, as if the day as it advances saddens him—he points up a somber nose. But he's a great ground-scratcher after urinating and a posturer with other dogs, dramatic, quivering, and tall, with his sense of self perhaps enhanced because he lives in isolation in the country and meets few other dogs. He fights sharply and seems to take a rich and realistic view of the citizenship of all the animals in the world, making no unnatural distinctions between those wild and "tame." Cows, cats, fishers, grouse intrigue him almost equally. Meadow mice are a pleasure to hunt, but because in bear country he might possibly be the one who ought to worry, he doesn't wag his tail as much but walks with gingerly circumspection through the smashed berry thickets, the rank and muddy wallows. When we set out, he springs with all four feet off the ground and catches my hand in his mouth for joy, and when we get back to the house he pulls off the burrs that have stuck to me, breathing loudly, lovingly. There are two things difficult about him, however. He personalizes cars, and chases them with an inimical bold heroism, since he's been hit three times. And he loves to roll on the moldering bones of redoubtable strange animals as an aggrandizing maneuver, apparently, an agent of growth. Worse than just using a dead deer, he singles out a man's—a picnicker's—ordure to roll in if he can, smearing his fluffy fur with excrement, wearing it like epaulets, as the most mythic material of all. He romps and struts. It gives him a tremendous lift to smell so thickly like a man.

Besides believing nothing human should be alien, we used to aspire to another condition: as D. H. Lawrence said, we must *live more intensely;* we thought that, vague and dreamy, we were letting life slide by. But I was joining a mass swing of people looking for country acreage who had begun to feel so hard-pressed that their main effort was just to disengage themselves. They were of different politics and different vocations, yet some of them felt that if they lived any more intensely, they might have to be hospitalized.

Although we're swamped in populace and intensity, a few ridges over from me was a commune—twelve or fifteen persons in their twenties whose response to these dilemmas was more hair of the dog. Instead of barricading themselves behind thousands of acres of forestland, as I was trying to do, they intended to chum and combine with some of these overnumerous souls. And with the aspens trembling, field flowers blooming, the blue sky and the lavish landscape, their admirable experiment seemed to be working out. The children were sunburned and muscular, doing without diapers and generally caring for each other. They lived in a Children's Tent, and while there was some uncertainty and ear-pulling, mostly they roamed between adventures, catching toads, feeding the hens. The grown-ups slept in pairs tucked into plastic lean-tos or hunters' tents under the spruces—there was one lofty-looking tepee. They had a geodesic dome which wowed their visitors and was intended to be transformed into a candle factory eventually, and a roomlike area covered with sheets of plastic draped over poles where the cooking was done, and a large produce garden that didn't succeed, owing to its pH reading.

Consistent with their life-style, they tried to welcome strangers, even explaining their beliefs to sightseers if asked to, or letting a hitchhiker camp with them a week or so on a probationary basis. Since several were veterans of an ill-fated commune further south in the state which had turned into a kind of motel for traveling hippies, this time they'd bought enough land for an agricultural existence, but without buildings, so that nobody in these first months could stay over unless he bestirred himself at least to pitch a tent. They built an outhouse, chicken house, and cow shed, repaired their road, attempted to incorporate as a private elementary school so they could educate their own children, avoided obtrusive drug use, helped their neighbors hay in exchange for the loan of farm equipment, and wisely went to meetings of the local Grange so that the people could see firsthand that they were not dragons. The men were fit-looking—the long hair didn't appear to be a mark of bereavement—and the girls eloquent, graceful, appealing; they had big eyes, and, as in many communes, they got the job of dealing with outsiders. I felt wistful when I dropped in. Obviously, no notable amount of work was being done. Everyone went off on jaunts into the countryside or swam or gathered firewood and sat talking all day in the cook tent, fixing salads of sorrel and wild mustard leaves with little berries and raw eggs stirred in. They made butter and ice cream and pots of sugared oatmeal and boiled milkweed and fried cornbread. It was a summer idyll. Lying underneath the trees, they never did get the log house built that they had planned.

By October, like grasshoppers who'd danced the harvesttime away, they were looking for winter quarters to rent, stung by the frosts, worried for their children's health. It developed that the townspeople were not so friendly after all; nothing was available. They were college folk, and they weren't really going to have to stay and freeze, but I was interested that the most favorably disposed faction in town were older persons who could remember living off the land and looking rather ragged themselves during the Great Depression. Also, the older

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group managed to connect the rootless appearance of these hip types with the itinerant loggers from French Canada in earlier days—long-haired, linguistically a puzzle, with underfed dependents—and therefore weren't afraid of them.

This corner of Vermont is without industry, and when a summer resident shows up again the following spring, the winter news of friends and neighbors is likely to be bad news—bad luck, bad health— because so many younger people clear out, and there is hardly any way for a man who has stayed around to have advanced himself. Seventy-five years ago the town had factories manufacturing cheese, knickers, shoes, and butter tubs, and what was then the longest electric power line east of the Rockies (seventeen miles). It carried 800 kilowatts and was the hobbyhorse of the inventive-minded middle class, although farm boys still went into the woods after spruce chewing gum, which they cut off the trees with sharpened poles and sold downtown for a dollar a pound. Later they saved their gum money to buy battery radios and "windchargers," noisy windmills that turned and turned on the roof of the house and kept the batteries charged.

Since then whole settlements have disappeared in the outlying sections of town, and the country has grown so wild that one of the postal clerks has killed twenty-three bears so far. The saying is that you need only soak your feet in a bucket and set the salty water out by the back door and deer will drift right up to drink. A deer is just a joker like oneself; he's not much better at hearing a man move toward him in the woods than the man may be at hearing him. Like most of the other abandoned farms, mine has its relics of projects that failed: a stunted orchard, an attempt at raising Christmas trees. The soil was marginal, and the family tried to keep goats at one time, and they had cows but the barn burned. Failure makes some men rough on their wives. There are stories of how the man who lived here during the thirties wouldn't bother to cut the stovewood short enough to fit the kitchen stove, wouldn't even cut down more than a week's supply, in case, as he said, he died—she could cut down her own trees after that. He did die, by and by, and his wife moved off the place, saying that she was sick and tired of "staring at that damn mountain." Another, more sensible enterprise had been raising hunting dogs.

Woodcocks fly up, a little fox runs down the road. In the springtime, when I arrived, being in my own fields was plenty for me—airing the house and stepping in and out, discovering again that the night sky exhibits stars by the thousand if these aren't blotted out by lights. No matter how brutal the winter has been (last Christmas fifty inches of snow fell in a single week), the grass is coming up like kettledrums; birches and pines, which grow as much as three feet in a year, are mustering themselves and shooting up. Goldfinches pick apart the dandelions,

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sapsuckers chisel for bugs underneath the maple bark. I roasted potatoes to eat in their jackets like rolls and took walks on the drizzly evenings, listening to my brook, admiring the treetops against the sky, comparing spruce with fir, red spruce, white spruce, red pine, white pine. I watched the bats over Little Fish Pond, hearing trout jump that sometimes sounded so big I stepped back under the trees, afraid somebody was heaving stones.

The young men hunt in season hard, turning their attention to the sport, but the old men think about it all the time; it is an elixir to them. They seem to feel they'll live long if they are still able to shoot, as though in dealing death they were immortal for the moment. Far from shying from the ghastly antics of the dying deer, they recount these covetously, like a formula that may stave off the same collapse in themselves—the creature jerking its legs up as it fell, twitching and groaning on the ground. These tales can extend through half an afternoon, each man has killed so many deer, often outwitting the game warden, too. Porcupines and groundhogs can be hunted all year, so some people do that when times are grim, either for the relish of the kill and as a means of staving death off day after day, or else for food. When neighbors quarrel, they hear each other out in the woods next morning shooting small game; and in the fall they both lay up a store of gutted groundhogs—in any case, when the hayfields are mown and visibility is good—later grinding the meat with onions, apples, and sunflower seeds into a matchless burger steak. Years ago people put up barrels of salted smelt caught in the spawning season, and bins of root vegetables, and canned green tomatoes, and grated horseradish cut with turnip. Then in midwinter, after letting a barrel of hard cider freeze, they'd drill a hole in the middle and tap the nearly pure alcohol, which made a man's heart feel as if it were wrapped in soft cotton.

In farming country the old people are not sequestered away, and when somebody dies nearly everyone knew him. Only last week in the drugstore he'd crossed his fingers and said with a mild smile that he was hoping for a clean bill of health from the doctor soon. The butchering, the weighing of each cow's fate every few months, makes death a familiar companion, too. Not every cow that doesn't freshen promptly is sent to slaughter, but she goes "down the road," to bob in terror under the auctioneer's prodding. It's personal, rather like a slave auction, perhaps. "What a pretty lady this is! Look at the teats on her! Keep her in the pasture this summer, and then if you don't like her, cut her throat in the fall!" Milk farmers are involved in all the intricacies and ambiguities of life-and-death power, and generally are glad to be. They're paler than some of the farmers who grow crops—the Midwest fellow raising soybeans is on his tractor under the sun, whereas the dairyman works mostly around the barn. Not until the 1960 census did Vermonters come to outnumber their cows, and several say the reason they were in no hurry was that they simply *liked* cows. In the isolated gores and valleys cows were a kind of harem. They could withhold or volunteer part of their milk, and if well-soothed and happy, they gave more. Even with machine-milking, the udders need a good old-fashioned warm-fingered stroking beforehand, and when a cow is bred artificially, the technician massages her cervix as well as squirting in the semen. After he leaves, again, a skillful farmer will squat down for a while and in a friendly fashion rub and squeeze her teats.

Against the sense of exuberant release I felt on long walks in the woods was the knowledge I had that this in fact was just a hermetic patch of wilderness with highways on all sides, scarcely larger than a park: it was a ship in a bottle, and I was only hiding out. The commune idealists, who read the *Whole Earth Catalog* as a life's chart, seemed doctrinaire, not easy company. And so on days when I wasn't out with the dog hunting for smugglers' camps, I started accompanying an artificial inseminator from Newport Center named Donald Nault on his regular rounds. (I had the frivolous idea that I might be watching the way human procreation would eventually be carried on, each liberated woman choosing semen that suited her from a listing of donor traits. Instead, the cows, pinned in their stanchions, looked around at us like moose which have been immobilized and turn and watch the wolves approach to eat.)

Nault is a good explainer and seems to smile more than most people do, although he's perfectly prepared to yell. He's gangly and has short gray hair and the open-faced look of a high school science teacher, with thin-rimmed glasses, a spacious physiognomy, but narrow bones. His voice is flat-timbred and dispassionate-sounding; he breaks his vowels in half, twanging the halves in different tones. He keeps bees and hunts with bow and arrow for hobbies, and works in the 4-H program, a much more freewheeling proposition than Scouting, being geared to what farm youngsters can do off in the boondocks by themselves. Like the bulk-milk pickup drivers, the feed dealers and John Deere men, he's one of the county's peripatetics. His corner of it has 7600 cattle, according to tax figures, of which he services about half; the rest still rassle with his competitor, the bull. Even allowing for the heifers that are too young to breed, this means he averages at least ten jobs a day because he does free repeat breedings when the first doesn't take. He's off three days a month, including Sundays, but gets no other vacation, and is paid at the rate of $2.80 per service. The total fee the farmer pays is $7.

I learned about Nault's business, along with a good deal of outright gynecology, riding around with him from farm to farm, meeting shaggy dogs, seeing

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the lightning rods atop red barns and white houses (summer people reverse the colors—red houses and white barns). The farmers took no more notice of us than of meter readers, and though the days turned out to be sadder than I'd expected, with sometimes afterbirths, and once a dead calf on the floor, there was the pleasure of the roller-coaster pasturage and woodland and the big-siloed, spruced-up farms lying in front of the dramatic silhouette of the Green Mountains, Jay Peak jutting up asymmetrically immediately in front.

Nault, who was born on a farm in the neighborhood, is medical in manner, not chieftainlike like the farmers, and though I admired the delicacy with which he handled his task, I pitied him the tedium of it, pounding round and round between a hundred farms year after year, none his. Some of the fellows envy him his free-lance life, however. Leaping land values, the overall slide toward change, cause a hollering across the countryside. Farmers think of retiring on the money that their acreage would bring; yet dairying really has never been more profitable, they say. A hundred pounds of milk will buy two hundred pounds of grain, but a cow only needs to eat about a pound of grain for every three or four pounds of milk she produces during the winter months, or one to nine or ten pounds when she is pasturing. This is a ratio that matters financially. Also, about an acre of grazing ground and one of hay are necessary to support a cow in New England. If she brings in a yearly profit of perhaps $200 after all the expenses are figured in, then each acre is worth $100 a year to the farmer and he will only continue keeping cows as long as that $100, when measured against the prices the land speculators are offering him, does not seem too paltry a sum. Whereas in the old days a man might dabble in winter logging or the Christmas business or maple sugaring and take the chance that a few of his cows would catch pneumonia while he was gone, now it's best to be a specialist, with all the thorny breeding questions and mastitis and Bang's disease and vibriosis to watch for. Little farms must have the same expensive milk-handling equipment as big ones, so that the little operators are bought out. Efficiency demands that they get rid of the mediocre milkers, then feed the good producers all the protein they will eat, whether in the form of short early-cut hay and high-value alfalfa and clover, or store-bought nutrients like beet pulp, citrus rinds, and chopped-up corn, wheat, barley, oats, and molasses ground together. Most of the cattle Nault breeds are black-and-white Holsteins, which yield an average of 14,900 pounds of milk in a year, including 540 pounds of butterfat, far outperforming the brown-and-white Guernseys or Jerseys. Holsteins are also more genetically trustworthy than Guernseys, and being big, are worth $200 as beef as well, just as they stand. Jerseys do keep a lingering hold on some farmers' affections because they're quite emotional and heated, yet small, easy to manage, and their milk tests high in butterfat, which means a premium is paid.

The landscape grew more familiar to me as we tooled around Nault's territory, and sometimes, during the afternoon, we went right back to the same farms, driving through gray rain squalls, past fields of timothy, rye grass, and vetch and stands of lusciously foliaged trees, in the townships of Troy and Coventry. We saw Canadian Frenchmen with the De Gaulle nose at the age-old New England occupation of gathering stones. We went by the house of the district's healer, a seventh son of a seventh son, who can cure everything from hemorrhoids and dropsy to the twist in the postman's hip, which got out of its socket as the poor guy leaned from his driver's seat to reach the mailboxes. This healer is a rough type and doesn't pray beside his customers; he simply puts his hand on the ailing area and holds it there for ten or fifteen minutes, telling raunchy jokes meanwhile.

Once we passed a mink farm, consisting of cage-filled sheds and several horses waiting in a vacant lot to be cut up and fed to the mink, then drove up the first grade of the mountains near Hazen's Notch to a brown slumping home isolated in deep woods, with a toolshed in back where a brown cow was tied. No grown-ups were around. A girl of twelve came from the house and handed Nault seven one-dollar bills and watched him work; she had been left in charge. Afterwards we coasted back to moneyed rolling pasturelands, with immense barns with stanchions by the hundred, all electrically hooked to the fire alarm so that cows would be freed automatically in case of a disaster. Indeed, the latest innovation is to dispense with stanchions entirely, letting the creatures associate as they wish about the barn, only walking them through a "milking parlor" at milking time, because the more benign they feel, the more milk they will brew.

These new procedures naturally discourage the *macho* bent of many farmers, which is why lots of them still keep bulls. The snorting beast costs hundreds of dollars to feed, more than the farmer saves in breeding fees, and inhabits a stall where otherwise he could stable a milker. Yet some people will alternately utilize Nault's super variety of semen and their own yokel bull, and then, to his consternation, instead of raising the fine new calves which have the perfected genes for future stock and selling off the quirky local progeny, as often as not a man will keep his own bull's calves and send Nault's scientific infants straight to the butcher's block.

Besides enjoying the guided tours, I was glad for the friendship between us. We were contemporaries, and whatever we didn't have in common tended not to come up, but the hard monotony of breadwinning communicated itself, too, just as it does whenever one gets inside the routines that another person must live by.

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I am describing what I did in the aftermath of the Cambodia invasion, not a story with an end but of interest to me because it is what I would do again in the event of other invasions, or practically any other kind of trouble—it is the only thing that I can think of. I liked being poised near the Canadian border the way I was, and found that ducking quickly into the woods had helped, and living by myself: up early, aware of other creatures besides man, with the sky-clock of sun and stars. After hiking awhile around Mount Hor, I began going across the road to explore a large steep formless upland known as Robbins Hill, after a rifle-toting family of Raggedy Anns, who've disappeared. I'd been learning to recognize the common trees, and a riotous arboretum of these were crowded together on Robbins Hill in what was an orgy for me. Young trees, particularly, send me into a hustle of needle-squeezing, bark-tapping, and branch-waggling; I can't believe my eyes, how straight and true to type they are, how springy to the touch and brown and green. To discover so many examples together in deep grass, lacy cedars next to hemlocks next to wavy larch and beech and yellow birch, was grounds for glee. Laughing to myself, I rushed from one to another, touching the leaves—perfect complete little maples, perfect little balsam firs. There was a flowering shrub called by the old people moose missy and a flower that they called frog's mouth.

Now this was all escapism (a word that's going to lose its sting). I was escaping to recuperate, my ears still grateful for the quiet of the woods. My wife flew up to join me as soon as she could, and except for her company, I found the old people best to be with, rather than people my own age, saddled with mortgages, emphatic politics, and what not. My neighbors told me about brewing beer forty or fifty years ago that had a head so thick they wrote their names in it and spooned it off for sandwich filling. They'd bake next Christmas' plum pudding on Christmas Eve, to marinate in brandy all that while, and serve last year's. The husband remembers skidding logs down off Robbins Hill with oxen one winter after a forest fire. The fire leapt across the road on some loose birch bark that caught the wind, and he remembers how pathetically the porcupines squealed as it caught up with them. There was only one farrier in the county who shoed oxen for icy winter work—a man named Duckless; he did it as a kind of stunt. Oxen are stiff-legged and they can't lift their legs as a horse can, so he employed a block and tackle and canvas sling to hoist them up. Since they are cloven-hoofed, each foot needed two shoes. The dogs would collect from the farms nearby as if a bitch had come into heat. Dogs love a blacksmith's visits because they chew on the hoof parings—the parings are taffy to them.

My friend Paul Sumner went "foxing" with his dog as a youngster, following the fox for many winding miles and many hours. He'd get $25 for the skin at a time when the daily wage at the sawmills was less than $1.50. A fisher skin was worth still more. He had a Long Tom rifle which had a kick that knocked him down and a bolt action so loud that when he missed, if he was shooting at a deer, the deer would stop running and listen, mystified by the strange sound. They were ten children, and necessarily the boys hunted for meat. They'd get one rabbit started, and in dodging about, it would visit every other good rabbit hiding place, scaring up a throng. The father after each snowstorm would tramp around the swamp, leaving a great circle of snowshoe tracks beyond which the younger kids were not supposed to go. Though they were very poor, the saying was that no woman could be admitted into heaven who cut more than four pieces from a pie. Paul still makes his own bullets, weighing out the grains of powder as some men roll their cigarettes. He used to make shot for his shotgun by mincing up a flattened pipe, and would hike off for days with a bait pail and traps into the Big Woods over in Essex County, carrying a few bottle caps with wax and string in them to heat the kindling for his firewood on a wet night—he poured his supper grease on the next morning's firewood. He remembers Halley's Comet, in 1910, having climbed Mount Hor especially to see it, sleeping on top and watching a duckhawk fly up at dawn out of a tree and kill a fast-flying duck with such impact that both of them fell from the sky. He remembers fishing in Canada and catching northern pike four feet long. If the line broke, by jinks, he says, the fisherman jumped in the lake and wrestled with the fish chest-to-chest, almost like another man. The blueberries were big as thumbs and turned the hillsides blue.

He tells the legend of how oak trees acquired scalloped leaves: there was a man who signed a pact with the devil according to which, after enjoying his handsome looks and fortuitous riches, he would have to give himself up "when the oak lost its leaves." But oaks never do lose all their leaves; some stubbornly cling to the trees through the winter until fresh foliage sprouts in the spring. And so the devil, who was furious at losing out, ran round and round the archetypal oak, chewing on its leaves, marking the edges with his teeth.

In the cavalry down in Brownsville, Texas, after World War I, Paul used to feed his horses sugarcane for a treat. His barracks mates kept an ocelot for a mascot; and there was a pet terrier in the bar they patronized which was so tough the customers would throw a tennis ball at it as hard as they could, down the aisle between the tables and the bar, and the dog, bounding in the air, would catch it on the fly. Back in Vermont, Paul, who was always a fisherman, located an old quarry hole with bass swimming at the bottom of it. A man lived nearby in a tar-paper shack, ten feet by six and all grown over with blackberries. "The house was only standing up because the termites inside were holding hands." It

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stood under a fine white pine that the fellow called his "sunflower tree." He raised tomatoes on the site of a defunct outhouse and baked his bread in loaves so big around a slice was the size of a pane of glass. He spent his days bucking firewood for money, though flourishing his rifle when people came to pick it up (he'd grab a broomstick and "aim" with that if they were kids). He was so fussy that he wouldn't let you touch his cartridges, afraid you'd leave some sweat on them and tarnish the parts of his gun, and yet his house was stuffed with filth and junk, scarcely allowing room for the bed and stove. He never washed his dinner plate, just dumped more food on it, and every few weeks would scrape off the detritus and fry that, too, what he called "stodge." Another character on that road was the Turkey Buyer, who ranged about the state in a truck carrying gobblers. When he passed a farm that raised the birds he would screech to a stop, jump out, and run up to the door to tell the farmer that one of the turkeys from his truck had got out of its crate and scurried in among the farmer's turkeys; would he please help to catch it? So together they would catch one of the farmer's turkeys and then the Turkey Buyer, with many thanks, would drive away.

Dan Tanner was a neighbor too. Dan was a seven-footer who once killed a bear which went after a string of fish he'd caught by stabbing it with a sharp stick of heartwood just underneath the arm. Dan was exceedingly tough. His wife, Abbey, used to wash the blood off all the men he licked. A good trout brook made up in their back field, though mostly it went underground for the first mile. Nevertheless, there were some holes you could fish through and catch short little trout, discolored from not having seen the sun. Tanner ran a still that cooked his booze so hot the pots and tubing jounced. He set aside a jug for Saturday and one for Sunday, but usually he'd finish Saturday's before sunset and vomit it and finish Sunday's, too. He didn't trouble himself very much about the law and feuded with the game warden. One time when the warden was trailing him, Dan carefully tossed the doe he'd killed behind a rock and turned downhill, taking small steps, down to a brook—then walked backwards in his own tracks, stepping exactly in each step, and hopped behind a dead spruce on the ground, where he lay still. The warden, pursuing him, passed by and reached the brook and looked in vain for Tanner's tracks across on the other side. Thirsty, he stooped to drink, and Tanner shot into the brook just right next to his nose.

Paul, who is a father, a widower, is a less violent man. He suffers from angina but cuts pulpwood for a living at $19 a cord. One corner of his farm is about to be razed for an interstate highway and parallel with that will be a power line, so his years of retirement will probably be spent between these belts of fierce activity. He was a lineman for a power company himself much of his working life. The photos on the wall show him in climbing boots high on a leaning pole with a tree fallen on the line. He's got blue eyes and a jug-handle pair of ears, a puckery, sharp-witted face, a twisty smile. He jokes a lot, collapsing in laughter, swinging his arms, although he has a sense of misery as well. In wintertime he needs to shovel the snow from in front of his windows in order to see out; it gets so deep he can walk right onto the roof when the ice must be scraped off. He grows winter apples, which are not picked until after the first snowfall. The frosts seem to condition them; that's when the deer prefer them, too.

He who fights and runs away lives on, and that's what I had been up to. As the summer closed, I went again with Bimbo to the roots of the brook under Mount Hor, finding the split-pear prints of deer and listening to the ravens honk. There is a "boiling spring" Robert Frost used to visit, according to reports. The spring no longer boils, having become choked with leaves (and never did "boil" in the Westerner's meaning of the word; they don't have hot springs here), but it still tastes pristine and heads a cold and lively stream. Talking with the various old men, each one with a heart condition, I sometimes felt the need for haste in gathering information: even a sense that if the fellow should suffer a stroke before my eyes, I would bend over him, urgently asking again, *where was that cave? Who was it that you said lived there?*

Each of them, after his own manner of doing things, was in the process of selling off his land—at least the relics on it—pretending he was just trying to "get rid of the stuff," impatient that the buyer hadn't come for it, and watching as his pastures, laboriously maintained since the nineteenth century, grew back to tangled wilderness. In September I accompanied a man I am fond of into the jungle that formerly had been his lower pasture and now was on the point of being sold (to me). He was in his middle eighties and walked very slowly indeed, like a frail Galapagos turtle, looking incongruously weightless but leaning very, very heavily while I helped him to edge through the willow-alder thickets. We looked for the old fence line, where bits of barbed wire remained on the trees, and the stump of a black cherry tree that he thought the bears had killed, and a round rock called Whippoorwill Rock, and a big butternut, and for the place beside the stream where he and his brothers had once successfully rigged a power saw operated by a waterwheel. The alders were a jungle, yet he struggled much farther into the center of the property than I'd expected that he would, calm and slow about it, swaying a little when the wind blew. Many landmarks had been obliterated, but he found a few. The grass was swamp grass now, or smothered in spirea brush. Remembering as he went along, he persevered so far I was afraid that even with my help he wouldn't be able to extricate himself again. □

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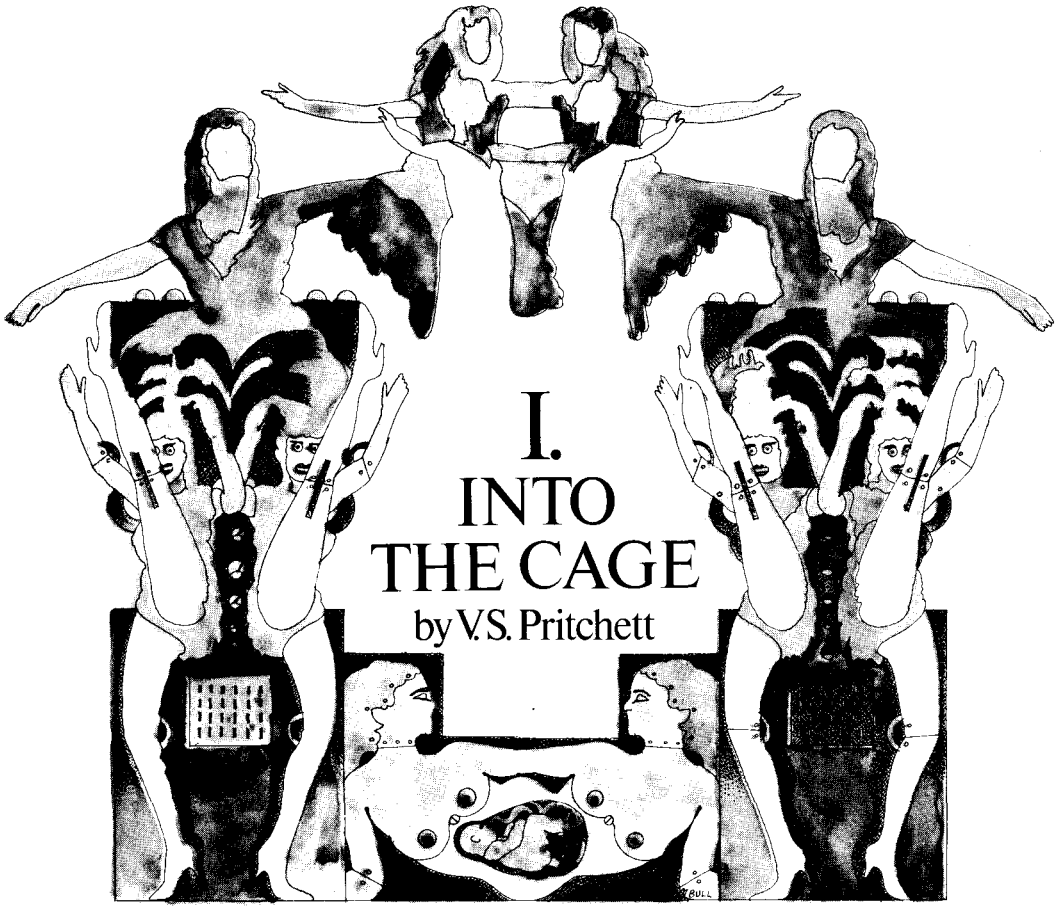
WITH NORMAN MAILER AT THE SEX CIRCUS



I. INTO THE CAGE

by V.S. Pritchett

After a bellyful of Kate Millett, Germaine Greer, and Norman Mailer on the subject of the liberation of something called Man and Woman, I am left in a state of total indigestion. To begin with, I am interested only in this man or this woman, not in the generality. In the present state of the world—the eve (I suspect) of an age of tribal invasions on the Genghis Khan scale—I also think the preoccupation with sex has reached a luxury phase. It is our Ivory Tower which the have-not societies cannot afford. We are evidently uneasy about this, for now, in the second noisy sex circus of this century, our chief sex pundits have taken to the journalistic vices of prophesy and global thinking: when in difficulties about the relations of men and women, enlarge the subject by thinking of it in terms of world revolution. Global thinking is a confession of failure and mediocrity. I don't believe that now that Mrs. X has had forty clitoral orgasms, capitalism will go or the war in Vietnam will stop. She will want only more on the conveyor belt. I don't believe sexual enlightenment would have stopped the massacre in East Pakistan.

I am old enough to look back on the first sex circus of this century with nostalgia. One sees now that it was war that made us think of sex in terms of weapons. To war, not to argument or enlightenment, we owe the first large emancipation of women. While men killed, women had to do the work. It was war that brought in "bad" language and blasphemy and made English Anglo-Saxon again. How delightful it was to hear a fluting intellectual talk of "copulation" when his father, bemused by sinful literary periphrasis, was stuck with "sexual congress" or the creeping blasphemy of "carnal knowledge." To hear the soup spill and the knives and forks clatter down in a restaurant when some Cambridge girl said "orgasm" in a dashingly cultivated voice designed to reach the kitchen hands and to show them her superiority, had the thrill of a motor smash. Women wore the new language as they wore a new hat. Men felt robbed. Bad language for them was sacred to a soldier's hatreds; the girls were making it educational. I must say I still resent this: one hated to see the juicy smut of one's boyhood and the ripe and genial art of heavy manual workers put to the prim use of intellectual self-improvement for the middle classes. Still, puritans can be happy only on principle. As circus turns of the period, we clowns and animals may have been clumsy, but we were not disinfected.

The second circus which is now culminating in Women's Lib and public do-it-yourself is very differ-

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ent from our innocent affair. Wars come fast; massacres are everyday; the show begins to have the nasty smell of the genocide laboratory. It is run by gynecological gunwomen. The laughs have changed. That old cock of Chatterley's walk, the poor old penis, is now a relic of the old-style clown; all he has left is his red nose. The vagina is nothing but an idiotic horse collar—I take the word from Miss Germaine Greer, who sticks up for it—the clitoris is Queen. The hysterical spermatozoa swish up the out-of-date vagina, whiz along the Fallopian tubes; the chromosomes line up like digits on a computer. It is not quite clear whether we are fooling about in a new laboratory or watching a Victorian factory grinding along on its last legs. There is every reason to believe that the womb has had its day: no more hysteria to drive the male to his pub. The test tube and the bottle are coming, the breasts will turn into pimples, and Bob, as they say, will be your Auntie; for Mum herself will be a minor figure, driven to showing instructional films on how to masturbate in the State infant schools. As for the language, the hate language of the rocket-makers has taken over completely. One novelty is that while the mass media show us pictures of mashed-up bodies of men and women and children most evenings, the balance is restored by films and picture books of what the animals looked like, before butchery, while engendering the new season's lamb. The new circus, as one can see, is even more educational than the one I have forgotten so much of. The new revolution is ten times more puritanical; it is the puritanism of technology. Where our revolution made us free and clumsy, the new one is political and proposes to turn us into uncomplaining operatives.

At this point Norman Mailer comes in with *The Prisoner of Sex* (Little, Brown, $5.95) and steals the show from the bluestockings. He is what it lacked: a go-getting whistle-stop clown. In an interview, he once let out the joke that he didn't hate women; he just thought they ought to be shut up in cages. Nothing for it then (when one of the women beat him to the front page of *Time* magazine) but to get into the cage with them. A paranoiac with a good boyish punch, a gentle eye, a sentimentalist—four wives, clearly not interested in women but in something they had got—yet with sensible flashes in his rage and savage laughter, determined on the spotlight, he rips around. He is as sweeping and discontinuous as an excited woman, yet he has considerable relics of what Norman Douglas called the "male attributes of humility, reverence and a sense of proportion." He has brought a sparkle to a dismal scene, and if, at the end, one can't make out whether he is swimming or sinking—nor can he—he has one huge advantage over his enemies: he is a brilliant writer with sharp insights, and he has passion, which they have not. His satirical metaphors are very funny. They are also accurate. Miss Kate Millett, author of *Sexual Politics,* is his chief victim:

> The style is suggestive of a night-school lawyer who sips Metrecal to keep his figure, and thereby is so full of isolated proteins, factory vitamins, reconstituted cyclamates, and artificial flavors that one has to pore over the passages like a business contract. What explosives are buried in those droning clauses, those chains of familiar aggregates (of words).

Another lady said to him, "We think your views on women are full of shit." He notes, "She had a voice that could have boiled the fat off a taxicab driver's neck."

Still, like all clowns, he is serious. He even has the clown's mock-innocent face. He simply likes to fight women and is apt to find he agrees with them after he has hit them. His heart is really in literature, in the imagination—not reputedly the great female endowment—and so he is more bitter with Miss Millett for chopping off her quotations from Lawrence too soon, so as to force a case, than with her views, which he half shares. His chapter on Lawrence is really excellent. Feminists are enraged by Lawrence's insistence on male dominance, but as Mailer says, the reason was tragic. Weak in health and ruled for so long by his mother:

> he was bone and blood of the classic family stuff out of which homosexuals are made, he had lifted himself out of his natural destiny which was probably to have the sexual life of a woman . . . no wonder he worshiped the phallus, he above all men knew what an achievement was its rise from the root, its assertion to stand proud on a delicate base. His mother had adored him. Since his first sense of himself as a male had been in the tender air of her total concern—now, and always, his strength would depend upon just such outsize admiration. Dominance over women was not tyranny to him, but equality. . . .

And, I would say, this is true of the attitude of normal men. The first signal of love for a woman in a man is fear—how to be equal to that dangerous being.

He goes on to Henry Miller and lust and to Genet on buggery with the zeal of a Welsh preacher—in fact, he is really the unfrocked preacher-clown—but he is closest to a seizable point when he at last makes up his mind about Miss Millett:

> Of course the revolution could also become the first bureaucracy of sex, and the technicians of genetics its intelligentsia. . . . The world would seek solutions where technology was faith and you stayed inside the system. . . . The passion of the mediocre is to maintain stimulation at its own level. So he had thought it proper to treat Millett with huge attention. If she had not risen any higher on the literary scale than the Upper Mediocre, she was all the more central to the age. She believed in the liberal use of technology for any solution to human pain . . . the prose of future prisons was in her tongue . . . the power of her argument would be greatest for those who wished to live in the modest middles of the poisoned city. She was a way of life for young singles, a species of city-technique.

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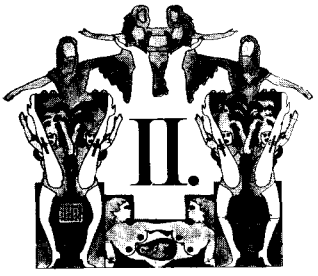
The worship of technology is the enemy; the wars of this century have created technological sex. Compute sex as you compute war is the slogan of the last twenty years. So we find Mailer coming round to liberation. "Let her cohabit on elephants if she had to, and fuck with Borzoi hounds, let her bed with eight pricks and a whistle . . ." if that is the requirement of free choice; but let the poor old womb alone. And if a couple should blunder upon love—the repressed subject of this century—on the way, let violence ventilate it; though why marital violence should do away with the bully-and-victim syndrome, I can't imagine. Physical violence is the classic method of breaking people.

At one point we find Mailer cheering Germaine Greer for saying in her book, *The Female Eunuch* (McGraw-Hill, $6.95), that clitoral stimulation is "the index of the desexualization of the whole body, the substitution of genitality for sexuality." That, indeed, is the depth to which the sexual revolution has sunk. The notion that one makes love without the whole of the person, moral and physical, is what turns sex into an eccentric exhibition by frustrated acrobats who are surprised to find themselves so regularly falling off the trapeze. And are seen to do so by the public. The second sexual circus is packed with the grimaces of these failures.

Miss Greer's book is an appeal to women to start knowing themselves and thinking about themselves. It contains more interesting facts than Mr. Mailer has patience for, as his ego explodes in midair and he looks back a bit scared by what he has said. Miss Greer writes "like teacher," but she has home-truths. If, for example, it is true to say women have been slaves, then they have the slave mentality. Slaves don't trust each other. But when she says women have become eunuchs, I suggest she tell that to the Wife of Bath and hear what she has to say about "the mastery." *There* was a liberated old girl—as so many old girls are.

The one thing that strikes an unliberated male survivor like myself, and that prevents me from burning my underpants in public, having an intimate operation, giving my money away to a few nice chaps, doing my own laundry in office hours, and—most wicked gesture of all—tearing up my will and insurance policies, is the reflection that liberated women are lonely, overworked, and have made it impossible for other women to help them. All they have got is machines that go wrong. When Carlyle heard Margaret Fuller say that she "accepted the Universe," the crusty old man said, "She'd better." It's what, with all the fierce complacency of an anachronism, I'd say about love between men and women (that old stuff!)—they'd better settle for it before the next mushroom goes up. We sleep with people's bodies, but we live with their characters and with their natures: that is where civilization started and not from the waist down with the grunting of four-letter words. □



OUT OF THE MACHINE

by Joyce Carol Oates

> . . . a day had to come when women shattered the pearl of their love for pristine and feminine will and found the man, yes that man in the million who could become the point of the seed which would give an egg back to nature, and let the woman return with a babe who came from the root of God's desire. . . .
>
> Norman Mailer, THE PRISONER OF SEX

It is appropriate that Norman Mailer has become the central target of the fiercest and cruelest of Women's Liberation attacks, not because Mailer is prejudiced against women, or bullying about them, not even because he claims to know much about them, but because he is so dangerous a visionary, a poet, a mystic—he is shameless in his passion for women, and one is led to believe anything he says because he says it so well. He is so puritanical, so easily and deeply shocked, like any hero, that his arguments, which approach the fluidity and senselessness of music, have the effect of making the dehumanized aspects of womanhood appear attractive.

Here is Mailer: ". . . why not begin to think of the ovum as a specialized production, as even an artistic creation?" And: "Yes, through history, there must have been every variation of the power to conceive or not to conceive—it was finally an ex-

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pression of the character of the woman, perhaps the deepest expression of her character—" What, are artistic creation and the expression of character, for women, not detachable from their bodies? From the mechanism of their bodies? It is terrible to be told, in 1971, that we belong to something called the species, and that we had, throughout centuries, a mystical "power to conceive or not to conceive." Why didn't we know about this power?

No matter if we protest that sexual identity is the least significant aspect of our lives. No matter if we hope, not absurdly in this era, that technology might make our lives less physical and more spiritual. None of this matters for, to Norman Mailer, "the prime responsibility of a woman is probably to be on earth long enough to find the best mate possible for herself, and conceive children who will improve the species."

But we don't know what the *species* is. A post-Darwinist name for "God"? A scientific concept? A mystical concept? A word? An identity? An essence? Do we locate ourselves in it, or does it push through us, blindly, with the affection of a stampeding crowd? And how long is "long enough"? Should we remain on earth for twenty years, or forty, or dare we hope for an extravagant eighty years, though our last several decades will be unproductive and therefore unjustified? The machine of the female body is thought by some to be a sacred vessel, designed to bring other sacred vessels into the world, for the glory of God; but it is also thought to be rather foul, as in Lear's words:

> But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
> Beneath is all the fiend's.
> There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench, consumption. . . .

It is also considered a means of improving the species, that is, a machine designed to improve the quality of other machines; and the proper artistic creation of a woman is not a novel, a symphony, not a political theory, certainly, but the cultivation of her womb. The "power to conceive or not to conceive" is, after all, the "deepest expression of [a woman's] character. . . ." Not one kind of expression, not even the most pragmatic expression, but the deepest expression! One sees why the mystic is the most dangerous of human beings.

There is a famous remark of Freud's that ends with the question, "What does a woman want?" A good question. And a woman is inclined to ask, with the same exasperation, "What does a man want?" Indeed, a woman must ask, "What does a *woman* want?" The question is a good one, but it is fraudulent. It suggests that there is a single answer—a single "want"—for a multitude of human personalities that happen to be female. Many women are angry today because they are only women; that is, they possess the bodies of women, the mechanisms for reproducing the species, and they are therefore defined simply as "women." But there is no reality to the class of "women," just as there is no emotional reality to the "species." There are only individuals. The individual may be compartmentalized into any number of compartments, the absurd boxes of the poll-taker (the "Irish Catholic," the "suburbanite, affluent," the "35-year-old divorcée," etc.), but he exists in none of these compartments, and his personality will reject them. The only reality is personality. Not sex. Not sexual identity. No categories can contain or define us, and that is why we draw back from the female chauvinists who claim a biological sisterhood with us, just as we draw back from the male chauvinists who have attempted to define us in the past.

"If we are going to be liberated," says Dana Densmore, in a pamphlet called "Sex Roles and Female Oppression," which is quoted in the Mailer article, "we must reject the false image that makes men love us, and this will make men cease to love us." But this viewpoint is not acceptable. It assumes that men demand a false image, that all men demand false images. It does not distinguish between one man and another man. And it assumes that women do not demand, from men, images that are occasionally false. Can an "image" be anything but false? The perfect mate of the toiling, distraught housewife is not a free, marauding male, but a husband stuck to a job that is probably as demeaning as housework, but more grating on the nerves because it is played out in a field of competition. If the woman has become trapped in a biological machine, the man has become trapped in an economic machine that pits him against other men, and for mysterious and shabby rewards. Man's fate may be to languish in imaginary roles, wearing the distorted masks of ideal images, but he can at least improve the quality of these roles by using his intelligence and imagination. But only by breaking the machine. Only by abandoning and climbing out of the machine, the traps of "maleness" and "femaleness."

Freud has been attacked from all sides as a representative of typical male prejudice, but his views on the subject are always worthwhile. In that wise, complex essay *Civilization and its Discontents,* he speaks of sex as "a biological fact which, although it is of extraordinary importance in mental life, is hard to grasp psychologically . . . though anatomy, it is true, can point out the characteristics of maleness and femaleness, psychology cannot. For psychology the contrast between the sexes fades away into one between activity and passivity, in which we far too readily identify activity with maleness and passivity with femaleness." Obviously, the distinctions are not simple.

For if the female finds herself locked in a physical machine marked "passive," the male is as tragically locked in a machine marked "active." As Sylvia Plath says, ironically, "Every woman loves a fas-

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cist." What is left, then, but for the man to play the role of a brute? What is masculinity in any popular sense, except the playing of this stupid, dead-end role? In our culture men do not dare cry, they do not dare to be less than "men"—whatever that means.

The mechanical fact of possessing a certain body must no longer determine the role of the spirit, the personality. If Women's Liberation accomplishes no more than this it will have accomplished nearly everything.

But there are further problems, further areas of masculine uneasiness. Mailer criticizes Kate Millett for believing in "the liberal use of technology for any solution to human pain." Yes, that sounds like a heretical belief so long as human pain is valued as sacred, or important as an expression of personality, or helpful for salvation . . . or even conversation. But it isn't. It is nothing, it is a waste, a handicap, a mistake. What good is human pain? We are all going to experience it soon enough, regardless of technology's miracles, so there is no point in our ignoring it or romanticizing it. Human pain—the acceptance of the bodily machine without any rebellion—is a way of making us human, yes, but the rewards are chancy and might be as well accomplished by an act of the imagination. Why shouldn't we ask of technology the release from as much pain as possible? Why not? Why not the disturbing Utopian dream/nightmares of the "extra-uterine conception and incubation"—if they are a means of diminishing pain? Mailer, like all heroic spirits, places a primitive value on suffering. And one feels that he would not shy away from suffering, even the suffering of childbirth, if that were a possibility for him. Yes, to suffer, to feel, to be changed—it is a way of realizing that we live. But it is also a way of becoming dehumanized, mechanized. In fact, a way of dying.

To be mechanically operated, to have one's body moving along in a process that the spirit cannot control, to have the spirit trapped in an unchosen physical predicament—this is a kind of death. It is life for the species, perhaps, but death for the individual. Throughout human history women have been machines for the production of babies. It was not possible for them to live imaginative, intellectual, fully human lives at all, if indeed they survived for very long. They lived long enough to find a mate, to have a number of children, many of whom would not survive . . . but it was the process that mattered, the blind, anonymous reproductive process that gave these women their identities.

In a little-known story by Herman Melville, "The Tartarus of Maids," young girls working in a paper factory are seen by a sympathetic narrator: "At rows of blank-looking counters sat rows of blank-looking girls, with blank, white folders in their blank hands, all blankly folding blank paper." They are the pulp that is turned into blank paper out of a certain "white, wet, woolly-looking stuff . . . like the albuminous part of an egg," in a room stifling with a "strange, blood-like, abdominal heat." The process takes only nine minutes, is presided over by a jovial young man named Cupid, and what terrifies is its relentlessness: it is an absolute process, a godly machine that cannot be stopped. "The pulp can't help going," the narrator is told smugly. And he thinks: "What made the thing I saw so specially terrible to me was the metallic necessity, the unbudging fatality which governed it." Melville, who seemed to have no interest at all in the relationship between men and women, and who created no memorable woman character in all his fiction, has given us the best metaphor for the existential predicament of most of the world's women.

No wonder that the feminists look to technology for deliverance! As they climb out of their machines they must find other, substitute machines to do the work of women. A body is no more than a machine, if it is not guided by a personality—so why not a surrogate machine, an actual machine, why not the escape from as much impersonal pain as possible?

Once we are delivered from the machine of our bodies, perhaps we will become truly spiritual.

Perhaps.

At the start of *The Prisoner of Sex,* Mailer speaks of having taken care of his large family for several weeks during the summer, cooking, cleaning, turning into a kind of housewife, so exhausted with domestic chores that he had no time to write, to think, to contemplate his ego. *No time to contemplate his ego!* After a while, in such a frenzy, one loses his ego altogether . . . one misplaces his personality, and sinks into the routine frenzy of work that adds up to nothing, that comes to no conclusion, no climax. Is this a human life? Can one call an uncontemplated life really a "life" at all? Or is it merely brute existence? One has the time to contemplate his ego—to achieve a personality—only when he or she is liberated from the tyranny of physical burdens, whether they are external in the form of housework to be done eternally, or a commuting distance to be traveled, or whether they are internal, the processes of a body unaltered by technology and human choice. And what grief, what anger and dismay, for the women who—to "liberate" themselves and their men from the possibility of pregnancy—began taking the Pill on absolute faith, only to discover that the Pill carried with it mysterious disappointments and possible catastrophes of its own!—for Technology is probably male, in its most secret essence male.

The problem is: do we control nature, or will we be controlled by nature? A difficult question. A Faustian question. To accept technology and to create surrogate machines that will bear our children—this sounds like madness, perversity. Yet, to deny human choice in the matter of reproduction, as we would never do in the matter of, say, ordinary medicine or dentistry, seems an empty sentimentality.

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But after all this, after all these considerations, we are still left with the rage of Women's Liberation. How to explain this anger? And we understand slowly that what is being liberated is really hatred. *Hatred of men.* Women have always been forbidden hatred. Certainly they have been forbidden the articulation of all base, aggressive desires, in a way that men have not. Aggression has been glorified in men, abhorred in women.

Now, the hatred is emerging. And such hatred! Such crude, vicious jokes at the expense of men! Most women, reading the accusations of certain feminists, will be as shocked and demoralized as Norman Mailer himself. Somehow, in spite of all the exploitation, the oppression, somehow . . . there are things about the private lives of men and women that should not be uttered, or at least we think they should not be uttered, they are so awful. Women have been the subjects of crude jokes for centuries, the objects of healthy male scorn, and now, as the revolution is upon us, men will become the objects of this scorn, this exaggerated disgust and comic sadism.

Nothing will stop the hatred, not the passage of legislation, not the friendliest of men eager to come out in support of Women's Liberation. It has just begun. It is going to get worse.

And yet, it will probably be short-lived. Hatred goes nowhere, has no goal, no energy. It has a certain use, but it has no beauty. There will be a place in our society for Mailer's heroic mysticism, at the point in history at which women can afford the same mysticism. Until then, it is better for us to contemplate the blank-faced horror of Melville's pulp factory, rather than the dreamy illogic beauty of Mailer's "ovum-as-artistic-creation." □

MAIL AT YOUR NEW ADDRESS

Did your car get you to Florida?
I know you don't like me
to say so but Mrs. Wilson says
the same thing. Please tell me
(collegt) if you are all
there. I hope you do not
sleep or do anything on the road.
In Georgia.
Your father
should see all the leaves.
Walter has not raked
a girlfriend up the street and wont
rake anymore. Watch out or
theyll have the same thing Mrs. Wilson
says the friend stayed and look
what happened at Cornell?
Even if you changed
college is no reason to come home.
But get a haircut. I know
the dean doesn't like you
to look like a gardener.

by Peter Klappert

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Confessions of a Stockbroker

by Brutus

From his diary, July-August 1970

Little Guy

I had two customers in during the day who are symptomatic of the times. One client, in the construction business, is always in coveralls and hard hat. He owns his own business, which grosses $2½ million a year, but loves the workingman image. "A seat on the Big Board," I told him, "sold today for $140,000. Off from $540,000 just two years ago."

"I don't wonder," he said. "Who the hell wants to put money into a losing business? What do you think, there's a Santa Claus? An easy way to get rich? Let me tell you what's happening in this country. There's a guy I did a big job for, $100,000 for roads in a development. Tells me he won't pay his bill. 'Sue me,' he says. 'With interest rates what they are, and it won't come to trial for a year, I'll make money on the deal.' Can you imagine the son of a bitch? I'd break both his arms if I thought it would do any good. This is what's happening today. The little guy is getting squeezed to the wall. And nobody gives a damn."

Selling High

My second customer is a rock musician, a player of chords on a $400 electric guitar, and he's mostly unemployed. Luckily, he came into a sizable inheritance, enough to afford him a psychiatrist to find excuses for his not being employed *and* to get him out of the draft. But every month he brings in a certificate for 100 Gillette, or 100 American Home Products, or 100 Warner-Lambert, sells ten or fifteen shares, and has the rest returned to him, along with our check for the proceeds. Today he is blowing grass, *in a brokerage office.* No one knows except me, but the customer smells like the checking station at the Nuevo Laredo border. He has a girl with him, long-haired and lovely in an innocent way. She is nodding her head in time to the clattering of the ticker tapes. A new beat.

"What can you get me now for ten Gillette, man?" he said.

I told him, "Around 45 if we sold right away."

"Try and get 45½," he said, being a true odd-lotter.

"How soon do you need the money?"

"Yesterday, man," he said.

"Then don't fool around for half a point. You want to sell it, sell it."

"Go ahead, man. Just don't get me the low of the day." He tapped his cigarette into my ashtray.

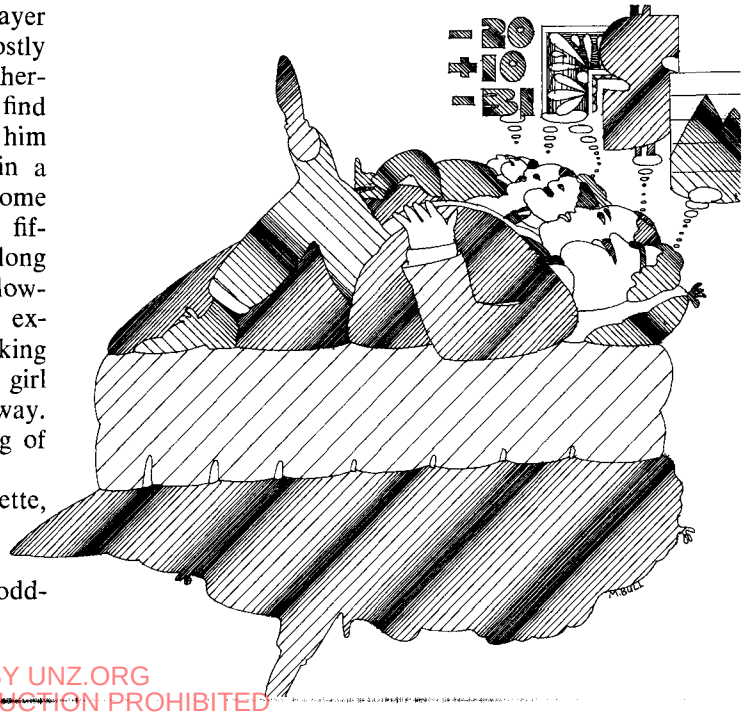
"Any gigs on the horizon?" I asked him.

"A few possibles. Goin' to see some cats now, looking for a lead guitar."

I put in the ten Gillette to sell at the market. And the rich kid left with his girl. When the Gillette runs out, he'll be in Daddy's business faster than you can say marijuana. Middle class is flashing all over him like the hairs on his chinny-chin-chin. Perhaps there's hope for the market.

Marching to the Beat of a Pocket Watch

At eleven thirty the trust department of the city's largest bank called me with some directed orders. "Buy 50 IBM, 100 Xerox, 100 Polaroid, 50 Johnson & Johnson, 100 International Harvester." All solid, typical trust department stocks. This is the best business for a stockbroker. It means merely placing the orders and collecting the commissions,



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virtually no work and no problems. Best of all, someone *else* makes the decision about what to buy and sell.

Most people go to trust departments for safety of their principal and for bookkeeping facilities. Generally, the banks' performance leaves a lot to be desired. Banks are conservative; they are unwieldy; they can be incredibly inefficient. Until recently they have had to make do with many second-rate people as analysts and trust officers. Why is this? Simply because qualified younger people interested in money management gravitate to better-paying jobs (banks are still notoriously stingy), and more important, they gravitate to the places where aggressive people can get a piece of the action. Everyone is interested in equity today for the reason that it is impossible to get rich on a salary. No matter how much you make in ordinary income, you either spend it or it's taxed. I don't know anyone who *really* saves money. Plenty of people who *duck* money, yes. But none who save.

Trust departments, staffed with lawyers who don't practice law, analysts who washed out of brokerage firms, low-pressure thinkers who like the tick of pocket watches and the solidity of seeing college classmates, move with a checklist of approved stocks that has been around since the United Fruit Company had its "Great White Fleet." There was a revolution in the trust departments in the middle 1960s, and the banks lost billions of dollars in accounts when the "performance cult" hit Wall Street. One of the first orders I received as a broker was from a trust company, to buy 300 shares of a steel stock in the 90s. Today it is around 30. Still on the Approved List. My buy order was eleven years ago, and it's been downhill ever since. "We're expecting a recovery in the steels this year," say bulletins from the bank. And when I question the trust officer about this now (he's still there, naturally), he says, "The steels were solid companies then; they're solid companies now. National, she's solid; Armco, she's solid. Good as gold. The trust department has seen 'em come and go. We'll stick with quality." The clue here is that he referred to the steels as "she"; like ships. Well, the ship has not sunk, but the Staten Island Ferry has been a better bargain in the last decade than the steels. As for investment people who refer to stocks as "she" . . . Bella Abzug better not get caught in the cobwebs of some trust departments I know about.

When the performance cult really got moving in 1966 and stocks were doubling and tripling in five and six months, trust-department-approved lists of high-grade issues would be up a point, down a half, on average. Customers would call and say, *"What* are you doing in Telephone and Pacific Lighting and Ford, for God's sake? Tenneco to you is a speculative issue. Loews Theaters you never even heard of. What is my mother's million and a half, rest her soul, doing in your bank? Last quarter you're up 4 percent for our portfolio. I can get 5 percent standing on my head in a daily interest account. Wake up!"

This attitude angered and confused the trust departments, and they shuffled their personnel, watching accounts being transferred to brokerage houses and other money managers as rapidly as winos draining jugs of muscatel. I have a list from 1965 of stocks bought through me by one of the most reputed trust departments in the country, all losers. And these stocks are not just in a decline *this* year; they've been losing money for people for a long time. The same stocks are *still* on the banks' Approved List, and the posture they take is, "It doesn't matter where we buy our favored stocks. Eventually we'll be proven correct. After all, we're a fiduciary." It's true that they are a fiduciary, and eventually they may be proven correct. But if you exclude New England Calvinists, there are an awful lot of people today who would like to enjoy their grandfather's money in their own lifetime.

Is the Feeling Mutual?

Good guys with a million dollars who are easy to get along with get taken care of *last* by money managers. You have got to be hard-nosed, and a bit of a bastard, to get service. There is nothing like a little fear to increase performance. This fear concept applies to bank trust departments and to other institutions that will manage your money for a healthy fee (typically 2 percent of the asset value up to $150,000 and one percent over that, annually). These institutions try to bully you the way Gucci does when you go there to buy a pair of shoes. Gucci is doing you a favor just letting you in the shop, and they really think that for *you,* Hush Puppies are the answer. The investment advisory services and the larger people, the mutual funds who have management affiliates, claim to have limits on the size of accounts they will manage. A half a million or more is standard, although these days I'm sure they won't sneeze at a $150,000 middle-class small-timer. Usually a team goes to work on you: one older, more responsible type who's seen it all since *his* father took the Deep Six back in '31; and two terribly attractive boy wonders who look and act the way *you've* always wanted to. They give you the pitch about performance and professional management, and when they leave, you've not only signed up your pension fund *and* your personal portfolio, but you wish, wistfully, that you could be so clean and efficient, and that they'd ask you to a party at *their* house, *their* club. One of the bright, scrubbed young men will be *your* personal portfolio manager. His name is Jim Jenkins, and he tells you, "Please don't call us. We'll let you know quarterly how you are doing. But we must have complete discretion. Details and small annoyances keep us from our job of superior research and performance. We must be isolated to operate."

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You begin to get confirmation slips showing you've bought companies you never heard of, but you feel reassured because you're told that no money is made today in companies that anyone has heard of. Some of the companies you cannot find quoted in the paper so you call a broker who checks the over-the-counter pink sheets for you and you discover that everything you bought is up. Some of the stocks are *way* up. Your first quarterly accounting shows your portfolio has increased 35 percent, but all the stocks listed seem to have the wrong prices beside them, and *some* of the stocks listed, you know you don't even own. You call Jim Jenkins.

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Jenkins is no longer with us. Your portfolio manager is now Mr. John Goyne. He's a *vice president,*" you are reassured.

"I was going to introduce myself before," said John Goyne, "but you know our policy of not being bothered in our research."

"What happened to Jim Jenkins?"

"I imagine there were differences of opinion," is all you can get. "But you should be pleased with the performance."

"I'm thrilled," you say. "But this evaluation shows somebody else's stocks. Not mine."

Silence. Then— "Oh? Let me get the file." Pause. "I'm terribly sorry; these secretaries. You shall receive a corrected copy within the next week."

You get a corrected copy in six weeks that still is not right. But it's closer than it was and, what the hell, the stocks you *do* own are going through the roof.

Suddenly there seems to be a deterioration in some of your stocks. Electronic Memories has slipped twelve points, Teledyne is down ten; for a few over-the-counter beauties you cannot even be sure of the quotation. You call John Goyne to find that he has gone to start his own advisory service and Off-Shore Mutual Fund and now operates from Geneva. "Our *senior* vice president, Mr. Gordon, is now handling your account," you are told.

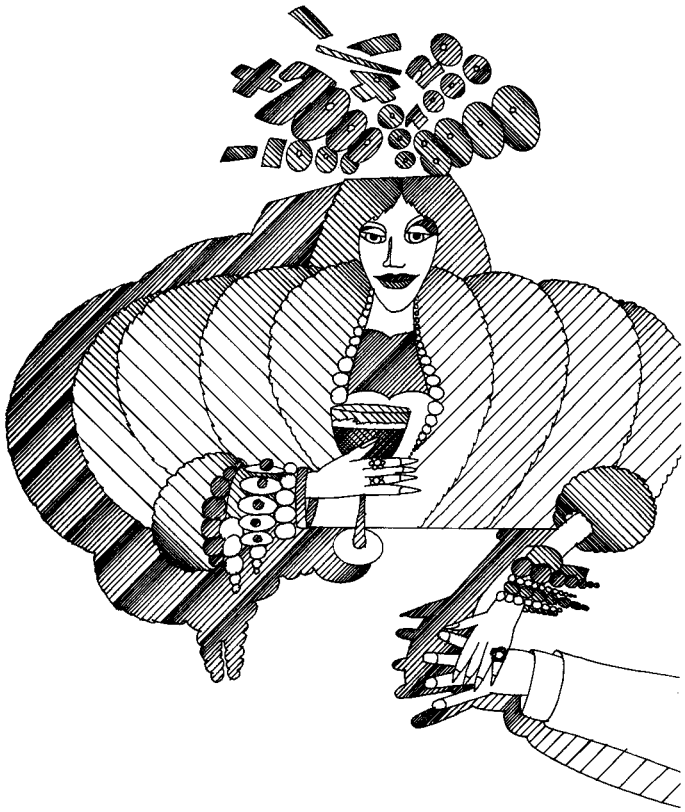
"Mr. Gordon," you say, when you reach him. "I realize your rule on calling, but I had a forty-thousand-dollar profit on National Student Marketing. What has happened?"

"Do you own *that* one?" he says. "I'm afraid that in the confusion of Mr. Goyne's leaving, he neglected to have that recorded on your list."

"Kindly close my account," you say, beginning to think that the Approved List at the trust department was looking mighty good. At least you could count on the list and the same officers to be around for the next hundred years.

The Sensuous Broker

For years I have read about Jim Aubrey, "The Smiling Cobra," his success as president of CBS Television, his fall, his return to power as head of MGM, his cold-hearted reputation, and especially his triumphs with women. Aubrey was celebrated for something I read about, and that I came to call "The Jim Aubrey Lunch" or "How to Dispose of a Woman Gracefully." Aubrey, handsome and supposedly cruel, would call a woman whom he was tired of and invite her to luncheon, at Pavillon, or La Côte Basque or '21.' He'd give her cocktails, wine, a four-course meal, topped off by coffee and perhaps some brandy. As she basked in his attention, lulled by the food and drink and fawning service, Aubrey would tell her good-bye, and, in the words he was quoted as saying, "walk out into the sunshine a free man." The lady, who could never make a scene at La Côte Basque, would presumably dab at a tear, have another brandy, and vanish from Aubrey's life. I thought The Jim Aubrey Lunch was terribly fine, and I longed to carry off something like it.



A year after I read about Aubrey, I was handling the account of an amorous widow, wealthy enough to indulge herself without worry but still very interested in capital gains. As who isn't? Her husband had been a lawyer who specialized in maritime cases. He was killed in an airplane crash on his way from Guantánamo to Miami. She had wanted him so badly when they were in college together that she forced herself to stay in the background after they were married, subordinating their life to his career. After his death, as she told me later, "The *real* I emerged." The lawyer had planned his estate well. The widow and two children inherited almost $2 million, $750,000 of it in securities, mostly blue-chip stocks and bonds. These she promptly sold and began to take

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large positions in stocks she had researched; this research consisted of following tips from successful former friends of her husband. She bought 3000 American Zinc at 35, within a point of its all-time high, and rode it to 25 before selling. It is now 7½, but then Scan Data is 5 (it was 180), and Liquidonics is 10 (it was 170). She owned them both and took big losses. They had both been recommendations of a friend of her husband.

"Maybe they were not as good friends as you think," I told her.

"Charlie Simpson was his college roommate," she said (Charlie had given her Liquidonics at 150). "He worshiped my husband. And he told me he'd give me information for life if I'd go to bed with him. Friends are like that."

"If you want to go to bed with him," I said, "I would suggest taking jewelry or furs. Let him keep his information."

"That's just like something my husband would say," she said, looking differently at me for the first time.

"Suddenly I feel like I'm a girl again," she told me after a while, and I thought I had heard the line before, like from Deborah Kerr or someplace. She began wearing knee socks, and letting her hair grow long, and she bought fun furs and read *Steppenwolf* and *Cat's Cradle*. And she began to let me recoup her losses, relying less and less upon what she was calling "Old Men's Ideas" and more upon my suggestions. There were fringe benefits to the charade also, great Christmas presents (Turnbull and Asser monogrammed shirts), great birthday presents (a first edition of David Copperfield), weekly mercy errands for me to laundry and cleaners. But after a year and a half, during which time we made big hits in Stanley Works, KLM, and Diners Club, she began to haunt my apartment, waiting for me to get home from dates. I would find her asleep in her station wagon in her fun fur and long boots, a transistor radio tuned in to a rock station. I rationalized the situation by telling myself that I was the Stockbroker for All Seasons; that without my honest approach to her money, she would have it plucked from her. I represented, in my mind, the sole defense she had from predatory con men. But when her behavior became hysterical concerning my social life, and when finally our order clerk began to whistle "Just A Gigolo" when she'd bring me my morning coffee and Danish in the office, I decided it was time for The Jim Aubrey Lunch. I was beginning to imagine headlines: "Big Producer Shot to Death in Office," or "Customer Gets Even with Customers' Man; Released on Justifiable Homicide." Even a three-quarters-of-a-million-dollar account was not worth the aggravation. Not to mention the fear, I thought, slipping my silver cuff links (another present) into my Turnbull and Asser cuffs. Feeling relieved, and determined to part friends if possible, I decided to tell her to take her account to Fiduciary Trust or someone like that, who would dole out money to her on a scheduled basis, increasing the yield and preserving her capital.

We met at the finest luncheon spot in the city, and each had two Tanqueray gibsons on the rocks. I complimented her on how she looked, dressed to the nines with newly streaked hair and a Chanel suit. We had littlenecks, small salads, and marvelously fresh sole with a '66 Blanc de Leparon. She wanted café diablo, and I obliged. The sun was shining, and I knew I would walk out into it a free man, just as Jim Aubrey would have. When she had had her last sip, I told her that she was one of the finest people I had ever known but that it was all over. "You're going to have to take your account elsewhere. I can no longer serve you properly."

In the finest restaurant in the city, at the height of the lunch hour, on the busiest day of the week (Friday), she started to scream at the top of her voice. Not words. Just scream sounds. The maître d' rushed over. Waiters rushed over. She would not stop. "I'm only kidding," I blurted out. "I'm not serious. A little joke," I backtracked.

Lunch cost me $32 including the café diablo, and I was still stuck. She insisted on buying 500 Technical Operations to salve the embarrassment, and I realized that I was going to have to look for a hero other than Jim Aubrey. What would *he* have done when the screaming started? I'll never know, but The Jim Aubrey Lunch as a viable concept was dead. I had forgotten to figure the money angle. On a purely emotional level, I might have gotten away without a scene. But with $750,000 in stocks sitting in a box on Wall Street in *our* firm's name, my widow felt entitled to hysteria. I should have known there was a dimension I had overlooked.

She began to be wary after that, suspicious whenever she bought a stock that I recommended and it went down half a point. Sensing the end, she began to trade in a frenzy, calling me from phone booths on her way into town because she couldn't wait to buy something. I finally blew up in my office, asking her, "For God's sake. What do you think I am, a money-making screwing machine?"

She stomped out in a huff to Bonwit's.

Lacking the courage to tell her good-bye for a second time, I did the next best thing: I unloaded her on a doctor. Even better than an ordinary doctor—a surgeon. The world's most expert person on every subject. Especially investments. He gave her the benefit of his experience, leveraging her up to the ears in convertible bonds, which he got her to hock at a bank, then come back with the money, and buy *more* convertible bonds on margin (putting up only half of the purchase price). As she warmed to him, she cooled to me. One day she came into the office with her hair cut off and done in the blown-up puff-adder style so popular in the middle 1960s. She wore stockings and David Evins pumps and had shed her Briarcliff-skirt-and-sweater for something

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that looked like she was about to be photographed as a sponsor for a charity ball.

"I should like it if you would ship out my securities to me, please," she said formally.

"You didn't like the café diablo," I said, trying to tease her out of the inevitable. She didn't crack.

"David will be handling my affairs now." (David was the surgeon, and she blushed slightly.) "Nothing personal," she added, turning on her well-wrought heels and walking out, her 750K portfolio wagging its tail behind her.

"I Want to be Held"

I will tell you about my client named Sandy, who was a virtuoso drummer when he was a kid. "The best feet since Elvin Jones," everybody said, and feet are very important for a drummer. Buddy Rich approved of him; he thought Sandy had it all. My client was playing in Vegas when he was twenty-two years old, solos that had people tapping on their whiskey-sour glasses with spoons. One night, one of the biggest druggists in the country walked in with his wife and sixteen-year-old daughter. He owned twenty-three drugstores in the Twin Cities (Minneapolis-St. Paul) area. The daughter was not only beautiful, she had a thing for drummers. Sandy smelled money and he saw that the girl was beautiful, and he married her a year later. But his quick feet and his quick hands left him at age twenty-four; he couldn't keep time to a two-step. It was all gone.

Sandy retreated, with his bride, to his family business, manufacturing ironing-board covers. She felt cheated, but her father, a large stock market operator as well as druggist, did not want her back in St. Paul. A divorce would be a disgrace to her father's name, and his name adorned twenty-three drugstores. Sandy's wife went to a psychiatrist and stayed with the marriage. But one afternoon she came home from shopping and cut all of Sandy's neckties off at half mast. Another day she drove her brand-new Thunderbird smack into Sandy's Toronado, which was parked in their garage. She had a nervous breakdown, went back to the Twin Cities, was urged to return to her husband, and did.

Hating the ironing-board-cover business and anxiously waiting for his father-in-law to die, Sandy fell into Mitty-like fantasy, believing himself to be a stock market trader of immense proportions. He would call me four or five times a day from phone booths and diners and the offices of his customers. He *had* to know every eighth-of-a-point change, every share traded, not only for his own small portfolio (six or seven thousand dollars) but also for every stock of his father-in-law. These quote sessions could take five minutes apiece, cheap enough therapy for him, even at thirty cents a call. But he turned over his six or seven thousand dollars at least weekly, not able to sit in a stock. If you called your broker five times a day, you wouldn't be able to sit in a stock either. For a while he was one of my biggest customers, in terms of commission business, because he was in and out of his positions so often. And because of his activity he felt himself entitled to a little romance—his broker should take him out for dinner once in a while—him *and* his wife. Once a year we had the mandatory shrimp cocktail, the expense-account steak au poivre and crêpes suzette. On one of these command-performance dinners, where I would arrive early and have many drinks, his beautiful wife who had been wild for drummers started drumming her fingers on my thigh. This has a way of changing the dimensions of a customer-broker relationship. When Sandy excused himself to the men's room after his second planter's punch, she grabbed my hand. "He's such a pig," she said. "He disgusts me. I make him shave at the factory before he comes home every night. I make him have manicures."

"How can you stay married?" I asked, rubbing my thumb along the back of her hand, "if you make each other so miserable?"

"He's sick," she said. "But we don't know anyone. I have no friends; he has no friends. Just this crap about the stock market and being a *big* man. His only friends are the financial pages. The funny thing is that he doesn't even know what he's reading. My father calls every Saturday at five thirty and chews him out for being an idiot."

Sandy came back slurring his words, and her hand again dropped to my thigh.

"You know, I traded *one million* dollars' worth of stock last year," were the first words he said. "It took me four hours to prepare my buy and sell slips for the accountant."

"Why don't you die?" his wife said softly, staring vacantly at her crème caramel, which Sandy had made her order.

I was glad we only had to do this once a year.

Whenever he called me in the office, Sandy never mentioned his ironing-board covers. He never mentioned his wife or children or his friends or their social life. His relationship with me was one-dimensional: give him quotations, good service, and eventually his father-in-law would die and make Sandy my biggest account.

Sometime after the obligatory dinner, Sandy's wife went into intensive analysis and he began calling me *six* times a day for prices. By this time he had traded himself into the ground, losing half of his original capital, and was determined to sit on *one* stock until he could recoup. I felt like I was at the siege of Stalingrad, *inside* the city. He'd fire away with phone calls for quotations. But no business. I didn't have the heart to tell him good-bye; I could see him making the rounds of other brokerage offices with his sad routine, and I decided to keep his flame of self-delusion alive.

But I began having my secretary give him the quotations four of the six times he called.

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"What are you, some kind of big shot?" he'd say when I finally talked with him.

"Look, Sandy, I don't have the time to give quotes all day. The market is only open so many hours."

"Someday it'll be all worth it," he'd say. "We've learned a lot together."

A month later *she* called me. "I've got to see you," she said.

I've always taken people to their illogical conclusions and I couldn't say no. I told her to meet me for lunch, choosing someplace dark. But it wasn't dark enough. She had gained at least 17 pounds; she wore a long, dark, shapeless dress (before the midi) to hide her weight, but it only served to make her look grotesque. She could not keep her eyes on anything for more than ten seconds without nervously casting about. Her first drink, a Bloody Mary, she spilled in my lap.

"Sandy is going to have to turn over $2 million next year," I said to her. "Bloody Mary stays forever."

She was too eager to towel me off, and I was wishing I were back in my nice safe office next to my nice warm Bunker Ramo machine, giving her husband all the quotations he wanted.

"Let's take a room somewhere," she blurted out. "I'll pay for it. I just want to be held."

"It's time to go," I told her. "I'm just not equipped to handle this sort of—"

With that she began tugging at the tablecloth, threatening to put my chicken croquettes in my lap, supreme sauce and all. On top of the Bloody Mary.

"It's the frigging stock market," she said, sobbing. "I just want to be held and not hear about Douglas Aircraft and General Dynamics and American frigging Standard. I could puke with all that stuff."

"People get emotional about their stocks," I told her, pulling the tablecloth in the opposite direction. "Sandy is a good guy."

"Sandy is an idiot," she said. "All my father ever talked about was stocks, all my husband ever talks about is stocks. *You never* talk about stocks."

"That's because I'm a broker."

"Just hold me," she said. "Leave Sandy to his ironing-board covers. Let him pull one over his head."

I threw money onto the table, and in a cold sweat, talked her into a cab, first making her promise she would go directly to her doctor.

Falling into my swivel chair, I swore that never again would I become involved. It was two o'clock. At three o'clock, Sandy's wife called, or rather the man who owned the hardware store two doors from my office called.

"I've got a crazy broad here asking for you," he said. "I've called the cops."

"I'm off to sell a mutual fund," I told my secretary, and rushed out to find Sandy's wife in shock, in the power-tool department. I was terrified.

"I'm just a dirty piece of ice," she babbled incoherently. "I'm just a dirty piece of ice."

It shivered my timbers.

Between grabs for the door handle and threats of suicide on her part, I managed to drive her home. Then I called Sandy and explained the situation. He said he'd come right home but asked me just as he hung up, "Did you happen to see the last on General Dynamics before you left the office?" Why didn't I go to medical school?

"Hi"

Part of the American Dream is to make the Big Score by accident, to make it overnight with an inheritance, a marriage, or a master scheme that does it for you with very little work. I have had countless customers who have thought they could do it in the stock market, while they continued to live the good life.

Paul Benedict believed in this American Dream, although he hadn't married it and would not inherit it. When he opened his account with me he said, "I don't want to be lectured, and I don't want any of your ideas. You just get me good execution of orders and pay me on time, and I'll be grateful. I do my own hunting for ideas."

To say that Benedict liked action was like saying Wimpy liked hamburgers. He would bet on anything: horses, dogs, trotters, cards, on every sporting event and side bets within the event: how many hits Tony Oliva would get against Washington, how many penalties Keith Magnuson would get against the St. Louis Blues. He also liked sex. But he liked to pay for it. "I haven't slept with my wife in five weeks," he enjoyed bragging. "But I've spent $100 a week for five weeks on twelve different babes. Now buy me 50 Computer Sciences, 50 Digital, 50 Leasco Data, 40 Xerox, 25 IBM, and 30 Disney."

"Why don't you buy *one* or *two* stocks?" I would urge him. "Commissions just eat you up. It'll be a point before you break even on those things."

This was his trading method, a mad random sampling of glamour stocks bought for no particular reason, and in most cases, sold almost the next day if they didn't move. He was inevitably late in paying, and I was always getting him extensions of time, for which you must put in requests to the Stock Exchange.

Paul Benedict enjoyed calling me from hotel rooms, when he'd say to me, "Sell everything out and buy 50 Mitre, 50 Hess Oil, 50 Teledyne, and here's someone to say hello."

There would be a pause with his hand over the receiver, then:

"Hi. This is Gerri. How about a *good* time? We've got this big bed, and Paul says you can share it."

Then Paul would get back on. "Do I know how to live, or do I know how to live?"

"You know how to live," I would tell him. "Are

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you sure that you want to buy all these odd lots?"

"Just put them in," he'd say to me. "While *I* go put it in." Click.

I'd say that he must have liked me, because he was always trying to get his girls to open accounts and buy stock. None of them ever did open accounts. But one nice-sounding one, who claimed she had spent two years at Smith, wanted to buy a Mutual Fund Contractual Plan, putting away fifty dollars a month. I encouraged her to go to Switzerland and duck her money there. She said she'd consider it and that I sounded cute. But Paul was getting jealous by this time and grabbed the phone back, taking out his aggression by selling everything and buying nine odd lots. He almost never made a profit.

"You're going to bury yourself," I told him. "You can't keep trading like this. It doesn't make any sense."

"I'm trying out some theories," he told me. "When the time comes to consolidate, we'll shoot the works. If I make two hundred grand, I'll take you to Japan with me. I've always wanted to get a babe to walk on my back. American babes are too big. They'd kill me."

Paul never got a chance for the Big Score. It turned out he had borrowed up to the ears to gamble and to play the market, and there were certain boys who were about to lean on him if payment was not forthcoming. He sold all his stocks, took the proceeds, and disappeared for seven months. I ran into him in the street over a year after that. He was pushing a sample case of fabrics on the sidewalk, one of those big suitcases on wheels. He didn't smile, and he didn't tell me about his women.

"I'm on the road selling now," he told me. "For my father-in-law. My pay goes to a trust account, and I get a goddamn allowance. We're seeing a marriage counselor, and I suppose I'm all straightened out."

"That's good, Paul," I said. "I miss you, but I know it's for the best."

"Let's get together for lunch sometime," he said. "Nothing fancy. A sandwich and a beer maybe."

"That would be fine."

"Boy, do you remember the good old days?"

I told him I did.

Supporting a Habit

Randolph was a physical-fitness nut who was dedicated to being in shape. He also believed that if you had $100,000, you could make a living from the stock market; a few hot deals along the way would eliminate the necessity of working from nine to five with all the other poor slobs. Randolph became a client of mine by accident. Mutual friends had introduced us, and I convinced him, over cocktails one night, that I was the best stockbroker in the business. He believed me, sending me $100,000 and following my ideas.

Independently wealthy and young, he had a wife, four children, assorted pets, and unusual ideas about living his life. "I only eat two meals a day," he told me; "for lunch I have wine and two dozen oysters. Usually only twenty-three of them work. I must make love every day, lift weights, have 1200 milligrams of vitamin C, rose hip pills, one sixteen-ounce steak, and see lots of pornography."

"In that order?" I asked him.

He would fly to New York once a week, ostensibly to "work on a deal." Actually, he would camp in the 42nd Street stroke houses and come back with tales of what they were getting away with now. "And I saw at least five classmates there in the afternoon last week," he would tell me, "with briefcases and vests. Beautiful. At least I'm no hypocrite." And that was true.

But Randolph would always take his profits *out* of the market and let the losses sit. Eventually, it meant whittling down his principal, when he'd be forced to sell to keep up with mortgage payments, light bill, and his porno habit, which was getting expensive to satisfy. Whenever you are forced to liquidate stocks, you invariably get horrible prices.

The year 1969 and the first seven months of 1970 were getting Randolph on edge. One day he came into the office and announced, "The bloodsuckers of America are bleeding me dry." He popped a rose hip into his mouth, flexed, and swallowed it without water. "I'm going to the Greek Islands, to Mykonos," he told me. "A sunshine world where people are stripped to their essentials and the women wear peasant blouses. American women have no breasts. *You* run the account and send me $1000 a month. Bill-collectors are camped on my doorstep."

"You taking the family?"

"Christ," Randolph said, "would Zorba take the family?"

He *did* leave the country, sending me postcards from Biarritz and Cannes on his way to Greece. I've been fighting to keep him above water, but these thousand a month cables to American Express in Athens are taking their toll. His wife, abandoned in the States, has been calling me for money, saying that she cannot put off the grocer and her children's school bills any longer. I can't help her any more than I could help Randolph, and I do believe he is not going to come back. His last postcard said, "You can really live big on $1000 a month here. They are thinking of making me king. The fish is so good I don't need any pills. Where has this been all my life?" □

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SMALL SOUNDS AND TILTING SHADOWS

A story by Judith Rascoe

When I was twenty-one I was half-crazy—I spent myself on that, as if madness were entailed on my maturity. Perhaps it was: I am the youngest child of an elderly family, and when I came along they had already been confined in middle age, convalescing from the strenuous regime of pills, drink, and lawsuits that had cured them of youth.

When I was half-crazy I went to Paris, intending to be old. "Why do you have all these dark dresses?" my boyfriend said. "Look at them: dark green, dark blue, brown. Gray. Black." They lay folded on the bed, with black stockings, black leather shoes, black leather gloves, and handbags fitted with brass and secret locks. I had a diary bound in oilcloth and a letter folder that made a desk of one's lap and dispensed paper, envelopes, and stamps. I had a Swiss knife.

"I'll be with you in a month," my boyfriend said.

I thought he was lying, but now I think perhaps he meant to come, although I didn't want him to. I had a return passage on a ship and no companion; my family didn't even consider the hazards of my traveling alone—they had met no temptations in twenty years. They worried more about sickness and insisted I have all my teeth fixed before I left.

A week after I arrived in Paris I was sick and lay abed while the woman who managed my small hotel brought me broth and tea. I said *Merci,* echoing her voice that was lower and rustier than mine. The bellboy was a little Yugoslav who thought love would cure me. He came late at night and kissed me and brought magazines the guests had left in their rooms; he turned off the lamp and tried to get under the covers. "Ai ahm note ofraid," he said. At last the manageress called a doctor. He listened to my lungs and felt my pulse. *"Mademoiselle,"* he said, *"vous avez la grippe,"* and he ordered a vial of charcoal flavored with licorice.

When I could get out of the hotel again, I came to hate Paris. Although I wore a wrinkled coat, my hair was limp, and my face was spotty, I was followed in the streets and cafés by rat-faced men who usually claimed they had jobs with foreign consulates. When I yelled at them, *Allez!,* I humiliated myself more than them. I fixed on the idea of going to London, where people spoke English, for sometimes my head swam from listening too hard to French and finding words for my replies. *"J'irai, Madame, je voyage en Londres,"* I said to the manageress. *"L'addition, s'il vous plaît."*

In London I looked up all the names in my address book and went to "events." From a bed-and-breakfast hotel near Regent's Park I wrote letters home in my new italic handwriting to say that I was having a wonderful time. Air letters swiftly responded: why wasn't I in Italy? My aunts liked to talk about going to Italy: they took extension courses in the language and subscribed to travel magazines; but Wenona's husband hates airplanes

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and Vivian's husband, a diabetic, is convinced that there is no adequate medical care in Europe. "I hope you go to Rome," Wenona said in every letter.

But I was contentedly growing older: I bought walking shoes, mackintoshes, and tweed skirts, and with guidebooks and mystery magazines I went to Brighton and Horsham, Canterbury and Ely. The autumn came in languidly, filling the countryside with mists.

One evening in London I was walking out of Regent's Park when I realized that my stomach hurt and my face was hot. Mr. Wing at the hotel sent me to Doctor Evans, who asked me a good many questions—I had only one: was this *la grippe* again?—and touched me gently here and there and then prodded me until I squeaked. It was appendicitis—he suggested it had always been appendicitis—and the next morning my appendix was gone. Two or three of my new friends came to the hospital and seemed full of concern.

"I can't travel," I said. "They want to send me to a convalescent home."

Then by lucky chance somebody knew somebody else who knew of a flat.

"I can't afford a flat," I said.

"It's rent-free. You'd be caretaker. But you must be prepared to leave on a moment's notice."

"Well, that's no good," I said.

"It'll be weeks before you have to go."

"Then I'll take it," I said.

There are hundreds of squares in London that are indistinguishable from Canon Square, a meanly fenced little park surrounded by Georgian houses, each with its below-stairs rooms made into a "garden flat," with a flight of steps up from the street and staring big windows that the tenants must cover with heavy curtains to keep out the cold. Some of the houses on Canon Square were bed-and-breakfast places. One was a tenement full of Pakistani immigrants. Another (they said at the pub) was a brothel. "Which one?" I asked. Nobody was certain. On the side streets that did not command a view of the park there were cheap cafés and butcher shops, greengrocers, ironmongers. When I first moved to Canon Square, I hobbled, still bent double from my stitches, from shop to shop and satisfied the British taste for grotesquerie. "This is the lass what lost her appendix!" the greengrocer said to his other customers when I came into his shop. "When are you going to show us the stitches, love?"

"Here, look at this!" the butcher's wife said. She kicked off her shoe to show us a webbed toe. Everybody laughed but me.

Despite the discomforts of walking bent over, I stayed out much of the day. Partly it was the sheer inconvenience of the place, for the flat was at the very top of the house and there was no elevator, only steep, uncarpeted stairs. The rooms were low and had whitewashed walls and dark gray fitted carpeting. A tiny window in the kitchen looked down on Canon Square and the treetops that were losing their leaves by handfuls. Larger windows in the back rooms looked down into a wasted garden, across to other rooftops and chimneys. I bought flowers, several bunches at a time, but their color was lost in the dim white light of the rooms.

"Come back with me," I begged friends and acquaintances. "Let me fix you a meal. Let me fix you dinner." I turned on all the electric fires and kept the record player going all the time.

"It's a grim sort of place, isn't it," everybody said, sooner or later.

For a week I had an English boyfriend. "Don't mind my stitches," I said. "It doesn't hurt. Stay. Please stay." But as we lay side by side under cold sheets and rough blankets, the eye of the electric fire upon us, we were too much alone; the loneliness sifted between us, like falling snow. Silences blew into drifts and froze solid. At the end of the week he had to go up to Manchester, to see his family. His dad was ill.

The next week I went to a party where I met a big aggressive man who produced programs for the BBC. He sweated as he drank, and he wore a lot of rings. "What will you do with yourself, darling?" he asked, when he'd got my story out of me. "Will you go back to university? Or will you be an air host*ess?* Who are you, tell me that, will you, who are you?" I burst into angry tears. "Why do you want to know?" I said. "You don't care who I am."

"Come on," he said, aiming for a taxi, his flat, his bed. "Come on, darling, it's late."

"No," I said, though I wanted to go with him. It would be cozy in his flat: I imagined lots of magazines and whiskey. But I'll never know: he didn't find it worthwhile to argue with me.

I got into a taxi alone and said, "Canon Square, please," but then I pictured what the flat would look like when I got there. The light from any lamp I switched on would fall in a crisply drawn figure on the carpet; the bedroom had curtains of dark gray velvet, from the floor to the ceiling, and if I did not open them, I could not tell whether it was day or night. Sometimes I went into that room at noon and found myself staring at the shadow of the bed, the unchanging shadows in the curtains. I rapped on the taxi's partition. "Gloucester Terrace," I said. "I'm sorry. I've changed my mind."

A nice boy named Michael lived in Gloucester Terrace—a socialist who ran an office somewhere helping somebody. When I rang the bell, he came to the front door in robe and pajamas. "I'm sorry," I said, "but I couldn't stand to go home. Can I stay here tonight?" He looked at me as if he wanted to say no with all his heart, but he let me in anyway and gave me pajamas and tucked me into a far corner of his bed.

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The moon came through the window and shone on the corner of the high-headed bed. It was silent and cold; Michael slept inaudibly, but I lay awake for a long time because I felt safe.

The next day, when I got back to Canon Square, I was obsessed by the big man who wore so many rings. He had asked who I was. I knew who I was, all right—so I said to myself: I am . . . and listening, I heard only water in the pipes, wind rapping on a window, my own sigh.

"Who lives here?" I said out loud.

The flat's leaseholder, the man with his name on the bell, was a Canadian journalist, I'd been told. The flat had come to me from a friend of his, who had been charged with its safekeeping and who had decided to go to Italy instead. I was to keep it clean, dusted, have the window washer in, and keep the cupboards stocked with tinned food. When I was given the key, I had asked: "Where is he? When will he be back?"

"I think—but you mustn't tell anybody—I think he's in China," said the departing buddy.

"Then what should I do with the mail?"

"Keep it. Unless there's something that looks very urgent; you can send that to this address; let me write it down."

Finally a letter came that looked urgent. I telephoned the address I'd been given. "There's a letter here," I said, "that looks urgent. Can you . . . should I send it on to you? Where is he?"

"I suppose," said a woman who didn't sound as if she thought it urgent at all. "I don't know where he is, honestly I don't."

"I don't mean to pry," I said.

"It's no secret," she said. "He's in Cuba."

Because I read mystery novels I began to wonder if my so-to-speak landlord was a genuine journalist, but when I looked up his name in a library, I found, to my disappointment, that every month or two he appeared in one magazine or another. He had been to Cuba before and had written three accounts of his visit, for *Maclean's,* the *Spectator,* and *Queen.* There were pieces on the theater in Prague, rural socialism in Yugoslavia, an academic dispute at the University of Toronto, and lots of reviews for English weeklies of books by Canadian writers. His style was distinguished for its impersonality, touched with a suggestion of "I would . . . if I could" and things unsaid but understood among friends: it was impossible to learn from his articles whether he was leftward or rightward in politics; whether he thought Canadian writing was comparable with contemporary stuff from France or America, or whether he thought it was a provincial disaster.

After reading his writings, I began to mention his name (these were the weeks of the boyfriend and the party), and everybody professed to know it, even to know him. "Oh, yes, Willie," was the typical response. "So that's where you're living, in Willie's flat."

One night I met a man who worked in a publishing house. Willie, he assured me, was in the American South, where he was writing about the civil rights movement.

A little more than three weeks after I had moved to Canon Square, I woke up late one morning and lay in bed, watching the sky for a bird or a change of hue upon the gray. Sometimes I dozed and the small noises of the house, pipes and drafts, filled my head so that I sank into sleep like a floating bottle that a wave tilts, and with a sigh is filled and sunk. And then I rose again. The clock said eleven, but it had stopped. I got out of bed and turned on the electric fire. I thought I heard footsteps.

"Who's there?" I said. "I'm coming."

The door of the flat opened upon a landing and a cascade of stairs, through darkness to the mat of light from the fanlight, three floors below. Walking downstairs, I saw that everybody's door was shut. In the mailbox there were two magazines for Willie Ferland and an advertising circular. I went upstairs again but hesitated on the threshold. "Is somebody there?" I said.

When there was no answer, I made myself go in and walk around the flat, from room to room. "Hello?" I said. "Hello, there?" Nobody was there.

Had there been somebody to ask me: "Do you think somebody got in the flat?" I would have said, No, I don't think so, because I did not think so in the ordinary way one thinks that, say, the telephone has rung or there's a strange noise from the garage. Rather it was as if a passing thought—"What if somebody darted into the flat while I went down for the mail?"—had lodged in my mind so tenaciously that it claimed a reality of its own and began to feed upon every sound and tilt of light. Or like a thought which, on the verge of sleep, becomes a dream.

I opened the closets. One held brooms and overshoes. Another held towels and a cigar box filled with prescription bottles. A third contained the immersion water heater and some stiff towels, left there to dry and forgotten. The closet in the bedroom was a big one with a rod at least six feet long. At one end hung my dresses and coats, with my suitcase open on the floor beneath them, spilling stockings, and at the other end of the rod were a few things that must have belonged to Willie: a green Irish sweater, a couple of jackets—one tweed and one corduroy—a Hudson's Bay wool shirt, and a dark blue woolen robe. I put on the robe and learned that Willie was a small man, for the robe almost fit me. In one pocket I found an expensive American ball-point pen, in the other a key on a piece of string. The warmth of the robe picked up my spirits; I went to the kitchen to make tea and then dialed the telephone to find out the time. It was almost three in the afternoon.

It began to rain. Straining over the sink, I could

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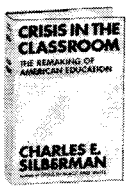

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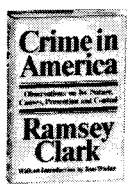

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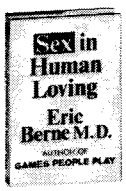

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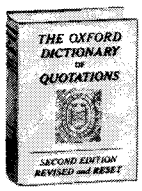

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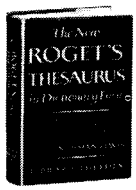

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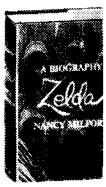

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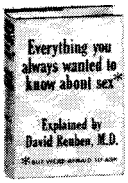

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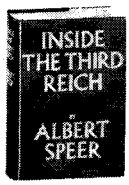

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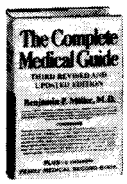

140. COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D., 3rd rev. ed. Illus. (Pub price **$9.95**)

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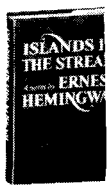

302. ISLANDS THE STREAM *by* ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Pub price **$1**

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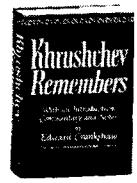

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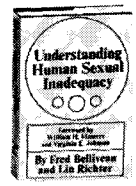

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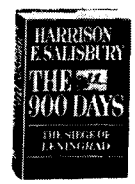

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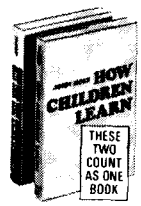

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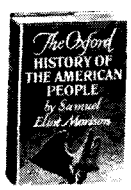

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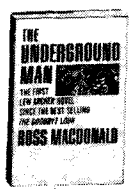

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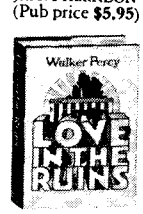

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see the pavement round Canon Square darken, the only mother and child in the park hurry out of it, latching the iron gate behind them. I put Bach on the record player, ate toast with my tea, and chose one of Willie's books—he had stacks of them in the room that he used as a study, mostly Canadian novels. I read about a brave couple living alone in Saskatchewan. It grew dark. I switched on the lights and had sardines on toast for supper. The Bach record played over and over again until it began to sound comical, like a mechanical rainstorm. With Willie's ball-point pen I wrote a shopping list as an excuse to study my handwriting. It was nothing like Willie's. In the back of his books he had made notes for his reviews: his handwriting was small and upright, without ornament. I tried to copy it.

Willie Ferland, I wrote. My capitals were larger than his, my letters more florid.

Inaccuracies description p. 36 repeated later, I wrote, getting the knack of it: if I held the pen close to the tip, if I squeezed it tight and pressed each letter into the paper with a few hard strokes, I had the look of his writing. Yet only the look: the original was too small for me, done with an impulse of control I could not imitate. I essayed an independent sample:

Dear Mike: Sorry but my French isn't up to this. Who ever told you we were all bilingual? All my best, Willie.

Comparing it with a paragraph penciled in the back of a guidebook to Quebec I thought my forgery looked convincing at first glance. But forgery didn't interest me; the spirit of the writing did. I found a sheet of paper in the drawer of his desk and wrote the word *description* several times; then I decided to look for more examples. The desk had two drawers, one with stationery and the other full of manila envelopes marked Yugo Co., Chichester etc., Anthlgy, and *Blue Over and Under.* Peeping inside the envelopes I found typescripts, and put them back.

The only other objects in the study, besides desk and chair and stacks of books without shelves, were two pasteboard boxes. I opened one and found it full of letters addressed to Willie, all of them put back into their torn envelopes; the other box was full of manila folders holding typewritten manuscripts. I could imagine what would happen if I were to go through the letters and the manuscripts and then turn to find that somebody had been watching me.

I turned, saying, "Yes?"

There was nobody there.

I lifted out one manila folder and closed the box. There were no curtains on the window in the study: from the window I saw the raincloud lit up by the sodium lights and dabs of light on the curtained back windows of houses behind Number 12. I made myself a drink from the single bottle of whiskey that Willie had left behind and wrote *Scotch, Teacher's* in his handwriting on the back of an envelope addressed to me.

The next morning Michael called me. "Who's this?" he asked when I answered the phone.

"It's me," I said.

"I thought it was someone else for a minute. So you're still there in your gloomy great flat, are you? Do you ever leave it?"

"Most of the time," I said.

"Would you leave it for an excursion to the cinema?"

"Yes," I said. "Anytime."

I dusted and threw out dead flowers and changed the sheets. I wore Willie's robe because it kept me warm, and I carried on imaginary conversations with Willie because they kept me occupied. *Have you been in this country long?* I asked him.

Ten years, he said. *Five years.*

You don't want me to know.

I'm secretive, he said. *Why do you want to know?*

Do you like it here? Will you stay?

What do you think?

I don't know, I said.

In the cabinet in the living room I found a set of highball glasses wrapped in store tissue, a windup tin train engine, ornamental matchboxes, a spring device for exercising the arms, and a half-dozen big enlarged photographs of a handsome woman with windblown dark hair. She looked everywhere but at the camera, she favored her right side.

Michael came and said, "Christ, this is dreary."

When we left Canon Square and got to a main thoroughfare, I was surprised to find that London was full of people. They hurried along the pavements with their heads down and umbrellas up; the women's boots smashed through the puddles; their shopping bags bumped and swayed. The butcher was almost hidden by a crowd of heads in scarves; his wife wrestled with the goods in the window, elbowing hanging sides of beef out of her way as she went for the tray of kidneys. We had to wait in line for our fish and chips; we were pushed against the wall as we ate. The pub was noisy and steamy; not an empty table in the lounge, the dart board busy. There was even a queue for the movie. We bought chocolates and tickets for the middle stalls, and afterwards I said I'd had a super evening.

"Me too," Michael said.

We went to another pub, and in the closing-time uproar Michael said he was going to Bristol at the week's end: a job in social work had appeared; he didn't want to run the London office any longer.

"Why don't you come with me?" he said.

"Why?" I said.

"What's keeping you here?"

I was offended: "I have things to do."

"Oh, what?"

"I want to get a job teaching. I like London. I've been writing to the LCC—they might need some-

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body in the middle of the year. I expect I'll hear soon." It was a lie, but he had no reason to think so; instead he looked hurt and changed the subject.

The manuscript in the manila folder was a short story about a man who tries to get his wife into a lunatic asylum: he has taken a long train ride to the asylum so that he can talk to the doctors. They say that they have too many patients already, that they're understaffed. One doctor, a young Welshman, wants to talk only about what he could earn if he went into private practice. On the lawns of the asylum the patients take aimless walks or sit in the sun. An old man is lost and found again: the nurse comes to the psychiatrist's office to ask if he wants to see the old man. "Why shouldn't he try to escape?" the psychiatrist says. "It's the first sensible thing he's done. I don't want to see him." At last the visitor says he has to go back to London; the doctors advise him to care for his wife at home as long as he can manage it. The man leaves, and during the train ride back to the city, we learn he is not married.

"Who's there?" I said, when I finished it. I thought I'd heard a footstep. I called the number of the woman who thought Willie was in Cuba. To a housekeeper I said, "It's about Willie Ferland." Then a man came to the telephone.

"Willie," he said. "Is that you?"

I hung up without answering.

That evening the telephone rang, and a man said, "Hello, Willie? I heard you were back."

I didn't answer that time, but when the telephone rang again within a minute I was scared he might call the police, and so I said, "Hello? Who is this?"

"Who's this? Is Willie there?"

"I'm afraid you have the wrong number."

"Is this EDGeware 4494?"

"This is EDGeware 3494."

"I'm sorry," he said.

He rang a couple of times but I didn't pick up the receiver. For the rest of the night, for the rest of the next day, I waited for the police, but nobody came. The telephone rang occasionally, but I would not answer it. Instead I went shopping for fresh flowers and Scotch, and I bought paper and envelopes—heavy, large cream sheets and large, stiff envelopes—to write to the London County Council.

"Dear Sirs," I wrote. "I am an American, just graduated from university, and having settled in London, I think I would like to teach.

"I have a B.A. degree in music and five credits of work in elementary education." But I hadn't. I had a B.A. in English and five or ten or fifteen credits in drama. I had signed for two courses in education and dropped them both; I could teach German expressionist drama, but that did not seem suitable for a London primary school. In the *New Statesman* I read of appointments vacant: librarians, scientists, lecturers in Anglo-African history at the University of Ibadan.

I twisted the heavy cream paper into spills and threw them into the basket. On a fresh sheet of paper I wrote in Willie's hand:

Dear Mike. No bloody luck with the jobs. I refuse to go to Malawi. Anything opening up at the magazine? Let me know soonest. Willie.

The mail brought a book from Jonathan Cape, Ltd., a collection of Canadian verse. I skipped about in it and thought it wasn't very good. On another piece of paper I composed a note to Willie: "This came October 2 and I opened it because I was curious. I look forward to your review." As I wrote I found myself trying to forge my own handwriting, but the letters were too carefully drawn, and some of Willie's mannerisms had crept in. So I copied the note again on the typewriter and put it in the book.

The telephone rang. "Willie, listen." I'd never heard the voice before. "I've got her in trouble, God help me. Do you understand? Do you know a doctor?"

"Willie's not here just now," I said.

"Who is this?"

"I'm just visiting."

"Leave a message for him, will you? Tell him to call John Webb. I don't suppose you know a doctor, do you?"

"No," I said. "Leave a number, and he'll call you."

"Tell him it's urgent."

"I will."

I called the fat man who worked for the BBC. "Listen," I said. "I'm sure you don't remember me, but I'm in an awful fix. I'm pregnant, and I'm really stuck."

"I don't see what I can do," he said. "Sorry, darling."

"Listen, I have nobody else to ask."

"Wait a mo'."

The receiver smashed against something, and there were voices in the distance, a woman's voice sounding querulous.

"You *might* . . ." he said. "You might give this girl a ring. Explain everything to her. Be absolutely frank. Do you understand me?"

"Thank you, oh, I can't thank you enough," I said.

"That's all right," he said. "I'm sorry to hear it."

I called the number, and when a girl answered, I was absolutely frank: my boyfriend was an American airman in Germany, I said, and I'd got knocked up by this man in London, a married man, and my boyfriend was coming and I was desperate.

"Love, that's terrible," the girl said. She had a nice alert voice. "Love, I can't help you much, I can only give you the number of this doctor in Maida Vale. Ring him and see if he can help. Otherwise, I dunno. It's been a couple of years."

"You've been a great help," I said.

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"If he's not there, ring me again," she said. "I'll ask my girlfriend."

Then I called John Webb. "Willie had to go out again," I said. "But he asked me to give you this number. It's a doctor in Maida Vale. He doesn't know if it's still any good or not."

"Kiss him for me, love," John Webb said.

That same day a woman called who said that she had just arrived from Vancouver and that she loved his articles, she had read every one.

"He'll be happy to hear that," I said. "I'm sorry he's not in just now."

"I'll be in London for the rest of the week."

"Try later," I said. "I just can't say when he'll be back. But I'm glad you called. Lots of people don't realize that a writer doesn't get many compliments about his work. People think of writing to him and then they're shy. So I'll be sure to tell him you called."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Ferland," she said.

I typed a note for Willie: "November 10, woman called to say she liked your articles, will call back."

The telephone didn't ring again that day, and I didn't leave the house. Wearing Willie's bathrobe I lay on the couch in the living room, reading Canadian verse and listening to Mozart. The clock stopped again and the rain started again. When my stomach ached I convinced myself I hadn't recovered from appendicitis. I went to bed early and drew the curtains in the bedroom and fell asleep with the light on. Sometime, I don't know when, I sat up in bed with my heart pounding.

"Who is it?" I said. "Hello?"

The rain trickled against the window, and I didn't know if it was day or night: I got up and opened the closet and looked at Willie's jackets. They were so frightening: what if I had to get up and put on Willie's clothes? Was that what I had to do? Then why was I frightened? That meaningless fancy seemed peculiarly horrible to me: what if I had to get up and dress in his clothes and do what he had to do? There was a smell of self-hatred in the flat. He kept no mirrors, no photographs of himself, no souvenirs to remind himself of who he was. He put his letters back in their envelopes, ready to be returned. On some days no letters came at all. If he held his breath, he would disappear. But when I held my breath I could hear voices chattering on in my head, like a dozen radios from neighboring houses: "The bears. You will. Don't. Can in glory, here give Gladys. Exactly. That's exactly right. Do you have any of the other? Shelves. I can get it for you! Don't lie!" They were not real voices, I knew; they were words caught in my head, scooped up like lint as I had been this place and that place; then they settled on certain rhythms of my mind. Hearing but not listening I had collected these voices. Now I listened. A voice called my name.

"Who is it?" I said. Perhaps it had been a real one.

Nobody answered. I looked at the bedroom door and tried to get myself to open it, but I couldn't. I had to sit down on the bed, and then I had to lie down, and at last I fell asleep. Sometime later I woke up because the doorbell was ringing. I put on Willie's robe and went as quietly as I could through the apartment until I could hear their voices:

"Ella said he was back."

"Did you ring up?"

"No, but I expect he's here, that is, if he's here."

"I thought I heard someone inside."

"I don't hear anything. Push the bell again."

"Let's go."

"He might not want company."

Their footsteps dwindled away down the stairs.

That night I went to an Italian restaurant on the next block. I was the only customer. When the manager-waiter finished cutting ravioli on a table in the back of the room, he sat down with me.

"Very good food," I said.

"Where you from? I don't see you round this place."

"I live on Canon Square."

"No you don'. I never see you there. Where you live?"

"Number twelve."

"Then why don' I never see you? I live just across."

He went back into the kitchen. Now and then a passerby put his face to the window and stared at me.

"Business is slow," the manager said, when I paid him. "Winter comes now."

He turned the lights out when I left.

The streets were full of water: it soaked through the seams of my shoes and chilled my feet, soaked my stockings. In the lamplight I saw black spots on my legs where drops had flown up as I walked. The light was confusing: black shot with bright lights and reflections, cracks from drawn curtains, the oddly unilluminating brilliance of the streetlights. A taxi crashed past, only its parking lights on. When I got to the newsagent's shop he was pulling down the shutter. "Wait," I said. "I'm closed, Miss," he said. "Sorry, I'm quarter of an hour late as it is. Sorry, Miss." So I went into a pub, where the drinkers stared as I entered the lounge. Then they started talking to each other again. A small table was free in the corner. "Whiskey, please," I said to the waiter; he brought whiskey and paper napkins and a dish of peanuts. I thought I heard somebody say "Whiskey" behind me, but when I turned my head, two middle-aged women were absorbed in a conversation. The sporting section of the *Telegraph* lay on the chair next to me, and so I read it and drank my whiskey and left. "Sorry," a man said, as we bumped at the door.

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When I got to Canon Square I rang the doorbell, then ran up the stairs and knocked on the door. I found the key, unlocked the door. "Hello," I said. "It's me. I'm here." In the bedroom I took off my clothes and put on Willie's blue robe. In the living room I put on the Bach record and made myself a drink. "Yoo-hoo, it's just me," I said. I went to the closet with the towels and the box of pills and I studied each little bottle in turn. "Just looking," I said; then I remembered the story in the manila folder, and hurriedly I returned it to its place in the study.

"Yes?" I said. "Yes?"

A wind moved a door.

"I'm just in here," I said.

I thought of a voice saying, Why don't you like her? Well, she's, *you* know. I just don't. Don't ask me why. Who is she, after all?

Who's he?

"I'm in here," I said.

The telephone rang. "Is that you?" I said, and finally I picked it up. "Hello, who is this?"

"Who are you?"

"Who's this?" I said.

"Is Willie there?"

"Yes," I said. "Just a moment. Who shall I say is calling?"

"Tell him Joe Dolly."

"Can you hang on just a moment? Please?" I put the receiver gently on its side and walked from that room to the next and the next, calling, "Willie? Willie? It's Joe Dolly on the phone. Can you take it?" Then I went back to the phone and said to hold on, please.

"Willie?" I called. "Where are you? It's Joe Dolly."

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry," I said, at last. "He must have just stepped out. I don't know where. Down to the newsagent's, I guess. Is there a number he can call back?"

"Tomorrow'll do," he said. "Just remind him, would you? Tell him it's urgent."

"Right-o" I said.

By then I was convinced that he was coming back that night. I packed my suitcase, leaving only my raincoat on the rack, and I went over the bathroom looking for cosmetics and stray hairs. When the floor creaked, I said, "Yes? Hello?" On the bed I laid out a wool dress and undergarments and a pair of jade earrings; then, out of curiosity, I picked up the clothes and threw them across the room. They hit the velvet curtains almost soundlessly and dropped to the floor. Next I drew a bath and got in but got out soon because the shapes under the water were strange, my legs looked too long, my back hurt. "I'm in the bathroom," I said, putting on Willie's robe again. "I'm almost ready."

The question was, where should I go? And so I waited in the living room, listening and looking for an answer; and after a while I learned I had to go to the bedroom. "I don't want to," I said out loud, but I went anyway; I opened the door and stepped into the room and closed the door again. There were six things in the room, as far as I could make out: the velvet curtains, the bed, a black night table, a lamp, a clock, and the closet. Some clothes lay on the floor in front of the curtain, so I put them out of sight on a shelf in the closet. After listening a while longer I learned I had to sit down on the bed. "I don't want to," I said again. I imagined Willie saying, *But I want to meet you. I'm sorry,* I said. Something wicked was going to speak to me, and I trembled, waiting for its voice. If you sat in the room as I did, and as he did, the voice would speak after a while, when it was quiet.

Then the voice began to speak. I didn't hear its words—that is to say, the words were as usual: confused, entangled in other words: "Interest of, now, let's, my goodness! here you hand me, she's going. Give it up. That's. An elephant, isn't it? You don't, careful, if you don't follow, how can you?" But I understood now.

"No," I said, as each temptation came to me in turn, as bright in my mind's eye as Christmas cards: the window over Canon Square—open, a fresh cold vowel of air spoken to me; then the shady gas oven; the pills—medicinal allsorts; and at last the razor blades—they were thin and new: a matter of brightness, colors galore.

"No," I said. "Please don't. Oh, please don't. I beg of you."

I hung onto the blankets; I caught the belt of Willie's robe and then pushed it away as if it were a snake, or a rope.

"Wait," I said. "Not yet."

Somebody called my name.

"Who's there?" I said. "Who said that?"

Nobody, nobody, nobody.

I ran out of the bedroom and opened the front door and looked down the stairwell; there was nothing to be seen, nothing to be heard. When I went back to the bedroom, I took off the robe and put on my wool dress and my coat and picked up my suitcase. I dialed the time: it was almost two in the morning. So I opened all the curtains, made a jug of coffee, and sat up the rest of the night in the living room with my suitcase at my feet. It was not until dawn that I could make myself write a note:

"Thank you for letting me use your flat. Everything is as I found it. I hope you had a good trip. Here is the key I was given."

A little after six in the morning I left the building and found a taxi and went to Victoria Station. The Southern commuter trains were already disgorging men with bowler hats and umbrellas; moving against their tide, I caught the first train to Paris, and from Paris I went on to Florence.

"Having a wonderful time," I wrote, in any old handwriting at all. It was a lie, anyway. The beautiful *things* pierced my heart like hatpins, but there wasn't

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a drop of blood left. I bought one notebook and then another to solicit the expression of my new-made heart, but there was nothing to say. From my reflection in the wardrobe's mirror I photographed my face and learned what *pinched* meant. My eyes were too pale. In the evenings, after going round the churches and museums, I ate enormous suppers and drank lots of wine. Nobody seemed to see me; the Italians did not notice me. In the mornings, with cappuccino, I ate up American papers, but I might as well have been the charlady's daughter. So one morning I threw away all my clothes. It was hard to do, but quick, like a painful inoculation. I took the dark dresses, the walking shoes and tweed skirts, and made a bundle of them and tied them with string and left them in a public lavatory. From my spy-hole across the street, the window of a pastry shop, I saw the toilet-paper lady go in, come out, the bundle in her hands. She turned it around and around, as if it were a bomb.

The salesgirls fell on me like pigeons on breadcrumbs. They had lipsticks that tasted like icing; their boyfriends had magical scissors, and my hair fell to the floor in a pale brown wreath around the barber chair. "I was robbed," I said in Italian, and to please them I added that the thief was a German tourist.

Sometimes, at night, I looked in the wardrobe mirror at the unfamiliar head and caught a *familiar* look, a knowing glance. "Are you there?" I asked. The girl in the mirror ran her tongue over her icing-pink lips and lifted her curls with her fingers: she was terrible, worse than anybody I could imagine. In the daytime she wore tight skirts and stockings that hissed as she walked. She took to smoking cigarettes, left ashes all over the table, left behind air-mail editions of the London *Times,* but at last I decided she would not leave me, that nothing I could do would keep her away. She liked movies, after all, good food, strangers: at night, when I could feel the silence dissolve inside me like a pill in a glass of water, she got me out of the hotel, out to a café or a movie.

At Christmastime I went back to England. A girl I'd known at university had invited me to her house for Christmas, and she met me at Victoria.

"Gosh, look at you!" she said. Her look wasn't altogether happy. "Do you have any shopping to do before we go? I thought we'd take the six-forty train from Paddington."

"That's wonderful," I said. I began distributing money to porters, and my baskets and cases went into a taxi to Paddington; then from there I went in another taxi to Canon Square. A mean snowfall had left white streaks in the fenced park, and the lights were on in all the houses. At the top of Number 12 I seemed to see a light. The mailbox was empty, and I went up the stairs without ringing the bell downstairs. Only the bell beside the door. I could hear a new record on the Gramophone. Then it stopped. The door opened. Willie stood there in his blue bathrobe. His face was deathly white.

"I took care of the flat," I explained. "I wanted to thank you."

He looked me all over, but mildly, as if he didn't understand me. After a while he said, "Yes, you left a note. Do you want to come in?"

"I brought you something," I said.

It had not changed at all, except that there was a newspaper spread on the carpet in the front room and a tray of drinks on the record cabinet.

"This is it," I said. He opened the box and took out a bathrobe: it was white Italian wool, edged with cream-colored silk.

"This is a very expensive present," he said. "I thank you." Then he gave me a drink. "Who are you?" he said. "You're American, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm American."

"You should lose your passport," he said, and laughed. Then he told me he had been in Quebec looking for a story about the Nationalists there. "I'm a Canuck," he said. "Didn't you know?"

"I thought of it," I said.

"I bet you did. But it's nothing. One wants to be something, but what is there to be? Now I wish I were an American, now that's something to be! Without a passport. Yes? Don't you feel it? It's worth traveling for, to *become* an American. Isn't that what's happened to you? How long have you been here? You were wrong to go to Italy, you should have stayed in London. Was everything all right here? What happened?"

"I just wanted to go to Italy," I said.

"Look at you," he said. "And this *present.* Do you understand what you've done?"

"What?" I said.

"I got the idea something had happened," he said.

"So did I," I said, and looked straight at him.

"Let me show you something," he said. He stood up and put his hands around my throat: they were as cold as glass.

"You'd better go," he said.

"Yes," I said. "I have to go. I have a lot to do."

"That's rich," he said. "Christ, you've become a crazy woman. You should try to control yourself." But he had the white bathrobe in his hands, and even as he spoke his hands explored the material; I could feel his interest fading like a breath on a cold window.

"You'll be back," he said.

But I never went back. That night Renata and I met at Paddington and got on the train stinking of perfume. We lighted cigarettes from my pack and drank gin from her picnic flask, and our laps and our coats were covered with fashion magazines. London disappeared into the dark; when we arrived at our destination, two boys were there to meet us. "Honey child," one of them said to me; and when he kissed me full on the mouth, I could taste fresh whiskey. "Who are you?" he said, after the kiss. □

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THREE POEMS

by Wallace E. Knight

As you can see,
these deal with chickens
of the old sort, raised
on dirt rather than
in wire cages. Chickens
were more interesting then,
although not much.

IN THE OLD CAMP

Mrs. Burl (Poke) Farley
Has a plastic clothesline
That runs from her back porch
Across the creek
And through a hook swiveled
To an ironwood sapling
That clings to the hill.
She runs out her wash
Early in the morning
And lets the sweet hollow breeze
Dry the cotton soft.
On Saturdays she catches
Three slow Leghorns
And runs them out the line
To bleed and dance wildly
A farewell to life,
Staining the creek
For a few red minutes
And a few red feet.
Sweet is the breeze,
Cool the hollow,
Quiet the chickens
Hung like feather stockings.

SAILING

Who would sail flat chickens dead
Over the hill and high fence waving
Their feathers last and cold feet flopping
Knows the world where maggots come from.

Who would find these chickens dead
Sickened and collapsed and flattened
Beside the roost that rats climb on
Has seen life and the efforts of politeness.

Who recalls the clucking rush
Of furious excitement with every feeding
And sails off those with pallid combs
Dead over the fence, the separation
Of life from life, when death pushed down
Their breastbones and their small ribs
And welcomed maggots, tries mightily
To make their last flight over the fence
And not ignominiously against it, as death
Is a measure of life and flight was important.

PATHS

Chickens make no paths. They range
Across their yard in search of grubs
And worms and seeds and warmth
Without predictability; they make,
Where grass grew, a shallow mud
With tracks that tend nowhere.
But fill with moisture and then freeze
A film of crisp brown ice.
Cows make paths, terraces around the hills
That join and dip and dodge and lead
Conveniently to groves of hazel scrubs.
Dogs make paths; foxes don't; men do.

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NIXONOMICS

How the game plan went wrong

by Rowland Evans, Jr., and Robert D. Novak

Nixonomics means that all the things that should go up —the stock market, corporate profits, real spendable income, productivity—go down, and all the things that should go down—unemployment, prices, interest rates—go up.

—Lawrence F. O'Brien, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, on May 21, 1970.

In early April, 1969, Richard Nixon called Representative Wilbur D. Mills of Arkansas, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, to the White House to reveal his plans for fiscal austerity. He had managed to cut some $4 billion, the new President informed Mills, from Lyndon Johnson's last and "uncuttable" budget. No member of Congress was more disturbed than Mills by the way federal spending had gone out of control under Johnson, and he was pleased by the reduction. But he wanted more—say another $4 billion?

"Oh, no! We can't do that," said Nixon. "We can't cut so deep that we start a recession."

Mills was puzzled. As he understood it, Nixon's economic strategy—or "game plan" as it was known, in deference to the football-loving President—called for slowing down inflation in 1969 at the regrettable expense of some temporary unemployment. Thus, Nixon seemed to be saying that he was willing to slow down the economy enough to cause some unemployment but not enough to cause a recession. To Mills, this ambivalence made no sense. On the question of how much to slow down the economy, the ambivalence was deeply ingrained, born not of mere skepticism of economic orthodoxy but of two deeply embedded, conflicting impulses that Nixon carried with him into the White House.

Early in 1968, before the series of heart attacks that were to end his life a year later, General Dwight D. Eisenhower discussed the first impulse candidly. "I think Dick's going to be elected President," he told one of Nixon's political advisers, "but I think he's going to be a one-term President. I think he's really going to fight inflation, and that will kill him politically." To Eisenhower as well as to most orthodox Republicans, that would be the worthy sacrifice of a courageous political martyr. For the old General there was no higher imperative for a new Republican President than to curb the torrent of inflation that had been loosed on the economy since full U.S. intervention in the Vietnam War in 1965. To them, at stake was nothing less than the value of the dollar, the role of the United States as a great power, and the very quality of life in this country. To save all this entailed sacrifice. Attempting a reduction in the rate of inflation from 1953 through 1960 (considerably less virulent than the present siege), President Eisenhower's economic policy induced three recessions; these had three disastrous consequences for the Republican Party. First came the Democratic landslide in the elections of 1958, which ended the previous postwar pattern of a virtually even balance between the parties in Congress and established huge Democratic majorities (which persisted even when Nixon was elected President a decade later). Second was the election of Democrat John F. Kennedy for President in 1960. Finally, and perhaps worst of all, the Republican image, formed in the days of Herbert Hoover, as the party of bad times was reinforced in the voters' minds. Now, eight years later, blessed with not a fraction of Eisenhower's unlimited popularity, Nixon would have to take more unpopular actions to fight a worse inflation. The resulting unemployment, business slowdown, and stock market decline almost surely would prevent his re-election in 1972, Eisenhower speculated. But considering the deeds he would be performing in the service of his nation, Eisenhower felt the sacrifice not only would be worthwhile but would assure Nixon a place in history.

Nixon, too, regarded inflation as something more than a campaign issue handy for attacking the

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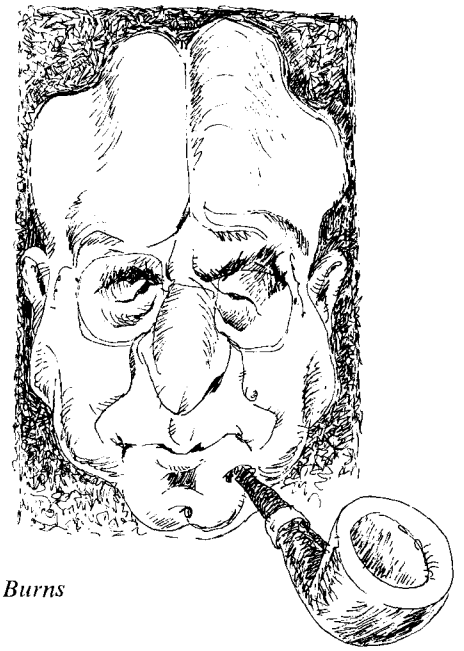
Democrats. Some two weeks before the election of 1968 in a paid address over the CBS Network, Nixon declared: "Inflation penalizes thrift and encourages speculation. Because it is a national and perverse force—dramatically affecting individuals but beyond their power to influence—inflation is a source of frustration for all who lack great economic power." That is, in Nixon's diagnosis, inflation was a virus affecting not just the health of the economy but the frame of mind of the entire country. He fully agreed with the assessment by Theodore White as the Nixon Administration took office that "inflation, in the past four years of American life, has ravaged our standards of behavior." [1] There was, then, reason to suspect that General Eisenhower's assessment was correct.

There was also, however, a conflicting impulse in Nixon. During that difficult decade after his defeat in 1960, aides and close friends had heard Nixon say privately time after time that had President Eisenhower only taken his and Arthur Burns's advice early in 1960 and moved rapidly toward stimulating the economy, he—not Jack Kennedy—would have been elected President. The implication, not quite stated flatly, was that Richard Nixon, if he had the power, would never again go into a presidential election with the economy in a state of deflation.

The closest Nixon came to putting this view on the public record was in a passage from *Six Crises,* his autobiographical work published in 1962. Nixonologists in the world of business cited the passage to their colleagues as the true test of what they could expect in the next few years. After telling of Burns's failure in 1960 to convince Eisenhower to act, Nixon writes this memorable assessment of the election that year, unable fully to restrain his bitterness:

> Unfortunately, Arthur Burns turned out to be a good prophet. The bottom of the 1960 dip did come in October and the economy started to move up again in November—after it was too late to affect the election returns. In October, usually a month of rising employment, the jobless rolls increased by 452,000. All the speeches, television broadcasts, and precinct work in the world could not counteract that one hard fact.

[1] In an eloquent passage in *The Making of the President: 1968,* White gave his own views of inflation: "As in other inflations I have lived through, notably those in China during the war, and Germany and France after the war, the beginning ravages are almost unnoticeable, indeed, pleasant. As inflation continues, however, it changes moralities, it destroys reason itself. Prosperity opens opportunities; inflation urges haste in using them. Not saving, but shrewd spending becomes the mark of wisdom in planning; the 'operators,' not the creators, thrive. It divides those who can manipulate from those locked into fixed incomes who see their resources dwindling and their savings shrinking, who are helpless to recapture their share of rising well-being. Above all, it victimizes the poor, the old and those who have planned ahead. Inflation is, at the beginning, a technical problem of public finance—and in the end raises problems of morality, of the disciplining of indulgences artificially incubated by the disappearance of values."



Arthur Burns

Here, then, was the source of the ambivalence perceived by Wilbur Mills in April, 1969. Should Nixon be the self-abnegating statesman sacrificing his personal future to save the republic from inner rot, or the pragmatic politician finally removing from the Republican Party the curse of Herbert Hoover? Whether or not this ambivalence was appreciated by Richard Nixon in his own inner thoughts, it did not surface in the early meetings on the economy in his new Administration.

Those meetings were concerned almost exclusively with the problem of inflation which had dropped the value of the 1957-1959 dollar to 81.1 cents as Nixon took office. Presiding occasionally at meetings of the Cabinet Committee on Economic Policy, of the Quadriad, and of the Troika,[2] Nixon made obvious his deep commitment to curbing inflation. Nixon as President could engage his full attention on only three or four large items at one time, and inflation was the only domestic issue that had that level of presidential attention as his Administration began. In private conversations with his staff, Nixon asserted he must deal rapidly and decisively with two principal crises: the Vietnam War and inflation. Furthermore, those few members of his economic team who also had served President Eisenhower noted with satisfaction that Nixon had an incomparably more sophisticated grasp of economics than did the General.

But that scarcely qualified Nixon as an economist. "This is not his long suit," "this is not his cup of tea," "this is not his background," are the remarkably similar assessments of Nixon the economist by three separate members of his economic

[2] The Quadriad consists of the four top economic officials of the government: the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, the Secretary of the Treasury, the director of the Bureau of the Budget, and the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The Troika consists of the three top economic officials of the Administration: the Quadriad less the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, an independent official serving a fixed term and not a member of the Administration.

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team. More serious than lack of technical competence, however, was Nixon's lack of emotional commitment. Though he intellectually understood the seriousness of inflation, the Dismal Science did not capture his imagination as did the Vietnam War, détente with the Soviets, or rehabilitation of the Western Alliance.

Given these deficiencies in both his knowledge of and interest in economics, his first-string economic team, the Quadriad, was of peculiar importance. For the first year of Nixon's presidency, this was the Quadriad:

■ William McChesney Martin, sixty-two, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board (then completing his eighteenth and last year in charge of the nation's central bank. Martin (a nominal Democrat) had not for some years been the dynamic proponent of economic conservatism that he was during the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations and was now a somewhat dispirited lame duck. He had no personal relationship with Nixon and did not develop one.

■ David Kennedy, sixty-three, Secretary of the Treasury. Named on the recommendation of banking interests and Wall Street men, this distinguished Chicago banker, unskilled in macroeconomics, conceived of himself more as manager than policymaker. His relations with Nixon were scarcely any more intimate the day he left the Treasury than the day he entered.

■ Robert Mayo, fifty-two, director of the Bureau of the Budget. After nineteen years as a career government economist at the Treasury, he joined the banking business as a subordinate to David Kennedy, who recommended him to Nixon for the Budget Bureau. In the government, too, Mayo seemed more Secretary Kennedy's subordinate than Nixon's. Not in recent memory had a Budget Director been more distant from the President.

■ Paul McCracken, fifty-three, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. This cool, unflappable, unfailingly gracious economics professor from the University of Michigan had been a member of the Council in Eisenhower's second term and was so well regarded professionally that despite his conservatism, his appointment was hailed by liberal economists. Recommended for the post by Arthur Burns, he was to be the principal author of Nixon's economic game plan and the dominant member of the Quadriad through 1969. But he, too, would never achieve an intimate relationship with the President. McCracken was the essence of the pedagogue, his presentations to the President having the bloodless quality of professorial lectures in Economics 100. As McCracken unfolded historical background and explored every conceivable side of the subject, Nixon's eyes would glaze over. McCracken bored him stiff.

In contrast to the rest of Nixon's domestic policy team, the Quadriad was older, more professionally qualified, better known to the outside world, and more distinguished generally. But it was also less dynamic and less able to penetrate the Haldeman-Ehrlichman Berlin Wall. There was in the Quadriad no John Mitchell, Melvin Laird, Patrick Moynihan, George Shultz, or John Volpe who, for one reason or other, could enchant, convince, or pester the President into accepting his point of view or, at least, actively engage Nixon's interest.

Present at the White House as Counselor to the President, of course, was an economist who *was* an old Nixon intimate: Arthur Burns (who did sometimes sit with the economic team as "the Quadriad Plus One"). But Burns was eager not to be looking over the shoulder of Paul McCracken, the man he had recommended, and felt his post as Counselor required as much devotion to noneconomic as economic questions in the domestic area.

With these men, Nixon knew that inflation was a crisis ripping at the innards of America. But he lacked consuming interest in the subject, and his economic team neither stimulated nor influenced him. What nobody could realize in January, 1969, was that inflation would prove to be Nixon's most intractable problem (far worse than Vietnam), would lead to wrenching Republican disappointments in the 1970 midterm elections, and by 1971 would make General Eisenhower's prediction of a one-term presidency seem very real indeed.

In 1942, four years before he ran for Congress and ten years before he was elected Vice President of the United States, Richard Nixon spent ten months in wartime Washington as a lawyer for the Office of Price Administration. It was an experience which seared his soul, as he revealed early in his presidency, on February 14, 1969, while attempting to give an inspirational address to personnel at the Treasury. Speaking without a text, Nixon wanted to establish empathy with the bureaucrats by recalling the days when he was one himself. What came out, however, was more melancholy reminiscence than nostalgia:

> I was once a P-3 when they had that. Some of you will remember that. A P-3 lawyer in the OPA in 1942 was a very low form of life, I can assure you.
>
> I remember then the task that I had of preparing form letters and also preparing Congressional mail to be signed by the President of the United States on tire rationing.
>
> It seemed to me to be a very boring job at times.

Dick Nixon, P-3 lawyer, was then twenty-nine, working in a dead-end bureaucratic job in Tempo D, a dreary wooden shack left over from World War I—without money, without family connections, without much in the way of prospects, and certainly without political ambition. His own unhappy condition might be one reason he carried from OPA such an uncharacteristically dogmatic opposition to wage and price controls of any kind. Although the war-

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time OPA in retrospect had been given generally high grades for its performance of a difficult and onerous but necessary task, Nixon's personal recollection was otherwise. In private conversations over the years, he talked of the corruption, the cheating by the public, and the unhappy consequences when a government seeks to control the private economic decisions of private citizens.

Nixon the supreme pragmatist was inflexible about economic controls; however much his interest might flag in discussion of other economic questions, his enthusiastic advocacy on this point was constant. Nor was Nixon adamant simply against outright government controls. He was equally opposed to a return to the policy instituted by President Kennedy in 1961: voluntary guideposts issued by the government to limit wage and price increases—what is called an incomes policy in Great Britain and Canada. The guideposts had been plowed over and abandoned in the inflationary surge of 1966 following President Johnson's full-scale intervention in Vietnam. But late in 1968, Johnson's Cabinet Committee on Price Stability recommended a return to official guideposts (based on a maximum 5 percent wage increase in 1969), and Hubert Humphrey almost surely would have followed the recommendation had he been elected. But a guideposts policy would work, Nixon believed, only if the government used muscle to enforce it—as when John F. Kennedy forced the steel industry to roll back a price increase in 1962. That, to Nixon, was nothing more than mandatory wage-price controls without statutory sanction. Finally, Nixon ruled out even those admonitions by a President and other federal officials called "jawboning," used by Kennedy-Johnson officials both in conjunction with a guideposts policy and after the guideposts had been abandoned.

Fatefully, Nixon's prejudices happened to coincide perfectly with the expert opinion of his advisers. The entire Quadriad plus Burns agreed with Nixon's opposition to controls, to an incomes policy, to jawboning. This further coincided with the prevalent opinion in the business community, which had so rapturously given its support to Nixon against Humphrey. Following the eight prosperous years of the Kennedy-Johnson era uninterrupted by a genuine recession, business was riding high in January, 1969. With its goal of quick profits and an ever expanding economy, business wanted nothing more than to be left alone by the government.[1] That is precisely what Nixon's campaign promised business, and to be left alone meant not only easing federal control of regulated industries (including the stock exchange) but also a moratorium on nagging about higher wages and higher prices.

[1]This euphoric mood of high incomes and quick profits made it difficult for Nixon's talent scouts to lure young business executives to middle-level government jobs after the 1968 election. "The money tree is running in New York, and the young fellows want to tap it rather than come down to Washington," said one such talent scout.

Consequently, there had been no previous great debate, either inside or outside the new Administration, when Nixon told his first press conference on the morning of January 27:

> I do not go along with the suggestion that inflation can be effectively controlled by exhorting labor and management and industry to follow certain guidelines. I think that is a very laudable objective for labor and management to follow. But I think I am aware of the fact that the leaders of labor and the leaders of management, much as they might personally want to do what is in the best interests of the nation, have to be guided by the interests of the organization they represent.
>
> So the primary responsibility for controlling inflation rests with the national administration and its handling of fiscal and monetary affairs.

With those comments, the new President was reflecting a view widely held not only by his own advisers but by economists generally: the inflation roaring wildly in January, 1969, was essentially caused by the federal government. The record of the Federal Reserve Board in controlling the nation's money supply in the second half of the 1960s was a sorry one. Having choked off the money supply as an anti-inflation device in 1966 so tightly that it produced a serious slump in housing and construction (called by some a "mini-recession"), the central bank started pouring out money too quickly and too generously in 1967 and thereby spoon-fed a new inflation. The Federal Reserve's culpability, however, did not approach Lyndon B. Johnson's. Refusing to ask Congress for a tax increase to finance the Vietnam War when he intervened in 1965, President Johnson piled up huge inflationary budget deficits climaxed by $28.4 billion in red ink for the year ending July 1, 1968. To compensate for these governmental excesses, the Nixon game plan was to hold down the money supply by means of monetary policy and achieve a budget surplus through fiscal policy.

But the business community interpreted Nixon's comments of January 27 in slightly different fashion. What it thought Nixon was saying was this: Fighting inflation is our business, not yours; you fellows have no responsibility to do anything in the way of self-restraint. Even before Nixon's January 27 press conference, businessmen were being told authoritatively that Washington was now laissez-faire on prices. Dr. Pierre Rinfret, an influential economic consultant in New York in close touch with the Nixon team, advised his clients to raise their prices and raise them *now;* because everything else was going up, they would get no backlash from Washington, and besides, the responsibility for fighting inflation was the government's, not theirs. So, unwittingly, Nixon's abandonment of jawboning helped to generate the inflationary psychology he was trying to control and imposed a still greater burden on the government's monetary and fiscal policy.

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Monetary policy was no immediate problem. William McChesney Martin and the rest of the Federal Reserve Board had instituted a tight-money regime in 1968 and were keeping the screws tightened.

Fiscal policy was another matter. As he entered the White House, Nixon was undecided about requesting an extension of the 10 percent income tax surcharge proposed by President Johnson in 1967 and finally passed by Congress in 1968. Burns and the Quadriad were unanimous in advising Nixon that letting the surtax lapse (along with its $10 billion a year in revenue) was sheer madness. But Nixon had his doubts. He was on record with a somewhat wishy-washy commitment during the 1968 campaign to repeal the surtax, and a great many Republican candidates for Congress had made a stronger commitment. Besides, Nixon was not happy about the LBJ label on the surtax. But in the end, he reluctantly agreed to propose re-enactment.

There still remained the more difficult basic problem of putting a rein on federal expenditures, bloated by the Vietnam War. The results were disclosed by the President in a message to Congress on April 12. The expenditure estimate of $195.3 billion contained in Johnson's final budget (for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1970) was spurious, the Nixon men found. The more realistic figure was $196.9 billion. The President then reduced this by $4 billion, to give him a projected surplus of $5.8 billion, which Nixon quickly labeled the largest surplus in eighteen years and the fourth largest in history.[1] Seemingly, Nixon had moved quickly and masterfully to bring the budget under control; a step toward victory in his fight against inflation.

In truth, however, the budget balancers in the Administration were defeated. Arthur Burns, in particular, felt that Nixon had lost the golden opportunity to check federal spending. He realized that the highly publicized budget cuts were largely cosmetic without seriously drawing back long-range spending programs. As Budget Director, Mayo tried to bring the budget into line but failed. Part of the trouble stemmed from the inability of Mayo, the gentlemanly ex-Treasury bureaucrat, to force deep cuts in expenditures on Nixon's department and agency heads, who now were championing the causes of their new bureaucratic constituencies. But the blame cannot be placed solely on Mayo. Many of his most important initiatives to cut expenditures were not backed up by the President. The reduction of $1.1 billion for the Pentagon would have been still larger had Nixon sided with Mayo instead of Laird. Nor was the space exploration program cut to Mayo's specifications. Nixon overruled Mayo's attempt to eliminate the costly supersonic-transport (SST) subsidy program. And he lost his argument with the President that the proposed new program of income maintenance for the poor, whatever its long-range savings, was fiscally irresponsible in the short range.

[1] Actually, the size of the surplus was exaggerated by a new accounting method (recommended by a citizens' commission headed by David Kennedy) that had taken effect on January 1, 1968, and for the first time counted Social Security trust funds as part of the budgetary picture. For example, Johnson's calamitous $28.1 billion deficit would have been $25.1 under the new system.

Paul McCracken

Mayo's failure is traceable in part to the peculiarities of the Nixon presidency. A stolid fellow lacking the ability to entrance Nixon, Mayo had no standing in the White House. He could not compete with a Pat Moynihan persuading the President to support income maintenance, or a John Volpe drumming up arguments for the SST. His only budget-cutting ally in the White House was Arthur Burns, who was having his own trouble influencing the President. Indeed, before long Mayo lost all physical contact with Nixon. By late 1969, he was getting his instructions from the President via John Ehrlichman and relaying his proposals to the President via John Ehrlichman—an unprecedented ignominy for a Budget Director that he should not have tolerated.

Beyond personalities, however, there was also Nixon's fear as expressed to Wilbur Mills that too great a budget reduction would induce a whopper of a recession. The result was a policy enunciated by Dr. McCracken as "gradualism"—gradually reducing inflationary pressures by moderate, not precipitate, pruning of federal spending. That McCracken and just about every other Nixon adviser (with the conspicuous exception of Burns) agreed that gradualism was the proper antidote testifies to how badly they underestimated the force of inflation.

McCracken's concept of the power of gradualism was succinctly described by Hobart Rowen in his column in the Washington *Post* on March 22:

> At some point . . . probably suddenly and without advance notice, big and little people are going to decide that prices (including the price of money) are too high.

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> At that point (and Mr. Nixon's people hope it will arrive soon), plant expansion projections will ease off, consumers will start to save a little more and spend a little less, and the exaggerated pace of the economy will settle back to earth.

On March 22, 1969, Richard Nixon seemed to have put all his own faith in the game plan of gradualism. Four months later the chilling doubts set in.

Pierre Rinfret, a flamboyant Canadian-born economist, was an early Nixon-for-President enthusiast, and joined the team of advisers at Mission Bay, California, making campaign strategy following Nixon's nomination for President in the summer of 1968. After the election, a Nixon aide sounded out Rinfret on the possibility of his becoming a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, but Rinfret replied that he would not give up his lucrative New York-based consulting firm for any federal post. Although McCracken and the other Council members tended to look down their noses at his professional credentials, Rinfret remained in close and amiable contact with several figures in the Administration, including Arthur Burns.

But by July 3, Rinfret had become so disaffected that he distributed to clients of his firm a two-page confidential memorandum titled "We Accuse" which said: "We accuse this Administration of incompetence."

In attempting to curb inflation, charged Rinfret, the Administration (in collaboration with the Federal Reserve Board) was promoting "the current mood of economic and financial terror." In Pierre Rinfret's view, the Administration had started badly and was steadily getting worse. "We accuse the Administration of totally miscalculating the need for advance economic planning before it got into office and for being totally unprepared once it did. It went into office with slogans and little else." Most of all, it erred in thinking "that inflation could easily be turned off" and therefore did not sufficiently cut federal spending. Instead, it was risking a financial panic by relying on the Federal Reserve Board's tight-money policy as the first line in the war against inflation. The Administration was "fostering, abetting and creating inflation while it has advocated deflation" because "the first thing it did was to announce the abandonment of the wage and price guidelines, which created 'open sesame' on prices and wages."

Rinfret's harsh language typified the startlingly rapid turn of sentiment against Richard Nixon in the business community during those first five months. On July 3, the President's ratings in the polls were still high, the peace movement had not stirred, and the Democrats had scarcely pinked him. But his supporters in the world of business had turned against him with the ferocity of a friend betrayed. Under the man they had supported for President, the business climate was becoming a bad dream: stock market down and falling; interest rates up and rising; money so tight that some businessmen were unable to operate; a recession on the horizon; and finally, that precious commodity, business confidence, failing. And yet, all this had not brought an end to inflation. On June 11, David Kennedy, using language more candid than that of other members of the Quadriad, told a meeting of the Advertising Council in Washington that the nation was on the brink "of a runaway inflation."[1]

Kennedy's candor was unusual. According to the Nixon party line, the game plan was working and everybody should be patient. But by the time of Pierre Rinfret's broadside, Nixon's economic team—though probably not Nixon himself—knew it had underestimated inflation, and so far had not brought it under control. The further cold reality was that current policies would produce a moderate recession in 1970 whether or not they stopped inflation. The Nixon Administration faced the nightmare of *simultaneous* inflation and recession for the first time in modern economic history.

At the White House, Arthur Burns was clearly less than pleased with McCracken, the man he chose to be the President's chief economic adviser. He confided to friends that McCracken was talking too much publicly about stopping inflation and not talking hard enough privately about cutting back on federal spending. Burns fought for greater budget austerity and in August came up with a notable success. He won Nixon's approval for an immediate cutback of 75 percent in all federal construction, including the massive interstate highway program. To Burns, the shock value of this move might just jolt the inflationary psychology still gripping the nation. One political obstacle, however, was the predictable outrage of the state governors, now overwhelmingly Republican. To deal gently with the governors, announcement of Nixon's move was delayed until the first week in September, when they would all be together at their annual national conference in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Burns would be there to do the explaining.

What followed was one of those strange attacks of indecisiveness, compounded by failure of communications, that sometimes undermined the best domestic intentions of Richard Nixon.

Nixon arrived in Colorado Springs on the afternoon of September 1, 1969, from his beach house at San Clemente, California, where he was spending much of the summer. Scheduled to address the governors' black tie banquet at the Broadmoor Hotel that night, the President might have taken the op-

[1] In the same speech, Kennedy warned that wage and price controls might be used as the ultimate weapon to curb inflation if all else failed. Since Nixon had unequivocally ruled out such controls, the White House was not pleased with Kennedy's attempt to dramatize the Administration's concern with the situation.

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portunity to slip the governors the bad news about the construction cutback and urge them to keep a stiff upper lip for the good of the republic. Instead, Nixon delivered a conventional jeremiad against social welfare spending under Johnson during the past five years ($250 billion that had "reaped a harvest of dissatisfaction, frustration and bitter division") without revealing his new plans for austerity, and returned to San Clemente that night.

The reason he left without mentioning the cutbacks was that his politically conscious advisers persuaded him of the adverse impact on the governors from such talk. Vice President Spiro T. Agnew, only seven months out of the governorship of Maryland and now playing a liaison role with his former colleagues, told the President the governors were far more worried about recession than inflation and would rise up in wrath against a flat-out cutback. He was backed by Volpe, who as governor of Massachusetts had led a delegation to the White House in 1967 to protest a highway-construction freeze imposed by Lyndon Johnson. Agnew's alternative: delay the cutback on federal grants to the states for six months, until April, giving them a chance to inventory federally financed projects and to select which ones to cut back.

With *Air Force One* shuttling the President back and forth between California and Colorado, with key officials of the government scattered across the continent between Washington, San Clemente, and Colorado Springs, the difficulty in communications at top levels of the Administration was compounded. Agnew thought he had Nixon's agreement to the six-month delay. The White House thought no such thing. On the afternoon of September 2, Agnew privately briefed the governors about the impending cutback plans, adding that there would be a six-month reprieve on federal-state projects. In Colorado Springs, when Arthur Burns learned about Agnew's retreat, he was furious. Now, having promised the governors a six-month reprieve, there could be no immediate cutback, the essential shock value had disappeared, and worst of all, the press and the politicians would believe that Nixon did not have the stomach to deal courageously with inflation. That bothered Burns the most.

Two days later at San Clemente Nixon issued a statement ordering an immediate 75 percent cutback in new federal construction. In view of Agnew's intervention, he temporized about federal grants to states, urging state and local governments "to follow the example of the Federal Government by cutting back temporarily on their own construction plans." He warned that he himself would reduce federal grants an undetermined amount "if the response proves insufficient," but even in that event, said the President, "the states and localities will, of course, be given due notice, so that they can adjust their affairs properly." Predictably, the state and municipalities did not heed the President's admonition; predictably, the President did not make good on his threat, even with the Agnew formula included. So ended still another effort by Arthur Burns for a drastic slowdown in federal spending.

Even before that defeat, however, Burns concluded that this Administration was not going to curb federal spending enough to hold down inflationary pressures. By August, he had come to believe something else was necessary, and that something else was an incomes policy—a return to wage-price guideposts rejected by Nixon on January 27. Throughout his career as an economist, Burns, like most conservatives, had opposed the concept of an incomes policy. He firmly believed that mandatory government controls on wages and prices were incompatible with a free society and that an incomes policy was but a way station to controls. In the late summer of 1969, however, Burns was changing his mind. He noted that an incomes policy had been instituted in Canada, the Netherlands, and the United States (the Kennedy era guideposts), and had not been followed by controls. For Burns, at age sixty-four popularly considered one of the most doctrinaire conservatives in the Administration, to have abandoned his position reflects just how anxious he felt. Burns had allied with him a good part of the Cabinet concerned with economic policy: Kennedy, Romney, Volpe, Postmaster General Blount, but not McCracken or the rest of the Council of Economic Advisers. And, most important, not the President.

In an October 17 radio address to the nation on inflation, the President rejected an incomes policy, rejected any substantial change in his economic game plan, and rejected any suggestion of failure. "We are not going to change our game plan at the end of the first quarter of the game, particularly at a time that we feel we are ahead," he said. Recalling yet again his experience with the OPA in World War II ("rationing, black markets, regimentation"), he rejected not only direct controls but the guideposts that Burns had been urging on him—describing guideposts as "putting the government into the business of telling the workingman how much he should charge for his services or how much the businessman should charge for his goods." The President's dogmatism on the wage-price question had not been diluted by nine months of failure. He even reiterated his objection to jawboning: "Instead of relying on our jawbone, we have put some backbone in government's determination to hold the line for the consumer." In fact, however, he did engage in a very benign form of jawboning. Pledging that the government would stick to a strict anti-inflationary policy, Nixon asserted that "by responding to the changed conditions," labor and management "will

[1]The six-month reprieve scarcely blunted the fury of the governors at Colorado Springs. Typical was the reaction of Governor Tom McCall of Oregon, a Republican, who said he was "horrified" by the cutback, then added: "It would stop inflation, but it might also stop the economy in its tracks."

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be following their self-interest and helping the national interest as well." This was a perceptible departure from his January 27 implication that labor and management had no stake in the national welfare, but it was far from what Burns wanted.

Even that minimum of jawboning was forgotten little more than a month later. On November 27, the Administration assembled some 1600 top-rank American business leaders to hear Nixon and his economic team give an off-the-record briefing at Washington's Sheraton Park Hotel. Not a word urging price restraint came from the President or anybody else. It was the same old line: The government means business about curbing inflation. "Those who bet on inflation will lose their bets, but those who bet on a cooling off will win, because we're committed," said the President.

There was one attempted change in the game plan in the closing months of 1969. In August, just when Burns was changing his mind about an incomes policy, a campaign against the tight-money policy of the Federal Reserve Board was being waged by an influential Republican economist outside the government: Professor Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago. In his column in *Newsweek,* in discussions with key figures in the Administration, and even in one telephone conversation with William McChesney Martin, Friedman argued that the Federal Reserve had now kept the money supply choked off for so long that further restrictions threatened a severe recession. Friedman's arguments made no impact on Martin or other members of the Quadriad, but he did pick up one influential disciple, George Shultz, Friedman's former colleague at Chicago and now a rising figure in the Administration. Shultz took the view that Friedman had studied the money supply with greater care and perception than anybody in the Administration had and deserved to be listened to. After taking this line in private conversations through the early autumn, Shultz surfaced with it in Nixon's presence at a mid-October meeting of the Cabinet Committee on Economic Policy.

There was no immediate support for Shultz at that meeting, but it was not long in coming. By November, McCracken believed the tight-money policy must be ended (though, for public consumption, he denied it lest he give the impression the Administration was backing away from the fight against inflation). In a meeting of the Quadriad, McCracken asked William McChesney Martin what the prospects were for loosening the money screws. Martin, scheduled to be replaced on January 31 by Burns, was unresponsive. But the Federal Reserve did switch to a less restrictive policy late in the year—far too late in the opinion of many economists.

Thus, 1969 ended with the President's economic game plan disintegrating, his advisers split, and the economy failing. By year's end, the value of the 1957-1959 dollar had slipped from 81.1 cents when Nixon took power to 76.7 cents. And though inflation was not curbed, unemployment was rising fast, and a recession loomed. Yet there was no sense of crisis in the Oval Office. Buoyed by his continued high popularity, by his successes abroad, and by scattered off-year Republican election victories, Richard Nixon could not focus on the specter of economic crisis confronting him. Economic policy continued to be made in a casual manner with little regard for consequences. The tax bill he signed to end the year on December 30 was proof enough of that.

When Nixon early in 1969 joined the swelling demand for tax reform, there was little thought of economic consequences. Tax reform concerned equity. It was not part of the fight against inflation. Yet in pursuing tax reform, the Administration could not avoid making vitally important economic decisions. But instead of approaching this task judiciously, it made these decisions in slapdash fashion, with rueful consequences. What happened is another story, but in the end, at a time when Nixon was trying his best to fight inflation and avoid recession, he had signed a bill that was *both* inflationary (because it increased personal exemptions, and thus deficit spending) and recessionary (because it repealed the investment tax credit first sponsored by President Kennedy in 1962). This had happened because the President's economic team concentrated on the economic aspects of tax reform only belatedly, and then in a haphazard manner that proved totally ineffective. Throughout the late summer and autumn when the Democratic Congress was transmuting tax reform into tax relief, the President was remote from the struggle, ineffective and irresolute. Then came his unfulfilled threat to veto an out-of-balance tax bill. By allowing his bluff to be called, the President had suffered a loss of prestige almost as great as he would have if Congress had overridden one of his vetoes.

On the evening of January 30, 1970, Richard Nixon's first press conference of the new year was opened by Douglas B. Cornell of the Associated Press, whose question graphically revealed how much the economic outlook had changed in the month since the President had signed the tax bill:

> Mr. President, for several days I have been collecting some headlines that sort of point up the question I would like to put to you. . . .
> 'Big firms' 1969 profits down.' 'Dow average hits new low for three years.' 'GNP rise halted.' 'Ford joins GM and Chrysler in work cutbacks.' 'Wholesale prices show sharp rise.' 'U.S. Steel will raise sheet prices February 1.'
> The question is: how, sir, do you assess the possibility that we may be in for perhaps the worst possible sort of economic conditions—inflation and a recession?

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Indeed, key economic indicators—industrial production, personal income, business sales, real Gross National Product—were down. So was the slumping stock market. Unemployment was on the rise. But at the same time, interest rates and prices continued to climb. Dr. Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers in Kennedy-Johnson days, had a name for this combination of bad economic news never before experienced in America: Nixonomics.

McCracken, Kennedy, and Treasury Undersecretary Dr. Charls Walker, who spent 1969 promising that an end to inflation was just around the corner, now not only reiterated those promises but pledged as well that there would be no recession—their credibility undermined by every unfulfilled promise. Nixon joined the parade of sunshine talkers. In answer to Cornell's press-conference question, he said:

> Our policies have been planned to avoid a recession. I do expect that the present rate of inflation, which was less in the second half of 1969 than in the first half, will continue to decline and that we will be able to control inflation without recession.

Specifically, the President promised that three days later, he would offer a bare-bones budget for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1971. The new budget, he promised, "will be a major blow in stopping the inflation psychology." That budget, in fact, was a much more serious attempt at austerity than his first one a year earlier, and that represented a major, though temporary, victory for Arthur Burns.

Late in December, 1969, Budget Director Mayo had reported to the President at San Clemente that there was no possible way to cut expenditures deeply enough to balance the new budget. But there simply had to be a balanced budget. Everybody in the Administration now agreed with Milton Friedman that the Federal Reserve Board's tight-money policy must be loosened or the economy would strangle. But Dr. Burns, who would replace William McChesney Martin as chairman at the Federal Reserve on January 31, had made clear he could not countenance an easier monetary policy unless *fiscal* policy were tight—that is, at the bare minimum, a balanced budget. With Mayo pleading inability to cut expenditures enough, new revenue would be needed for a balance. The Treasury came up with a $4.5 billion painless tax package: a speedup in estate- and gift-tax collections and higher excises on liquor, tobacco, and gasoline. Nixon promptly bought the package.

But not Arthur Burns. To make fiscal policy properly tight enough was not only a matter of a balanced budget but of a *properly* balanced budget, he told the President, and not a budget balanced through some patchwork tax gimmicks. The implication was clear. There would be no easing of policy at the Federal Reserve unless the last drop of blood was squeezed out of expenditures. Nixon had already made up his mind to go the Burns route when he returned to Washington from San Clemente in time for a January 13 meeting of the Cabinet. Although it lasted three and one-half hours, it was a *pro forma* affair. Mayo pleaded that the budget was uncuttable, supported by Kennedy. Burns's position was voiced with great passion by his usual acolyte, George Romney, who exhorted his colleagues to cut even deeper into their own budgets and capped his plea by an astonishing sermon calling on all members of the Cabinet, *and* the President, to take a 25 percent pay cut. "This is going to make me as popular as a skunk at a Sunday school picnic," he said, and he was right.[1] Soon after the meeting, Nixon ordered anguished department heads to make still greater cuts to achieve a Burns-style balance. When the budget was sent to Congress on February 2, it called for a $1.3 billion surplus.

Arthur Burns had demonstrated that, blessed with the massive power of the Federal Reserve System, he now had leverage with the President that he never had as Counselor. But the victory was one year too late. Nixon, Burns, and everybody else sitting around the Cabinet table on January 13 refused to face the grim reality that there was no possible way to balance the budget, either the Mayo-Kennedy way or the Burns-Romney way. The economic rot of recession was at so advanced a stage that tax receipts were already falling precipitately, which explained why the fat $5.6 billion budget surplus projected by Nixon in his first budget for the year ending July 1, 1970, had disappeared and would end up as a $2.8 billion deficit. As for the 1971 budget, the $1.3 billion surplus bullied through by Burns never had a chance. The recession-induced loss of revenue would, instead, create a deficit to rival Lyndon Johnson's worst.

The President would not admit it, but the game plan was dead. Even before Burns formally replaced Martin, the tight-money policy at the Federal Reserve was quietly abandoned; Burns in charge made sure that the badly needed money kept flowing into the banking system. By early spring, it was obvious that a massive budget deficit, in excess of $15 billion, was in the works (though Administration officials still piously denied it). If a recession loomed and neither the Federal Reserve nor the budget was now being used to fight inflation, what could be done? More and more, Nixon's economic team was doing what would have been inconceivable a year earlier—looking hard at an incomes policy.

Burns's move to the Federal Reserve Board had not stopped him from lobbying for an incomes policy, vigorously supported by Rom-

[1] Romney voluntarily took the 25 percent pay reduction though no other Cabinet member followed his example. On May 20, his wife, Lenore, told the Detroit press that it had resulted in some penny-pinching: "We don't take vacations, we don't have a maid and George helps me with the dishes."

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ney. By May, the combination of rising unemployment and rising inflation led to a desperate attempt to change the game plan toward adopting a modest incomes policy. The President had decided to deliver an address to the nation on the economy in mid-June, and this could be the vehicle for a major turn in policy.

Arthur Burns led off the campaign on May 19 with a major policy speech to the American Bankers Association's Monetary Conference in Hot Springs, Virginia, urging a form of voluntary controls as the only way to fight inflation without risking "a very serious business recession." Second- and third-level officials of the Treasury and the Budget Bureau, meeting with their counterparts from the Council of Economic Advisers (in groups called Troika II and Troika III), began pressing for an incomes policy. On May 28, Dr. Walker went on NBC's *Today* show to say he saw "merit" in a bill by Senator Jacob Javits of New York that would instruct the Council of Economic Advisers to analyze and publicize wage and price decisions to spotlight inflationary increases—the rudimentary start of an incomes policy.

On June 5, Maurice Mann, a professional economist and political independent who had been recruited by Mayo from the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland to become Assistant Budget Director, addressed a Washington meeting of the Rural Electric Cooperative Association and brought out what was happening inside the Administration. Speaking without notes, Mann described the government economists as divided into two camps—one camp for continued tight fiscal and monetary policy, the other camp for attacking inflation with an incomes policy because the present policy was "an abysmal failure." Mann left no doubt he was in the second group. Not until he had finished speaking did he realize that a reporter, Murray Seeger of the Los Angeles *Times,* was present.

Hobart Rowen, business and financial editor of the Washington *Post,* read Seeger's story on the Los Angeles *Times* news wire and cornered Mann two days later at the District of Columbia Bankers Association's annual convention in Hot Springs, Virginia. Mann then clearly told Rowen what no Administration official had dared admit up to that point: the Nixon game plan had slowed down the economy without stopping inflation, and "an additional step"—that is, a moderate incomes policy—would be helpful.

George Shultz

To the outside world, all this sound and fury surely was a preliminary barrage preparing everyone for a radical shift, to be revealed in the mid-June speech. But the outside world little knew how the Nixon Administration functioned. In fact, most of the agitation for an incomes policy came from second-echelon officials at the Treasury and Budget Bureau operating without the sanction of their bosses. Walker endorsed the Javits bill without telling Kennedy; Mann did not have Mayo's backing when he publicly endorsed an incomes policy (in fact, his knuckles were later rapped in a telephone call from White House aide Peter Flanigan).

Among officials with direct access to the President, only Burns favored an incomes policy, and he made no progress in early May when he again proposed voluntary controls to the President. Kennedy and Mayo were passive and seemingly uninterested in the entire debate. Paul McCracken publicly denounced Burns's initiative. He admitted privately it might have merit but protested vigorously that the Council was not equipped to oversee wage-price decisions as envisioned in the Javits bill. If Nixon needed any further justification for opposing Burns, it came from Secretary of Labor George Shultz. By the spring of 1970, Shultz's unsmiling, slightly intimidating manner had made him a force to reckon with. Now the Secretary turned his new influence with the President against an incomes policy. It would not work, he argued, and besides that, it would lead to shameful abandonment of the game plan by tending to justify a reckless binge of deficit spending. Indeed, Shultz told Nixon, the Hot Springs speech by Burns advocating an incomes policy was inflationary in itself. It would impel businessmen to raise prices quickly *before* an incomes policy was instituted.

With that lineup, the final draft of the speech handed Nixon for his final editing and rewriting did not contain anything that even went so far in the direction of an incomes policy as the very mild Javits bill. A baby step was the announcement of periodic Inflation Alerts to be issued by the Council of Economic Advisers "to call attention to outstanding cases of price or wage increase"—in other words, jawboning *after* the fact.[1] It was a slight departure

[1] McCracken issued the first Inflation Alert on August 8, 1970, a 123-page document describing wage increases in the trucking and construction industries and price increases for cigarettes, rubber, and electric power as contributing to the cost of living. Its impact on public opinion was invisible.

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from total laissez-faire on wages and prices but a bitter disappointment for many who had hoped for a major departure. In his speech to the nation over radio and television at noon on June 17, the President once again indulged his deeply felt bias against government interference in wage-price decisions in prose unmistakably his own.

> Now, I realize that there are some people who get satisfaction out of seeing an individual businessman or labor leader called on the carpet and browbeaten by Government officials. But we cannot protect the value of the dollar by passing the buck. That sort of grandstanding distracts attention from the real cause of inflation and it can be a dangerous misuse of the power of Government.

It was as if the past eighteen months of deepening failure had not occurred, as if Arthur Burns had not made serious proposals that had nothing to do with "browbeating" anybody or "grandstanding," as if serious economists in his own Administration were not turning toward an incomes policy. Never did the failure of communication between the President and the experts in his own Administration come through more clearly.

A few days before that speech, the President took a step that further militated against an incomes policy in the foreseeable future.

In December, 1969, Nixon had briefed Robert Mayo on the details of a major reorganization of the Executive Office of the President, not to be publicly disclosed until the next spring, that would transform the Bureau of the Budget into a new Office of Management and Budget (OMB), with greatly enhanced authority for managing the entire federal government. In one of those countless misunderstandings, derived from Nixon's often oblique manner of conversation, Mayo got the idea that the job would be his. In fact, however, the President had no intention of giving a post of such vast and pervasive power to a man with whom he had little rapport and in whom he had no great confidence. But he said nothing of this to Mayo. Mayo did not learn the President's real frame of mind until he received a telephone call from a White House aide on June 8, 1970. The aide bluntly informed Mayo that the President on June 10 would name George Shultz as director of OMB, with Mayo shunted off with the title of Counselor (retaining Cabinet rank), obviously a way station while he found other employment.[1] There was no telephone call from Nixon himself.

The humiliation of Robert Mayo was transcended by the elevation of George Shultz. Having managed to impress the President and shape his policies while operating from the bureaucratic backwater of the Labor Department, he now had unlimited possibilities functioning from the White House as general manager for the entire federal government. Replacing Mayo on the Quadriad, he would become the dominant force whose influence would far eclipse that of McCracken, Kennedy, and Burns. Behind his back, some of the government's top economists belittled Shultz, describing him as an academic proficient in the study of wage structuring but not in macroeconomics. They questioned his competence to be the President's most influential adviser on what had become his most serious domestic problem. But that Shultz *was* his most influential economic adviser could be denied by nobody. In terms of mid-1970, that meant an end to any immediate hopes for a meaningful incomes policy, because Shultz's doctrinaire opposition to it would only reinforce Nixon's emotional bias against it. Maurice Mann, one of the most forceful advocates of an incomes policy, quickly perceived the incompatibility of his own economic views and Shultz's, and quietly left the Budget Bureau and the government. Walker and other Treasury officials pushing for an incomes policy went underground. At the Federal Reserve, Arthur Burns bided his time.

Through the summer and autumn of 1970, inflation and recession worsened together to stunt hopes for significant Republican gains in November. By summer, nothing could be done in time for that year's elections about either inflation or recession. In all fairness to Nixon and his economic advisers, they had inherited from Lyndon Johnson a raging inflation that might have persisted against any proposed remedy, including an incomes policy. Nor was the intensity of the recession wholly attributable to the Nixon game plan: the United Auto Workers struck the General Motors Corporation on September 14, closing plants for the rest of the year and deepening economic distress.

Yet, pervading all the bad luck was a certain thoughtless separation between dream and reality.

In November 5, 1970, two days after the congressional elections, signals began pouring out of the President's Council of Economic Advisers that a change in the economic game plan was in order. "Economic policy like other [policies] has to be responsive to the national will," said Paul McCracken, chairman of the Council. Two days later, another member of the Council, Herbert Stein, flatly predicted a return to full employment by mid-1972. What the Council members were proposing was clear enough: a switch to an expansionary economic policy to fight the recession and give up the struggle against inflation. That would be an attack on one of the two serpent heads of Nixonomics—the one that had caused by far the most damage in the just completed election. Republican politicians who had suffered badly in 1970 and feared even worse for 1972 were pleading for an all-out attack on the recession.

[1] This now made four Cabinet-rank Counselors at the White House with no duties or responsibilities: Bryce Harlow, Moynihan, Robert Finch, and Mayo. However, on July 18, Mayo announced he was resigning to become president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago.

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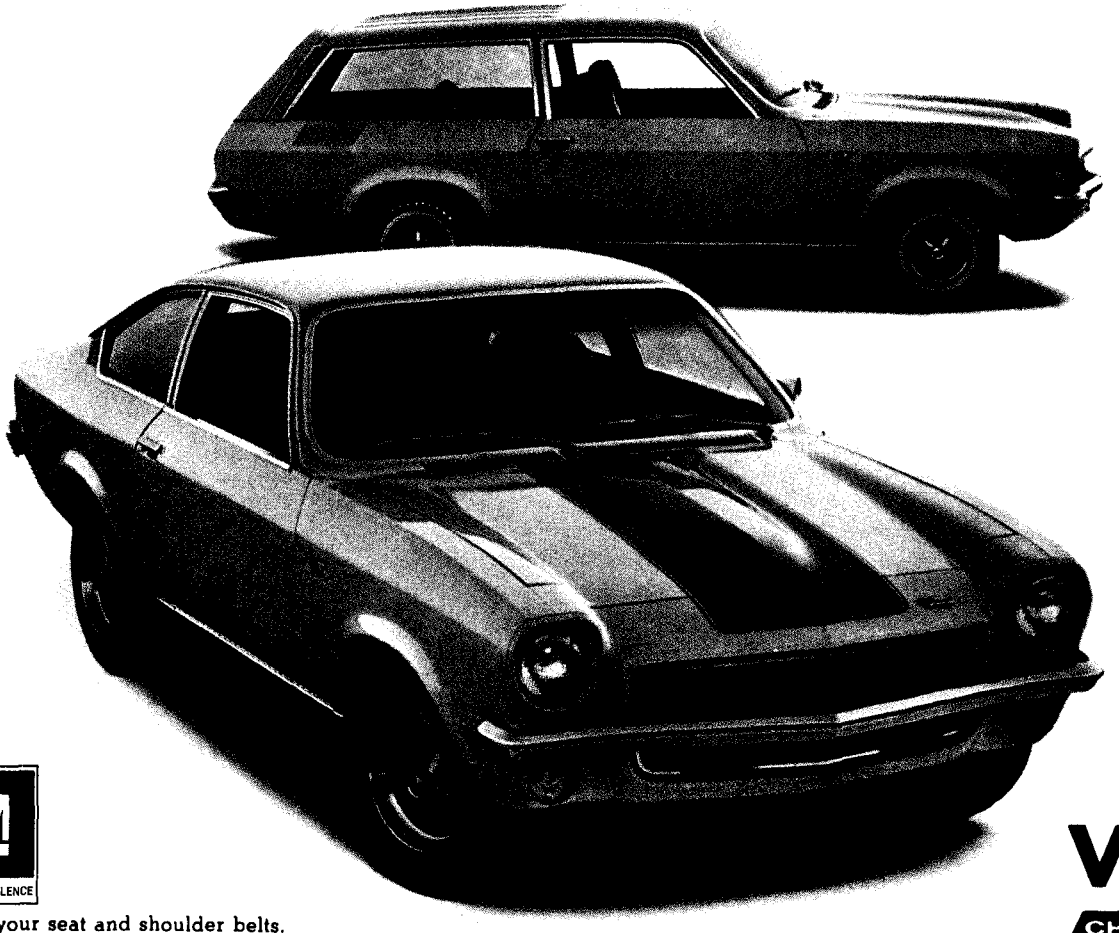

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At the Treasury, Secretary Kennedy and Undersecretary Walker were appalled. They argued privately that victory over inflation was in sight if only the government did not panic by throwing more fuel on the fire. After all, the Treasury men reasoned, the recession that had been induced in a so far unsuccessful effort to slow down inflation had already done its damage to the President and the party. Why make the switch now *after* the election losses? There would be enough time to step up the economy, if need be, before the 1972 election. That line only showed how out of touch with the White House David Kennedy had become. For in fact, McCracken and Stein were reflecting Richard Nixon's views. These had hardened long before the election, but the President had kept silent about them.

In part, the change was due to the growing influence of George Shultz, who had taken over as director of the newly reorganized Office of Management and Budget on July 1. A clue to the revised standings in relative power at the White House came in late summer during a visit to Nixon by Senator Robert Dole of Kansas. Dole expressed chagrin at his inability to contact Presidential Counsel John Ehrlichman and told Nixon he would like to meet him some day. *"Ehrlichman?"* retorted the President. "Don't worry about him." Then, picking up his telephone, he said: "I'll put you in touch with somebody who *really* counts: George Shultz."

As one who really counted, Shultz was able to implant his economic views on Nixon as nobody else had in the first two years of the Nixon Administration. By November, 1970, Shultz had convinced Nixon of the worth of these economic views:

Full-Employment Budget: An old proposal by liberal economists for the past generation, it envisioned the budget being balanced when expenditures were no higher than revenue would be *if* there were full employment (that is, unemployment no higher than about 4 percent). Thus, with unemployment well over 6 percent, the President could claim a budget balanced on the full-employment theory, even though, in fact, there would be a substantial budget deficit—sheer heresy for a conservative Republican.

Money-Supply Expansion: As a doctrinaire exponent of Professor Milton Friedman's theories, Shultz wanted the money supply expanded at a steady rate and at a faster rate than the Federal Reserve Board under Arthur Burns's leadership was approving.

Incomes Policy: In a slight break with Nixon's iron opposition to any incomes policy of significance, Shultz was advocating an attempt to hold down prices and wages by withdrawing artificial government supports—such as import quotas and labor union privileges—but in no other way. That meant continued opposition to Burns's proposal for a return to wage-price guideposts.

Long before election day, Nixon was committed to an expansionary policy that would run a considerable deficit, saying nothing about it only because of his adamant political position that conceding that anything at all was wrong with the economy would be playing into Democratic hands. The Treasury's post-election opposition crumpled quickly.

But the Nixon-Shultz plans for money-supply expansion and incomes policy ran into trouble from Arthur Burns, who had recommended George Shultz as Secretary of Labor but felt him inadequate as an economist to be grand designer of the nation's economic policy. On the morning of November 20 in a meeting at the White House, Nixon, reflecting Shultz's viewpoint, urged Burns to expand the money supply at a faster rate. In response, Burns reiterated his old position that some incomes policy, some government restraint on wages and prices, was necessary. As a specific example, he urged presidential suspension of the Davis-Bacon Act, ensuring that construction workers on federal projects get the high prevailing union wage rates. That suspension would be a big stick to pressure the building trades unions to hold down their inflationary wage settlements.

In the early months of 1971, Nixon edged ever so cautiously closer to a working incomes policy. He forced a partial rollback of a Bethlehem Steel price increase by threatening to end the import quota on foreign steel, a withdrawal of artificial government aid that would have fallen within the boundaries of Shultz's doctrinal approval. Nixon finally did suspend Davis-Bacon after first weighing a flat freeze on construction-industry wages and prices proposed by James Hodgson—Shultz's hand-picked successor as Secretary of Labor—but opposed by Shultz. This ended Nixon's adamant opposition through his first two years as President to intervention in wage-price decisions but was nowhere near a full-scale policy to hold down wages and prices on a systematic basis.

The question posed nearly two years earlier, whether Richard Nixon would rather fight inflation than be elected to a second term, was now being answered. While defending the battered old game plan and declaring that "the worst of inflation is over," the President was really abandoning the game plan and saying that inflation was far the lesser evil when compared with recession. The way in which the fight against inflation was being placed in a secondary position became clear when the budget for the year ending July 1, 1972, was submitted to Congress on January 29, 1971. The deficit was calculated at $11.6 billion (under the full-employment budget concept, it would have brought a surplus of $100 million had the country been at full employment, said the President). But this was based on revenue generated by an economy at the level of a $1065 billion Gross National Product—a ludicrously high figure, in the opinion of most economists. In truth, everybody was sure that the deficit

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would be around $20 billion, producing some $40 billion in red-ink spending for two years, with the budget running wild, out of control, for the years ahead. That was the true extent of the game plan's abandonment.

Equally important as this switch to an expansionary policy in its implications for the future was a change of vast importance in Nixon's economic team made just after the election. The President determined that David Kennedy's disappointing tenure at the Treasury had to come to an end. Kennedy, scarcely a Hickel or a Romney in his self-effacing manner, was happy enough to leave a post that had become increasingly unpleasant. To replace him, Nixon wanted somebody who could dynamically and actively sell his new, expansive economic program (along with his new legislative proposals) to the press, the Congress, the business community, and the nation. Dr. Charls Walker, who in two years had performed most of Kennedy's duties in dealing with Congress and the press, fit that description perfectly and was eager for the advancement. But the tax reform fight had left bad blood between Walker and White House aides John Ehrlichman and Peter Flanigan, who successfully convinced Nixon that Walker would be a mistake. They wanted a prominent bank president from Wall Street or the West Coast. But after the David Kennedy experience, the President was wary of bankers. Besides, with his love for novelty, and frustrated by the premature detonation of the bombshell he had hoped to set off by making Patrick Moynihan ambassador to the United Nations, Nixon wanted a surprise that would stun Washington and, perhaps, energize his drowsy Administration for the two years ahead.

John B. Connally's performance on the Ash Council on Government Reorganization impressed the President. Like John Mitchell, Connally has the imperious air of authority, self-possession, and masterfulness that Nixon lacks, and therefore so admires in others. Soon after the 1970 election, the President began commenting to close aides about Connally and asking their opinion of him. But nobody faintly guessed that the President was thinking about the Treasury. After ten days and three meetings, Conally, who first refused the job, finally said yes. On December 14, Nixon had his stunning surprise.

From Nixon's standpoint it made sense. He finally had a Democrat in the Cabinet, albeit a very conservative Democrat who for the past decade had led the Tory wing of the Texas Democratic Party. Texas Republicans gasped at the betrayal by Nixon in bestowing this honor on their great enemy, but Connally's presence in the Nixon Administration could only help the President's chances to carry Texas in 1972, which might be vital to his re-election. He added strength to a Cabinet that was weak and would become weaker when Mitchell resigned to become campaign manager for 1972. And here was a Stetson-wearing supersalesman who could make Nixon's economic-progress game plan plausible to the nation. The only drawback was John Connally's lack of qualification to be Secretary of the Treasury. An able lawyer, businessman, and politician, he had no familiarity with fiscal and monetary affairs. But that was scarcely relevant; there had not for a long time been a Secretary better qualified than David Kennedy, and look what happened to him.

In the spring of 1971, nobody could be sure whether the mistakes of 1969 and 1970 would cost Richard Nixon a second term. Despite all the heavy deficit spending, unemployment remained over 6 percent in early May and the business recovery was sluggish. Not even optimists felt that unemployment would fall below 5 percent before election day, 1972. The best news was the economic consensus that 1972 would be a pretty good year, though how good was a matter of sharp debate. The Davis-Bacon suspension was called off in return for construction labor's agreement to negotiate limits on wage increases, perhaps the thin end of a wedge on the incomes policy that Nixon had resisted for so long. The rate of inflation had slowed, but not noticeably so in the opinion of the consumer (the 1957-1959 dollar now having dropped in value to 71.8 cents compared with 81.1 cents when Nixon took office). At the Federal Reserve, Arthur Burns was being forced to slow down the rate of money expansion with the attendant danger of boosting interest rates and slowing down the recovery. It was a mixed picture, better than the previous dreary autumn but not as good as it could be.

Nor were the personal power relationships clear. Connally was now the only noneconomist, the only businessman, and the only politician on a Quadriad of strong men, joining economists Shultz, Burns, and McCracken. Unlike them, his mind was open on almost all economic questions. (Arthur Burns confided to friends that he thought Connally was "educable.") How he would act in crisis was anybody's guess. He sided with Burns and against McCracken and Shultz in being willing to propose personal tax reductions and a reinstatement of the business investment tax credit if necessary to stimulate the economy. In late April, Connally sharply criticized a prime-interest-rate increase by the nation's banks while it was being defended by McCracken. But he was so concerned with emergency assignments (such as the controversial plan to bail out the beleaguered Lockheed Corporation) that his overall power position was uncertain. His strength against Shultz had not really been tested. Nevertheless, with his direct access to the President assured, the certainty was that he would act and act unfettered by doctrine. That would be something new in President Nixon's management of the economy. □

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JOHN CONNALLY: NIXON'S NEW QUARTERBACK

"Are we one of you, or are you one of us?"

by Ronnie Dugger

As President Richard Nixon remarked early this year, his selection of Texas Democrat John Connally to be his Secretary of the Treasury "signifies something fundamental." The question is what.

Actively involved in oil and other business interests, Connally is a former Democratic Secretary of the Navy and Texas governor, and the man Lyndon Johnson has called his "best friend." It was Connally who was shot and wounded while riding in the presidential car with John F. Kennedy in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

The new member of Nixon's Cabinet has been Johnson's man Friday on and off for thirty years, his colleague in the radio business in Austin, his fundraiser, his faithful nominator for President at three consecutive Democratic conventions, and the governor who kept the liberals down and the Republicans out in Texas during Johnson's presidential years.

With a background of special access to Johnson and the late Speaker Sam Rayburn, Connally signed on in 1952 as the chief administrator and lobbyist for one of the richest oilmen in the world, the late Sid Richardson, proprietor of the firm of Richardson & Bass. Last January, while dedicating the new Richardson Hall at the University of Texas in Austin, Connally said of himself and his wife, "All my life, Nellie and I, we've been associated with the Johnson name and the Richardson-Bass name." Henceforth he can add "the Nixon name." When Connally and the Republican President agreed to link arms, something seemed to open up and clank shut behind them like the well-machined doors of a New York bank vault. Their liaison signifies so much that is fundamental that the lords of the establishment have been speculating about it the way the lords of the manors used to weigh marriages of state in royal Europe, on the scales of appearances and realities. A Dallas reporter quoted the Republicans' deputy national chairman as saying to the Democrats' national treasurer, who is Connally's sidekick, Robert Strauss, "Are we one of you or are you one of us?" As an insight the question has elegance.

In an interview with Howard K. Smith late in March, the President gave credence to the most startling interpretation of the Connally appointment. Only 42 or 43 percent of the people are Democrats, and 30 percent Republicans, said Nixon; the other 30 percent consider themselves independents and are "basically the balance of power." He had made no decision, he said, about "whoever may be the man" on the ticket with him in 1972. Asked whether he "might choose a Democrat as a running mate," he replied, "I recognize that is an intriguing question," but would not pursue it. Even those words are enough to spin out to political infinity the riddles suggested by the President's appointment of Connally and Connally's acceptance. What about Connally's ties to Johnson? Could Connally, Nixon, and Johnson be saddling up to ride together for 1972? Does Connally hope to be nominated by the Republicans for Vice President next year, or for President in 1976 by whichever party wants him?

The fifty-four-year-old Connally is neither liberal nor reactionary. He is a pragmatic conservative. He seems to want to get as good a hold as he can on any situation and see what will give and what won't. There is no threat to corporate wealth or power in his style. He wants, not to rock the boat, but to stop the yacht from rocking. Long a defender of the oil industry's depletion allowance and other tax arrangements, Connally at the Treasury is the best thing that has happened to the oil industry since Johnson in the White House. Clearly, Nixon has installed at the

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Treasury a man well suited to appeal to business interests, especially oil, in time for GOP fund-raising in 1972.

Connally's good looks and public presence were two reasons for his strength with Texas voters. Another was his politically effective blend of progressive rhetoric and conservative substance. He is modern in his language and general attitudes at the same time that he rings the bells with conservatives on many specific issues. His identification with the assassinated President, combined with his close friendship with the successor President from Texas, made him unbeatable in Texas after 1963.

Off the podium he is relaxed and charming, speaking well and intelligently, but without idealism, and often leaving a great deal undiscussed. When he is not on the record he can cut loose with selected Texas profanities of the milder kind. In formal speeches he tends to be somewhat stiff, stretching often banal ideas every which way with inflationary words like "extremely," "paramount," and "dramatic." Talking very quickly, like a boxer feeding out a battery of short jabs, he can wind up and deliver, as though it were the sockeroo of the evening, the most reverberating nullity.

He seldom drinks. "I've seen him take one drink," says Texas Attorney General Crawford Martin, who must have been with him socially hundreds of times. "The night he was re-elected in 1964 he took a little glass of sherry wine. That's the only drink I've ever seen him take." In Washington, by one report, he will sip a scotch or two. State Senator Don Kennard of Fort Worth, a longtime Connally man, explains: "He feels you've got to be in control of yourself constantly to make the big go."

Accordingly, Connally disapproves of easygoing sorts—he may like them, but he doesn't think they should be out front. When he was governor, a group of his supporters worked hard on him to get him to give a juicy job to one of their friends, a fellow of jovial ways who loves a nip now and again and never condescends to conceal taking a turn with a pretty wench. Connally would not appoint him, saying that he liked him, but that a public official had to seem to be what a public official should be.

They brought their man to the governor's office and appealed to Connally to reconsider. Connally was quite candid with the fellow, saying it wasn't his conduct he objected to, but the fact that he was so damn open about it. He asked him, "If I do appoint you, will you stop all this kind of thing?"

"Yes, governor," the candidate replied meekly.

Connally swung to face him squarely. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Goddamnit, governor," the fellow replied, "I've lied to you once, you wouldn't want me to do it again, would you?"

They all broke up in laughter, but Connally didn't appoint him. His belief in dignity, in appearances, is manifest again in his reaction to a rambling long-distance telephone conversation he had with President Johnson in 1967. Connally told a close associate in Texas politics that Johnson had called him "almost crying, and he said, 'Nobody likes me, nobody likes me—my God what am I going to do?' " Connally let his associate know that he did not think that was any way for the President of the United States either to act or be. He wished Johnson were a stronger man. He was worried about him.

John Connally

Once as Connally was flying to Austin with State Senator and Mrs. Don Kennard in a small twin-engine plane, they ran into a killer thunderstorm that had Kennard thinking "This is *it*" and wondering who would take care of his daughter. As they pitched and rocked through the storm, Connally sat calm and still, reading a copy of *Life*.

"After about thirty minutes of it," Kennard said, "he laid his magazine down, pulled those bifocals down, turned to me, and said, 'I don't know about you, Senator, but this scares the shit out of me.' "

He is an orderly, meticulous man. Mrs. Connally has spoofed him in print for making even the hanging of a picture on a wall into a project, measuring everything from every direction, spreading tools all over

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the room. He probably gets satisfaction out of accomplishing something neatly with his hands.

"He has a deep distrust of Republicans," says Kennard. "He doesn't think they can perform. He likes things to work mechanically, and he doesn't think they know how to make 'em work. I've heard him say it many times."

"Connally is the best poker player I've ever known," says Senator Charles Wilson of East Texas. Personally, Wilson says, Connally "just has a fantastic amount of charm. It's an urban, sophisticated type of thing." For the professional lobbyists in Austin, however, he has nothing but contempt—perhaps, Kennard says, because he was one once and knew them. Senator Wilson says, "He talked with the president of Dow, the president of Humble, the president of Lone Star Beer. They were his social friends. He just didn't have time for the topwaters [a Southern expression for little fish]. He called up their bosses. And of course the Austin lobbyists hated him."

"This much about John Connally: He does not like to drive his own car," says one of the most inside of the Texas insiders, who has known him for a quarter of a century. "You can't make enough money to have an air-conditioned plane and a limousine waiting every minute, twice or ten times the secretarial help you need, speechwriters and valets; all that goes with high public office. He *likes* that. He got out of the peanut patch and fell in love with easy livin' as quick as any man I ever knew. . . . He was as ambitious a man as I ever knew, to rise above his early family.

"I remember when he didn't smoke, he carried a cigarette lighter in his pocket, but he never jerked it out to light anybody's cigarette—except a very rich man! His number-one ambition in life was to be rich. He was just overly solicitous to rich people who didn't know anything about anything, but had a lot of money—he would court 'em, and he knew how to take political money off of them. I have always thought he was the all-time champion in getting 'em to just *give* big bundles of it to him."

After Connally announced his candidacy for governor the first time, in 1962, he was asked at a closed labor caucus about who his supporters were. According to Roy Evans, the number-two man in Texas labor, Connally replied, "I like the good living. I like to be with people that enjoy the good living." The implication, as Evans remembers it, was that Connally did not like to run with poor or working people and would make no bones about it. "It was a real shock to me and the other labor guys," Evans says.

Connally came a long way from the peanut patch. He was raised on a Texas farm in a big, poor family. When his parents married in 1908 they had nothing—no money, no home, no furniture. His father worked along mostly as a tenant farmer, but also as a shopkeeper and a butcher. One of Connally's earliest memories is of helping his father and a Mexican man butcher livestock for other ranchers—John's job was carrying buckets of water to them to wash away the blood as they worked. "Mostly," Connally has said, "our Christmas presents were things we needed, along with some fruit and candy." When they got a football or a used bike repainted to look new, they shared it.

After their father bought a passenger bus and started hauling people from San Antonio to Corpus Christi and back, things changed for them. By 1932 their father was able to sell the bus for a good sum and buy more than a thousand acres of farmland, paying half the price in cash. The Depression was on, and they lived frugally, but they were no longer really poor.

The Connallys were staunch Methodists, and John must have seemed goody-goody to the hellious boys. His fifth or sixth Christmas he wanted a knife, a gun, and a Bible. He walked to school barefoot and in blue jeans like the other boys, dressing up only for Sunday school and Epworth League. At different stages he wanted to be a cowboy, a preacher, a Texas Ranger, a Canadian Mountie, a lawyer. In 1936 his father won a county office, and the income provided the margin that sent John and his older brother Golfrey to the University of Texas, and others of the seven children to college, too. John was a natural "wheel" at the University of Texas—the speech club, the drama club, the oratorical contests and debates, acting in half a dozen plays. Needing extra money, he helped in his boardinghouse and did some house-to-house selling. Finally, he became student president.

On the stage during the rehearsal of a play, he met a girl he thought was the prettiest he'd ever seen. He was a junior, she a freshman. Nellie Connally later remembered in gaiety that there he was, this big deal, and here she was, "a belly dancer." They fell in love, and she has been his lady ever since. She is a beautiful woman with a warm and natural smile.

Connally and Johnson first met in 1936, when Connally was shelving books for the New Deal's National Youth Administration. In Johnson's first campaign for Congress, in 1937, Connally stuffed envelopes. After Connally got his law degree Johnson hired him to run his Washington office, and Connally remembers working many a night, frequently answering forty or fifty letters for Johnson "on the typewriter after the office was closed."

In Johnson's unsuccessful 1941 Senate campaign, "The Johnson News," a campaign flier, referred to "Old John Connally (24)" as one of the workers. Otto Crider, a boyhood friend of Johnson's, recalls that when Johnson was in San Francisco in 1941-1942 as a naval lieutenant commander, Navy Ensign Connally was there with him as his secretary. "John, he bootlicked Lyndon," Crider says. But Connally's Navy service took him on to North Africa and cul-

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minated in combat-zone duty on the U.S.S. *Essex* as a fighter-plane director officer in the Pacific. He was awarded the Bronze Star and the Legion of Merit with nine battle stars.

After the war Connally worked for a time for the Johnsons' Austin radio station, KTBC, for which he had periodically "assisted in the financing, network affiliation, and various applications," according to an old FCC document. A photograph shows the future Secretary of the Treasury seated at a radio console with records and a mike, like any other disc jockey.

Then he borrowed $25,000 from the Austin bank dominated by Herman Brown, one of the brothers who ran the construction firm of Brown & Root, among the first and foremost Johnson bankrollers. With the money, Connally became president and general manager of a new Austin radio station, KVET. For two or three years this was his main work. Hardy Hollers, Johnson's opponent for renomination to Congress in 1946, alleged that Johnson was cooperating with "former secretaries and associates" in the formation of KVET, which was required by law to be in competition with the Johnsons' KTBC. Connally went on radio to defend Johnson against many of Hollers' charges, although not this one.

In 1948, Connally plunged into Johnson's campaign for the Senate. "I really ran the campaign that year," Connally says. The evidence is overwhelming that after the polls had closed, 203 votes, all but one of them for Johnson, were added to the returns from Box 13 in Alice, Texas. Johnson won the election by 87 votes out of about a million. Of the charges that the election was stolen for Johnson, Connally says, "All of the conversation about fraud and so forth was ridiculous."

For the first ten months of Johnson's career in the Senate, Connally was his administrative assistant, but then he peeled off into private life to make his fortune. J. R. Parten of Houston, a wealthy oilman who was one of two men who first recommended Connally to Johnson in the 1930s, says that Connally became associated with Sid Richardson because Connally had been "Lyndon's right-hand man in the Senate, and Sid was vitally interested in that depletion allowance." "I went to Fort Worth," Connally later told reporter Louis Hoffenbert, "and visited Mr. Richardson in his rooms at the Fort Worth Club. We talked most of the night. He invited me to join his organization. . . . At the end of our talk he told me: 'I'll pay you enough so Nellie and the kids won't go hungry, and I'll put you in the way to make some money.' "

The Floresville farm boy had found "a bird's nest on the ground." Richardson and his nephew Perry Bass had built a fortune in oil and gas, gasoline, carbon black, radio, television, drugstores, and ranching. Connally became Richardson's man for politics and general operating. "We had all kinds of lawyers, tax lawyers, title lawyers, patent lawyers," Connally remembers. Kennard explains of Richardson's interests, "In each operation there was a governmental factor involved." That factor was part of Connally's job.

As Richardson's man, Connally worked in Washington on legislation to discontinue federal regulation of natural-gas prices. A Texas reporter noted in 1955 that "Connally comes to Washington frequently now to watch what is going on in oil and gas legislation." That year Lyndon Johnson included in his legislative program as the Senate Majority Leader a bill freeing the gas industry from federal price control. Shortly before a vote on it in 1956, Senator Francis Case (Republican, South Dakota) announced that an oil lobbyist had offered him $2500 for a campaign fund if he would support the bill. The incident took on the proportions of a scandal, and President Eisenhower vetoed the bill, denouncing "arrogant" lobbying activities.

A Johnson insider of that period says that Johnson "kept after [Connally] to register as a lobbyist, but he said, 'I'm up here in my own interest and I don't have to register.' " Through his connection with Richardson, Connally had obtained some small interest in natural gas.

According to a wealthy oil operative who was also lobbying in Washington for this gas bill, Connally was "up there with a big suite at the Mayflower Hotel" from the first of January until the bill was passed and vetoed. "There wasn't anybody more active," this source says. He also remembers the flap over Connally's refusal to register as a lobbyist. "I recall Price Daniel [then the junior U.S. senator from Texas] complaining very bitterly because he didn't register. There was even some talk that . . . he was going to be denounced on the floor if he didn't. I know Johnson thought he should register. His [Connally's] position was, Mr. Richardson was his employer, he was there by right of petition to the government—it was just part of his regular duties."

At Connally's invitation a group of fifteen or twenty of the industry people partied in Johnson's office. One of the guests recalls that Connally appeared to be the host until the Majority Leader came in. But according to the Johnson insider, the moment the scandal over the alleged effort to bribe Senator Case broke, "Connally got out of the Mayflower and was out of town overnight." In a column, Drew Pearson said Connally had worked together with a lobbyist who was caught up in the scandal and that "Connally was one of the most brazen lobbyists in Washington for the natural-gas bill."

"The intimation" that Connally had been connected with the notorious 1956 incident (the term is Senator Case's) bobbed up at the time of Connally's confirmation by the Senate as Navy Secretary in

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1961, and again this year. This time Connally told senators, "I had no part in the incident any more than anybody else who was interested in the oil and gas business."

Another matter involving Connally, other Texans, and big oil was developing in the mid-1950s, although it did not become known generally for more than a decade. The case is full of parallels, echoes, and affinities.

Robert Anderson is a Texan who, like Connally, was both Secretary of the Navy and Secretary of the Treasury. President Eisenhower named him to the Navy job in 1953 and then Deputy Secretary of Defense in 1954. He left the government in 1955. After leaving, he became a party to private arrangements as a result of which he was to receive almost a million dollars in a complicated oil transaction. By one account, the purpose of the deal was to give Anderson the financial means to re-enter public life as Eisenhower's running mate in 1956. But Anderson later told a reporter that the large sum was payment for finding a driller, his fellow Texan Sid Richardson, to develop some oil property. In 1957, soon after this unusual transaction, Anderson became Secretary of the Treasury. In that post he helped to tighten federal policy against oil imports and thus to keep domestic oil prices high.

John Connally, Richardson's chief administrator, had to have knowledge of the Anderson transaction, though no one asked him about it during his confirmation hearings this year. My attempts to interview Secretary Connally this spring about the matter, as well as about more general questions, were unsuccessful.

Upon Richardson's death in 1959, Connally became one of three independent co-executors of the oilman's estate. Estimates of Richardson's worth had ranged to $800 million. In 1957 he told the AP that *Time's* figure of $200 million was not high enough. Nevertheless, Connally estimated the estate to be about $100 million, and in a preliminary report for tax purposes he and another attorney valued it at $30 million. State authorities set its market value at $87 million. The Treasury Department, presided over by Robert Anderson, appraised the gross estate at $105 million.

Although immersed in private life throughout the 1950s, Connally took a hand in national politics. At the 1952 Democratic National Convention which nominated Adlai Stevenson, Sid Richardson supported Senator Richard Russell of Georgia against him, and so did both Connally and Johnson. Texas liberals associate Connally that year with the GOP side of the fence, though he said in the summer of 1968 that he had always supported the Democratic nominees.

In 1956 Connally organized a national Democratic convention headquarters for Johnson, which included a forty-line telephone bank. When the moment came for Johnson's name to be placed in nomination before the convention, it was the quite obscure John Connally who did it.

Like a very few others who are close to Johnson, Connally crossed him on occasion. In 1956 Connally set up a Texas rally at which Johnson was to speak, but Johnson, arriving about an hour before the rally was to start, objected to most of the arrangements. While everyone else was falling back to safer ground, Connally told him, "It's been done and we're not going to change it. You can either pick up and go on back to the ranch or come on in. What'll it be?" Johnson, grousing some more, came on in.

In 1960 Connally again had roles to perform for Johnson. He played rough for Johnson at the start of the Democratic National Convention, raising questions about John Kennedy's health and Joseph Kennedy's alleged pro-Nazi views in the 1930s.

Later in the convention, Connally was among the small group who saw Johnson "about to jump out of his skin," telling them that Robert Kennedy had said to him that there was much opposition to his nomination for Vice President and that he should withdraw. Connally is supposed to have "snarled" at Robert Kennedy, "Who's the candidate, you or your brother?" According to a source close to the Johnson group, Connally opposed Johnson's taking second place.

People assumed that Connally's nomination to the Navy post was Johnson's doing, but Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., says it was Robert McNamara's, and Connally understands that it was Rayburn's. One cannot believe, though, that pleasing Johnson was not a factor in President Kennedy's mind.

The Senate examined Connally's business life during his confirmation hearing. In 1960 he had been identified as an officer or director of twenty-seven corporations. He told the senators that he had been involved, as a salaried man for Richardson, in oil and gas, radio and TV, cattle ranching, drugstores, mining, housing, carbon black, gasoline extraction, oilfield servicing, hydrocarbon storage, and a hotel. He also held shares in a California management company and an Austin bank, and received about $315 a month in royalties from a Texas oil well.

After remaining in Kennedy's Administration for less than a year, Connally quit to run for governor. According to Connally, Johnson told him, "John, you are out of your mind!" But, seeing Connally was going to run, Johnson "said he would help me all he could."

During Connally's governorship, from 1963 through 1968, Texas was a conservative place, frankly dull. Connally's major achievements were increased state spending for education and for the mentally ill and retarded. But the University of Texas became a focus of political ma-

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Why Johnny can't hide.

And doesn't want to anymore.

See Johnny hide. But not anymore.

Now Johnny works at 3M.

Once he thought all big organizations got that way by encouraging anonymity. Not because anyone ever told him that. But because he once had worked for one. Which will, of course, be nameless.

No one in that first organization actually told him the way to do well was to do as little as possible. Sort of stay out of the way.

But then, they never told him otherwise, either.

So he looked around. Made his own appraisal. And concluded there was a theory in operation.

To wit: Never state an opinion or take a risk and you'll never make a mistake.

Now, Johnny's no dope. He took what he thought was the hint.

He got lost in the crowd. Blended in with the background. And never, never attracted attention.

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We believe in people. One at a time. And we'd like to think Johnny knew that the day he started here.

Our whole atmosphere says it. You don't stand out here unless you stand up. And speak up.

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nipulation, and the result was academic demoralization. Connally bears responsibility for this because of his appointments and reappointments to the university board of regents.

His state's annual budget almost doubled during his period as governor. He is hardly the stereotype of the economy-conscious Republican, tight-fisted with the public's money. "You've been a spender," I remarked to him during a 1968 interview. "Yeah, I really have," he responded. "Tremendous, when you look at the budgets."

There has been talk of wheeling and dealing. In 1965 the state of Texas bought a twin-engine Lockheed Lodestar for his use for $86,000. It had been owned the year before by the LBJ Company and had been selling at that time for $35,000. Sources in Connally's office explained that some $55,000 worth of modifications had been added to the plane before the state bought it. Two years later it became known that it was costing too much to maintain and operate, and that he had stopped using it. To replace it, he accepted, on behalf of the state, for his use as governor, the gift of a plane from Texas Eastern Transmission Corporation, a multimillion-dollar natural-gas pipeline company, with interests in oil as well. George Brown, of Brown & Root, is also chairman of Texas Eastern.

Connally said he saw no issue of propriety in the state's taking the gift of the plane. "They said, 'We have no further use for it, can you-all use it?' I said, 'Sure, I'll be glad to get it.' I wish they'd had some more of them to give the state." People make gifts to the state all the time, he said: land, paintings, grants to law schools. "I'd love for people to give furniture to the state," he said.

Until now, Connally and his lieutenants have regarded the movement toward a two-party system in Texas with distaste. "Texas is a one-party state, and I'll see to it that it stays that way," Connally is supposed to have told an angry Republican architect, Rea Nesmith, whose $90,000 contract, recommended by the University of Texas regents, had not been approved by the governor. Lieutenant Governor Ben Barnes, Connally's and Johnson's leading Texas protégé at this time, said in 1966, "I doubt the wisdom of people . . . allowing a two-party system to get under way." Asked once if he regards one-party control of Texas as good, Connally replied, "Yes, from my viewpoint. . . . We've been fortunate to secure good people to run."

While governor, Connally administered the Great Society in Texas, but without enthusiasm. He opposed Medicare, was the first governor to veto a war-on-poverty project, and had doubts about the community-action programs. He appointed politically moderate and conservative members of minority groups to some state posts. He shunned racist rhetoric, but he went on statewide TV to oppose President Kennedy's public accommodations law. He was cool, in a careful way, toward minimum wages for farm workers, and he actively championed right-to-work laws. "Some of my positions on issues appeal to the Republicans; there is no question about that," he acknowledged in 1968. In that year, he said, the main issue was not Vietnam, but law and order.

He has favored federal revenue-sharing for some time, basically, he said in 1968, on the theory that the federal government is now "backing out" of many of its own programs and that the unit of government that spends the money ought to have to tax for it. On federal aid itself, he likes to sound conservative, but Texas took just about as much as it could get during his governorship.

Like most politicians, he says what the occasion and the constituency indicate will be received with approval, preferably accompanied by applause. Just last October, campaigning for a Democratic candidate in Texas, he berated "Republican prosperity," 9 and 10 percent interest rates, unemployment, and inflation. This summer no one notices him stuttering as he defends Nixon's policies. He is a thoroughly political politician.

Texas Attorney General Crawford Martin comes from the same Texas town as a young surgeon, Joe Henry Duke, who told Martin a story that took place in Parkland Hospital on November 22, 1963. Duke was doing his residency then, and he had never performed a major operation, but the head surgeon had left the hospital, and Duke was put in charge of the gravely wounded governor. Fearfully alarmed, Duke was nevertheless preparing to proceed to operate when the head doctor (having heard the news on the radio) came in on them, and wanting to know the medical situation, asked Duke, "Well, what do we have here?"

"The governor of Texas," Duke replied.

The governor sat up, stuck out his hand, and said, "John Connally, glad to meet you."

The doctors had to ease him back down, telling him he was not well enough to politick.

All sources agree that Connally was changed in some very deep way by his experience in the car with President Kennedy. Not all of them agree the change was for the better. Martin, who was Connally's Secretary of State at the time of the assassination, called on him the Saturday morning after that fatal Friday. He said to the wounded governor, "John, how you doing?" "Well," Connally replied, "I hurt awful bad, but they say I'm gonna make it. Now I feel that, rather than being elected, maybe I'm one of God's elect. The good Lord chose to leave me here, so I figure I'm one of God's elect." Martin says that Connally was very serious as he said this. "He's more religious than he puts out," Martin believes.

The current governor of Texas, Preston Smith, says there is no doubt that Connally's experience in

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Dallas "affected his personality and character." Before the assassination, Smith says, "on almost any morning you could find him at the Driskill Hotel [in Austin] at six thirty or seven o'clock, for breakfast in the dining room. I cannot recall ever having breakfast with him, and often we'd be the only ones there." (Connally's group regarded Smith as an outsider and an unsophisticated country bumpkin, and Governor Smith knows it.) After the shootings in Dallas, Smith never saw Connally in the Driskill for breakfast again. "I just wonder sometimes if he didn't think the price was too high," Smith says. "I don't know—it would have to happen to *you* for you to know." Two or three weeks after Connally had left the hospital, Smith visited him for about an hour at the Mansion. "I had a feeling that he felt that servin' was a real, real sacrifice," Governor Smith says. "He almost didn't run for a second term," Martin recounts. "He just seemed kinda confused. I remember we sat with him from one thirty one afternoon till six o'clock in the evening, his brother Merrill and I, and a couple of others. He almost quit. He didn't know what he wanted to do."

Members of the legislature began to regard him as inaccessible, aloof, and contemptuous of them. Stories abound of legislators who tried for months to see him without success. State Representative Jake Johnson of San Antonio says he got in twice, once to say hello and once to say good-bye. "I know John Connally better than Mr. Milhous does," Johnson says, "and the President is going to have to get a better tailor before Connally's going to have anything to do with him."

In 1966 Governor Connally snubbed a group of Texas-Mexicans who walked about 350 miles from South Texas to the State Capitol to call on him at his office and ask him to support a state minimum wage. To many Texas-Mexicans this was unpardonable. The only chicano member of the State Senate, Joe Bernal of San Antonio, says, "As a person of Mexican descent, if I'm not good enough to go to your home—that's pretty bad. . . ." Bernal says of Connally, "I'll always remember him as an immaculately dressed, handsome, Texas-type son of a bitch."

The first black to be elected to the Texas Senate since 1883, Miss Barbara Jordan, says with dignified but definite resentment that she never had any direct contact with Governor Connally or any "acknowledgement that I was here."

Connally is now, indisputably, a rich man. One month before he became governor, a reporter quoted him as saying that he was worth about half a million dollars. After he had been in office five years he said that his net worth totaled slightly more than a million, but that his financial situation had been impaired by his holding office. In the summer of 1968 he said both figures were about right, explaining that the first estimate had been made "fairly soon after [Richardson's] death," but also asserting, puzzlingly, that in accordance with a prohibition in the Texas constitution, he had not received any income from the Richardson estate while he was governor (which he still was).

This was the anomaly that interested Martin Waldron of the New York *Times*. On February 1 he reported that Richardson Foundation records filed with the Internal Revenue Service in 1966 showed that Connally had received funds from the foundation while he was governor. The sum of $225,000 was shown that year as a debt due him from the foundation as a distribution from the Richardson estate.

At the Senate hearing on this matter the next day, Connally divulged for the first time publicly that he had earned $750,000 in executor's fees for services rendered to the estate almost entirely during a fifteen-month period well before he became governor, and that he had received this money on a stretched-out, eleven-year pattern for tax reasons. When he was governor, he explained, he had received funds—$75,000 or $100,000 a year—from the foundation, not the estate, because in 1962 the former had assumed all the assets and liabilities of the latter. The constitutional prohibition clearly excluded from its terms money received for services rendered before taking office.

Connally denied having tried while governor to conceal his relationship with the Richardson estate and foundation, but he granted that he "did not go around telling the press all they wanted to know about my financial matters. To that extent, I withheld it."

While governor he bought a lot of land, the 14,500-acre Tortuga Ranch in Southwest Texas for an estimated $300,000, and a number of smaller tracts. The Connallys also built, on their ranch near Floresville, a rambling two-story mansion with swimming pool and a landing strip nearby. Eleven eight-foot doors were brought in from London for the house. Finished while he was governor, the house has four bedrooms, a family room forty feet long, a library, an impressive stairway with antique railings, and a high-ceilinged dining room with a fourteen-foot ebony-wood dining table.

From the governor's office, Connally went directly into a senior partnership in the powerful Texas law firm that was then renamed Vinson, Elkins, Searls, & Connally. This large company of lawyers represents major out-of-state capital in Texas. Connally also joined the boards of a Houston bank, a cement company, Halliburton Company (which owns Brown & Root), Texas Instruments, Gibraltar Savings, a Texas newspaper supplement, and a local phone company, and he became a limited partner in a drive-through zoo.

Connally is an interesting man, with a certain resonance and seriousness. He went into the public arena with resolution, and although he was almost shot out of it, he stayed the

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course and now he is back. There is a melodramatic quality to our public life these days that is both depressing and compelling, and he is of it. Despite his handicaps among Democrats for joining Nixon, and among Republicans as a Johnson Democrat, he remains a formidable politician. Perhaps it is because his switchover was so bold and conspicuous. He has a Texas power base, open-door access to powerful Democratic leaders in Congress like Wilbur Mills, and one of the highest posts in Nixon's Administration. It was Connally more than anyone else who masterminded conservative Democratic Senator Lloyd Bentsen's victory over liberal incumbent Ralph Yarborough in the Democratic primary last year and then over Republican candidate George Bush in the November election.

And Connally has a special place in former President Johnson's esteem. In late December, 1963, a reporter saw President Johnson inscribe the text of a speech to Connally: "John and Nellie, who made all this possible." After the 1964 election, during a speech in Texas, Johnson said he cried once when he saw Connally board a plane for an aircraft carrier during the war because he feared he would not see his friend again. To Connally, who was present, Johnson said, "I think you are the only man who ever made me cry. I never loved you more than I do now."

They are almost brothers. Johnson took into his White House family a number of aides who had been sponsored by Connally—Marvin Watson, George Christian, Larry Temple. In 1966, Johnson justified Connally's conservatism to Eric Goldman. Knee-jerk liberals and crackpots were hacking away at Connally, said Johnson, "until he had to move to the right to get some support." And Johnson was grateful as Connally warmly supported his every move in foreign policy and contemptuously questioned the sense and patriotism of the dissenters. Willing that the United States in Latin America "work within whatever government is there as long as that government is not inimical to our interests," supportive of the war in Vietnam, Connally is an eagle in Latin America and a hawk in Asia.

What, then, does Connally's appointment mean for American society? Little, or much? Does the Nixon-Connally alliance signify something new? Connally's orbit seems to have spun loose from Johnson's—but has it really?

Like other Texas Democrats in the last twenty-five years, Connally may have decided that he has no future as a national Democrat and can do better for himself on the other side. Nixon's and Connally's thinking may have converged into one political strategy, the creation from the Republican side of "a new American majority" of Republicans and Southern Democrats, conservatives and moderates, funded by oil and other big business, that can finally reduce the liberals to a minority.

The Connally appointment could presage an attempt to nationalize the politics of the Texas power structure. In that state the Republicans and the conservative, big-money Democrats work together ingeniously to control the political apparatus and the government. The President might be reasoning that with Connally campaigning for him, what works in Texas could work in the country.

And if Connally, why not Johnson, too? There are contradictory stories regarding Johnson's reaction to the Connally appointment. Nixon's press secretary Ron Ziegler said that Johnson "was very pleased," and Johnson has not disputed the statement. The word from inside the Johnson camp is that Johnson resented not having been consulted by Nixon or Connally before the appointment was made. But there was doubt that he was angry about the appointment itself. He is fundamentally angry, not at Nixon or Connally, but at the leading national Democrats who in effect roughhoused him out of office and since then have lined up, almost to a man, in repudiation of the Vietnam War. Although he would almost certainly support the Democratic nominee publicly, Johnson could wind up privately favoring Nixon in 1972, as some believe he did in 1968.

This possibility fits in well with a speech Johnson made in May, 1970, at a Democratic fund-raising dinner in Chicago. At the time, it seemed to be a stray piece of a puzzle, most of the rest of which was nowhere to be seen. Nixon had just invaded Cambodia and gone on national television to explain himself. The next night in Chicago Johnson said, "I heard our President's voice last night. I think our country is getting to know it." Everyone who loves freedom should give Nixon his support, Johnson said, adding, "he has mine." Johnson went further. He warned that if extreme views were adopted, the Democrats might be a minority party, or "several minority parties. I warn you," he said, "there is real danger of that tonight."

The country has not yet had time to grasp the potential import of the Nixon-Connally liaison. I am among those who, in this general situation, see the Texas boys at it again. Texans are serious. They go for broke. They are unorthodox. They count on being taken lightly. Hoots from the dandies entertain the townsfolk as the Texans take the town. Then, when everybody else is asleep, they play dominoes and plan the next day.

"We aren't totally convinced," writes Editor H. M. Baggarly of the Tulia, Texas, *Herald*, "that Johnson would jump from the top story of the Johnson Memorial at Austin should John Connally pursue his ambitions as a Republican. If LBJ had to choose between Nixon and . . . say . . . a Kennedy . . . well . . ."

Now, at any rate, we seem to have more pieces to the puzzle, although one cannot yet see it all, or put it together. All that is really clear is New York *Times* man Tom Wicker's judgment that this appointment is "the most interesting in years." □

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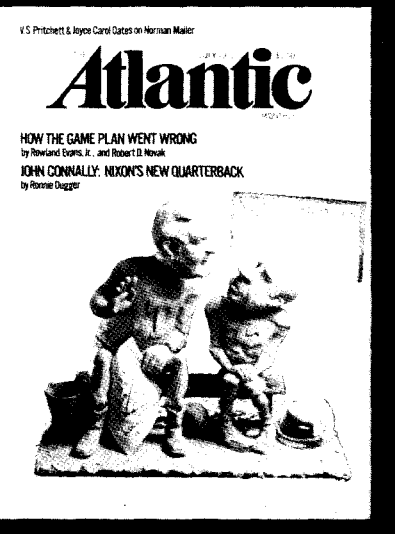

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LIFE & LETTERS

PROUST: A PROPHET REMEMBERED

b. JULY 10, 1871

by Melvin Maddocks

How imperious the Old Masters look, staring down from their camera portraits. Joyce, disdainfully myopic, with the jaw of a Jesuit despot. Mann, wearing that invisible monocle and sitting on his garden chair like a throne before which invisible dusky captives plead for mercy. No chance. And Proust: little Proust, resembling a late Roman emperor with his baby's mouth—a tiny O of decadence—and those enormous smudged eyes full of the invalid's passive gift for command.

JoyceMannProust: they seem as remote as absolute monarchy. Kingpriests, if not semi-divinities. We say: *Joyce's* Dublin, *Mann's* Venice, *Proust's* Paris, and we think of these not just as governed worlds but as the raw stuff of creation. What ambition! What sublime arrogance for themselves and for art (with a capital A)! And yet for this very reason they make us uncomfortable. More and more in recent years we've stared in the opposite direction, hoping they'd go away, as other institutions (God, Father) obligingly have done.

Of the three, Proust seems perhaps the most absolute, certainly the most remote. One hundred years after his birth, July 10, 1871, he appears every bit that far away. We don't see him as a slightly younger contemporary of Picasso, an acquaintance of Stravinsky. The nonreaders of 1971 look at Proust as he looked at his characters. He has become a series of superimposed images and rather legendary double takes. At the end of all those years, at the end of all those pages (2265 in the Random House edition of *Remembrance of Things Past,* translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff), Proust still seems to sit in that violet dressing gown, in that bed, in that cork-lined room, delicately balancing a cup of double-strength coffee on those black plush notebooks—waiting like a spider for readers to come into his parlor, or rather, into the labyrinth that only promises to lead to him.

Alas, we are in the presence of that phenomenon that the late-twentieth-century mind least enjoys contemplating: a classic. Even to reach Proust's maze we must penetrate the critic's maze that surrounds it. "More has been written about Proust in many languages than about any other author of the twentieth century," the Proustian scholar Roger Shattuck has flatly stated, counting over 3000 items in bibliography. Worse, there has been a stubborn tradition of Proust-reading—a mystique that has insisted upon the complexity, the exotic specialness of Proust. Einsteinian aesthetes have droned on about the space-time dimensions of an event and the memory of the event. Critics have fallen in love with their optical metaphors: the magic lantern, the telescope pointed at the past, and so on. To read Proust, to read about Proust, has become, like marathon-running, one of life's highly optional forms of exhaustion.

Fortunately, the preferred interpretations of the Master have grown infinitely more dated than the Master himself. Ever since *Last Year at Marienbad* (at the latest), the two-way dissolve—the flashback that melds past and present—has been a cinematic cliché. To a Consciousness III generation, whose nurseries come equipped with strobe lights, no laborious lectures need be delivered on the Fragmented Vision or Illusion and Reality. In 1971 a reader can no more thrill to *Remembrance of Things Past* as a technical breakthrough than he can marvel every time he picks up the telephone and it just happens to work. "All those Chinese puzzles of form, all these deliquescent mandarin subtleties"—to turn Proust's words against himself—custom has neutralized and later fashions in obscurity have replaced.

A centenary declares a kind of amnesty on all reputations—bad and good. It is time to rescue Proust from his cult. We have earned the rights of posterity—to misinterpret him in our own ways. At least we can stop being obsessed with him as an innovator—now almost fifty years dead! What a relief it is to ask, in all rudeness, the questions we ask of ordinary novelists: How entertaining are his characters? What does he know about life? And never mind the standard short history of Symbolism.

The rewards for demythologizing Proust are immediate. Once we stop being so resentfully reverent, we notice an obvious but little publicized fact: Proust is a superb comedian. The seven volumes of *Remembrance of Things Past* are crammed to the

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margins with minor characters comparable to Dickens' eccentrics or, more accurately, to the grotesques of Gogol. What writer has created a more perfect hypochondriac than Aunt Léonie?—surely a self-portrait in part. Day and night she sits in her bed, in her version of a cork-lined room, playing card games against herself, her false hair pushed away not only to expose her baldness but to lay bare her oddity. Aunt Léonie imagines a miracle that will break her spell—free her from her bed. Her favorite dream: a fire will kill all her relatives but bring her to life as a mourner standing at their graveside. In the meantime, unhappily presuming they live and will shortly visit her, she repeats her instructions to herself: "I must not forget that I never slept a wink."

Or there is Legrandin, the perfect snob—again with elements of self-portraiture. (Before he turned into an Aunt Léonie, Proust was infamous as a social climber.) Legrandin gives little vanity-of-vanities sermons on society, even as he sedulously campaigns for the choice invitations. Proust impales him on a phrase: the "Saint Sebastian of snobbery." His eyes full of pain—"the eyes of a good-looking martyr whose body bristles with arrows"—Legrandin asks the question he hates, the question he is doomed to ask: "Do you know the ladies of Guermantes?"

What is Proust's own attitude toward "the ladies of Guermantes," toward society? It is a question crucial to *Remembrance of Things Past,* and for once, Proust is as complex as advertised. He manages to be both the tartest of comedians and the most vulnerable of romantics. In an essay "An Anatomy of Snobbery," Arthur Koestler confesses to having disengaged himself from a dull, middle-aged lady at a cocktail party when he found out she was running a dressmaker's shop. "How did you like the Princess de G.?" he was asked. "I turned and had another look at the dull woman," he writes, "—and, lo! how fascinating she had become." This, at heart, is Proust's snobbery too.

Of the Duc de Guermantes he writes in hushed tones: "This ducal personality was enormously distended, immaterialised." He becomes a sort of pantheistic deity, immanent in the very walks and trees of his estate. Even the "endless series of hot summer afternoons" come to seem ducal.

Proust can make the most incriminating observations about society in practice. If the Duc visits a sickbed, he is overcome by the honor he is bestowing on a dying plebeian. When the Dreyfus case is discussed at the very best parties, it gets trivialized to the common level of gossip. Was Dreyfus sleeping with the War Minister's wife or the Prime Minister's wife? This was the important issue.

Society, Proust understands, is, above all, antisocial, a monstrous disease of collective ego. Society is Mme. Verdurin forcing her salon-dominating laugh until, quite literally, she dislocates her jaw. Society is the Duc's hand, floating, almost detached, across a drawing room, idly flapping like a shark's fin.

Proust smiles, Proust mourns. But he can never quite bring himself to despise society. He forgives it even when unforgivable. It is a magic kingdom beyond the ordinary laws of man. He writes of the Duchesse de Guermantes: "No exhausting necessity to think, no moral anxiety or nervous trouble has deformed" her.

Society is slowly dying, page by page, in *Remembrance of Things Past,* and it deserves to die. But Proust presides over that death with exquisite and finally touching reluctance: he has nothing to put in its place.

Proust's other beau ideal is love: Swann's way. Where love is concerned, Proust tends to be a masochist. The power of love he measures by its power to cause suffering. Love is deprivation rather than consummation. Love, in particular, is jealousy.

Proust's man in love is a dupe: the victim of a treacherous chemistry that deserves the name illness as more than a metaphor. Almost invariably he loves the wrong woman. Charles Swann's summary of Odette is the classic cry: "To think that I have wasted years of my life, that I have longed for death, that the greatest love that I have ever known has been for a woman who did not please me, who was not in my style."

Love in Proust is the sort of dismal cold sweat most people identify as a withdrawal symptom. Even at

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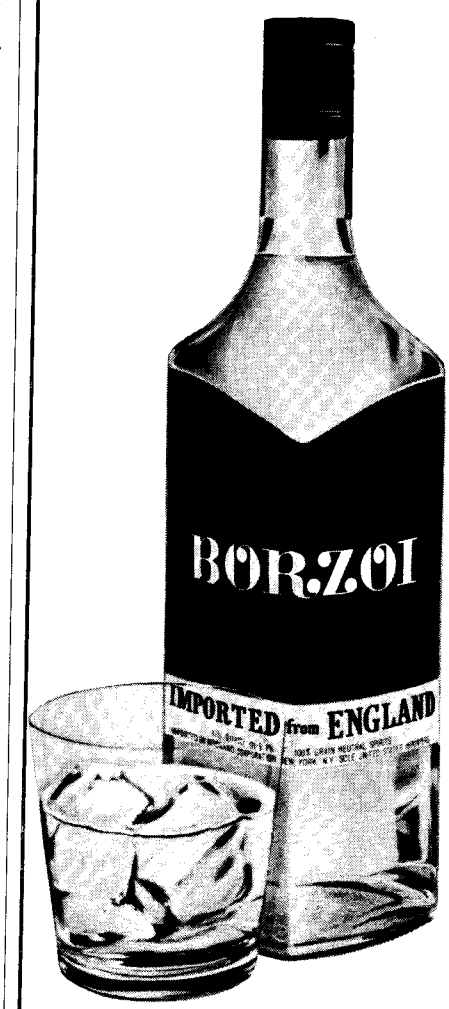

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MY SON IS A SPLENDID DRIVER, a novel in the form of a memoir, concerns the Hansen family of Freedom, Kansas. The salesman father, the anxious and domineering mother, the "splendid" older son, the socially ambitious daughter—these are American archetypes; and so is the lonely searcher Joey, the younger son who tells their story. The scene is familiar. The narration is simple. The elements are primary: love, grief, pride, effort, pain and joy. The book is short. But it is a fundamental American novel.

What it has, simply, is the awesome power of truth. Closely observed, faithfully evoked, profoundly experienced, the Hansens are striking individuals; but they also have a place in our collective memory. That they should live so strongly bespeaks the maturity and the artistic dedication of their creator.

This is the second novel by **William Inge,** and we think it a finer and more ample work than his first: *Good Luck, Miss Wyckoff,* published by us in 1970. We believe that Mr. Inge is to be valued as much for his novels as for his celebrated achievements in writing for the theater.

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LITTLE, BROWN

the moment of fervor, Proust's lovers are disillusioned: they see through everything but are just as helpless as if they didn't. In this captive melancholy, Proust comes close to Jung's theory of the *anima:* the troubling She is the manifestation of the demon in a man's soul, his soul-sickness. "When we are in love with a woman," he writes, "we simply project into her a state of our own soul."

No wonder the loved ones—Odette, the Duchesse de Guermantes, Albertine—remain vague to the end. Odette first appears without even a name, as the Lady in Pink. The flowers always pinned to her or arranged about her in vases—Parma violets, enormous chrysanthemums—seem more vivid than she herself. The Duchesse floats into the book practically as an apparition—"in the colours of a tapestry or a painted window . . . a being of another substance than the rest of the human race."

Proust generalizes that all lovers have trouble remembering the face of their beloved: "Our mental photographs are always blurred." This is certainly a problem for him. He can recall every last bit of jewelry—sapphire charms, enameled four-leaf clovers, gold medallions, turquoise amulets, ruby chains—but not the face itself. By a kind of memory trick he associates his women with paintings by Botticelli (Odette) or Giotto (Albertine).

It is as if Proust peered at all his elegant ladies at twilight, under parasols, wide-brimmed hats, and the most shapeless of cloaks. He will not, or cannot, very often tell you the color of the lady's hair or eyes, her height, her weight, her flatness, her roundness, the shape of her nose. If you are lucky, you will get an angle of the head to the body; and a perfume. Always a perfume. In the end, Proust's *femmes fatales* line the shelves like distilled essences.

The breakdown of love and the breakdown of society, the twin themes of *Remembrance of Things Past,* come together in Proust's consummate portrait of the Baron de Charlus. How can one begin to describe this extraordinary, this ill-designed man? His very vitality seems a fever, an indisposition. There is a clownish element to all Proust men, as if life were about to play a practical joke on them. Charlus is the most heartbreakingly funny.

When the Narrator first sees him—"pigeon's-wings" sideburns, black straw hat, moss-rose in his buttonhole—he suspects him of being a hotel crook. Eyes are the all-important center of life to Proust; in this respect one cannot overemphasize optics. Charlus' eyes are "dilated with observation"—the eyes, the Narrator speculates, of a madman or a spy. Charlus looks at his fellowmen as if at "a manuscript difficult to decipher." When he walks down the street, glaring fixedly about him, cab-drivers stop under the impression they are being hailed. Proust sums him up as "a powerful man in danger"—a man "on the point of explosion."

With Charlus the 1971 reader is in familiar company: the presence of self-destruction. But in *Remembrance of Things Past* even self-destruction takes time. Vices manifest themselves like overripe flowers opening to slow-motion photography. Four volumes pass before Charlus' homosexuality blooms for the reader—less a particular vice than a stand-in for all vice, a working example of original sin.

Proust was a self-recriminating homosexual, to Gide's disgust. But homosexuality was merely the vice that most scandalized, and perhaps thrilled, the Hebrew prophet that Edmund Wilson saw residing in Proust. Proust's hopes, his *summa bona* of life—love and society—are humanistic. But when these hopes fail, his sense of damnation is strictly Old Testament. The title of the volume centering on Charlus, *Cities of the Plain,* is not to be taken lightly. In the end, Proust compares Charlus' Paris not only with Sodom and Gomorrah but with Pompeii.

The twentieth century invades Proust's world with Faustian instruments of the devil: the telephone, the automobile, finally the airplane. It is a German bomber of World War I that rains down fire and brimstone as Charlus emerges from a homosexual brothel where he has been purchasing flagellation. Charlus has betrayed both love and society. He "allowed a Queen to die," Proust writes, "rather than miss an appointment with the hairdresser who was to singe his hair for the benefit of an omnibus conductor."

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For this he must be punished, but not by a German bomber. Time is damnation in Proust. It sucks youth and shrivels the soul, not as an act of nature but as an act of retribution. Time fells Charlus by a stroke, leaving him almost speechless, propped up on a park bench like a rag doll, but still importuning the boys. Time turns Odette senile: "They leave her in her corner. Besides, she's a bit dotty." So much for Botticelli.

Hell for Proust is a ticking clock, leading him, second by second, toward a horror-comedy he did not bargain for. "He had been satisfying a sensual curiosity," he writes of Swann. "What were the pleasures of those people who lived for love alone?" Swann had wanted to know. "He had supposed he could stop there, that he would not be obliged to learn their sorrows also." This curious naïveté, this innocent romanticism, Proust may well have shared as he began tracking down the taste of those famous madeleine cakes dipped in tea. For Proust did not start out disillusioned; he got that way. Just as his characters slowly discover their special vices, he seemed to discover the vice of despair in himself, volume by volume.

There is a petulance to Proust—a fussy-invalid quality. One could even say a little glibly that *Remembrance of Things Past*, this whole immense mosaic, is the Byzantine revenge on life of a small boy whose mother once, just once, failed to kiss him good-night.

Proust is a world-eater. If reality displeases him, he simply ingests it and converts it into something else he likes better. He confesses: "I did not at that time know, and indeed have never since learned how to reduce to its objective elements my strong impressions." This is Proust's genius—and limitation. He can put promise and betrayal into the flavor of almond. He can identify sorrow and exile by a smell of varnish on the stairs. He has mastered the trade of Narcissus: he uses the whole world as his mirror.

The reader of *Remembrance of Things Past* seems to be sitting in a garden under filtered moonlight. Fragrances are so pungent as to become tastes. One hears from far off (or near, but *pianissimo*) the sound of a harpsichord. The notes fall tangibly on the ear. All the senses interact to produce in concert one impression, and that impression is Proust.

When love and society failed for him, Proust switched his bet to art. The artist will be the last aristocrat, the last lover: "With men like these we do really fly from star to star." Salvation-through-art—this gamble seems more desperate than the other two.

We are in the presence of a fanatic. Here is a man who will make no concessions to our lives. Can we spare the time to read his 2265 pages? Is he writing about something that interests us? The questions never cross his mind. He expects every reader to give him the total attention of his "Granny," wearing her cambric gown like "her servant's livery, her nurse's uniform": No matter how "great the misery there was in me, it would be received by her with a pity still more vast." If the reader lets him down, if he is a little less obsessed with Proust's life than Proust himself, he will earn the cold rebuke Proust once inserted into an essay on Stendhal: "We have lost the ability to read."

"How insane had been his ambition," Proust writes of Swann as Swann staked out the absolutes of love. How insane is Proust as he stakes out the absolutes of art. Yet, even as unbelievers, we are awed and moved. For we know Proust's little secret, hinted at in irony after irony. He is an unbeliever too. We are in the presence of a special kind of fanatic—the agnostic who still manages to build a cathedral.

What strength! What perversity! To operate as if the old unities were true, even as one painstakingly describes their dissolution. This is the achievement Proust's first admirers recognized—and turned into a monument. The 1971 reader discovers an even more remarkable fact: Proust lives. He can amuse us, exasperate us, and just plain hold us with a power no contemporary novelist can match. Because he happens to be a genius as well as an egoist, his exorbitant demands that we pay more attention to him end by forcing us, against all our usual inclinations, to pay more attention to the world and finally to ourselves. The compliment we owe Proust is the compliment we owe every great writer: he makes us become great readers or know the loss.

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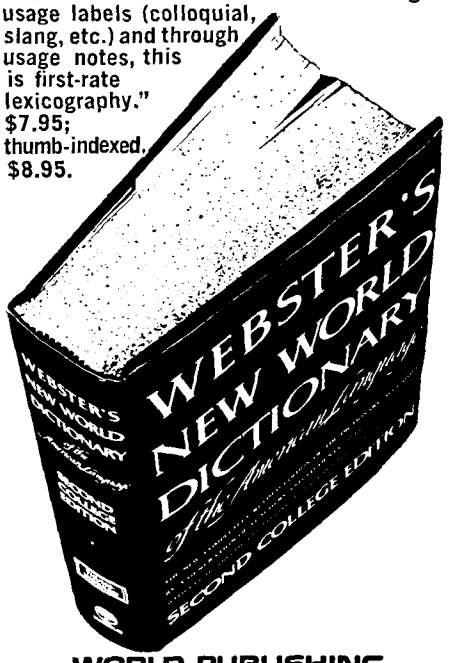

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MUSIC

THE ROLLS-ROYCE OF COMPOSERS

by Robert Evett

After one of the most funereal of those tributes that they were forever giving Stravinsky in his last years, he remarked, "It made me feel like a kind of musical Rolls-Royce, the best and most expensive composer running." The car, it appears, has survived the man, but if nobody left among us is strong enough to call himself "the greatest living composer," or something of the like, so much the better.

While Stravinsky was alive, it was impossible to look at his work without seeing it in the light he generated as a public figure. He was a celebrity, a luminary in the international intellectual jet-set, a culture-hero. He also served as a bellwether of fashion, and for almost sixty years exerted a powerful influence on other composers and on trend, though not in the sense that music popularizers often suggest.

A few hours after his death, I heard a radio announcer refer to him as "the Father of Modern Classical Music." The inanity of this ascription is exaggerated by the crudeness of the language in which it is couched, but it is the kind of thing people will say about Stravinsky.

The truth is that Stravinsky was only one of many people born ninety years ago, give or take a few years, who participated in the radical movements in the arts that germinated shortly before and flowered shortly after the First World War. It is a matter of real concern whether these movements were the result of a deterministic process that we do not yet understand, or a reflection of technological or social change, or the aesthetic counterpart of a general breakdown in the religious and moral values of Western civilization, or merely the collective whim of some talented, iconoclastic, and eccentric young men; but which of these conditions was the dominant one has successfully eluded all the speculations to date. And it does not matter who, in the race for novel techniques, actually won. For Stravinsky, the important thing is that he was in the right place—Paris—at the right time—1913—and that the piece, *Le Sacre du printemps,* had the right effect.

In the course of his work, Stravinsky went through three metamorphoses that are of such broad implications that it is possible to speculate on what would have happened in music if they had not taken place.

First, there was the writing of *Le Sacre.* The vast body of critical literature about it tends to suggest, not very cautiously, that quite apart from the compelling qualities of the piece itself, it deflected the course of music.

The technical innovations in it are not all that far-reaching. It was, and remains, most radical in point of form, and I don't know of any analysis that adequately accounts for the way in which it unfolds. Perhaps some current notions about organic form could be traced back to *Le Sacre,* but it gives the impression of being the only thing of its kind and consequently, in this one regard, a work of no appreciable technical influence.

Its most startling deviation from the conventional music of the period is in rhythm. Between the end of the Renaissance and the early twentieth century, all of the ruling rhythmic units within musical form in Occidental art-music were regular, and music was as easy to analyze in point of rhythm as is conventional poetry. The twentieth century changed all that, but it was not Stravinsky who did the changing. Debussy (who was a sort of father figure to Stravinsky) had, in such works as *Fêtes* and the scherzo of the String Quartet, anticipated the rhythms that were so characteristic of *Le Sacre,* and Bartók, though he was an obscure figure in the boondocks of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, was working toward a greatly expanded system of musical metrics. It would be possible to develop this argument at almost endless length, but the point remains the same: the old metrical limitations in music were dissolving in and around 1910, and would have done so even without *Le Sacre.*

As for harmony: there are chords in *Le Sacre*—and *Petrushka,* too—that would have been unrecognizable to Brahms. However, these chords are merely an extension of the existing tonal system. Whether this was an advantage, as I think it was, or a disadvantage, depends on one's overall view of musical progress. In any case, a far more radical harmony was already current in Vienna. Schoenberg's fifteen songs to texts from Stefan George's *Buch der hängenden Gärten,* completed in 1909, though they are hardly known to the general public and have never had a wide audience, were the pieces that set the harmonic course of the Viennese trinity, and as things have fallen out, have been more influential on music composed since 1950 (including Stravinsky's own) than *Le Sacre.*

The special significance of *Le Sacre* is that it put Stravinsky on stage. Being a man of the theater, he knew how to exploit his position, not only to his own best advantage but also to the advantage of everybody else in the modernist movement, no matter what his style. Then, too, *Le Sacre* had a quality, apparent from the beginning, of commanding the complete attention of the listener, whether that attention was friendly or hostile. In his later music, Stravinsky never again produced a piece which lent itself so readily to promotion at the level of mass culture.

What happened next was the development of an anti-Romantic post-impressionism that was called neoclassicism. The label is misleading since there is not necessarily anything "classical" about the music so designated, but it was in his tonal neoclassical period—from, say, *L'Histoire du soldat* (1918) to *The Rake's Progress* (1951)—that Stravinsky picked up his enormous following. During this period, Stravinsky's brand of eclecticism led him to fetch up musical materials from an extremely wide variety of sources—eighteenth-century vocal music, Gregorian chant, ragtime and jazz—and to handle them in a range of styles, from the mild (as in *Apollon* and *Oedipus Rex*) to the severe (as in the Serenade for Piano, the Symphony of Psalms, the Mass).

In this phase, Stravinsky exerted

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discernible influence on three distinct categories of composers. First, on men of independent mind and comparable stature. Prokofiev, Milhaud, the Ravel of the Violin Sonata and the *Chansons madécasses* come to mind. In these and similar instances, there was some cross-pollination. I'm not proposing for a second that Ravel ever became a Stravinskian in the sense that Stravinsky later became a Webernian, but rather that Ravel's awareness of Stravinsky was an infecundating and fruitful one that actually influenced the style and substance of some of Ravel's best music.

Second, there were composers who briefly fell into Stravinsky's orbit and then fell out again. Some of the music of Hindemith's youth, most especially the pair of *Kammermusiken,* Op. 24, which are still played a lot, fall into this category, and so does the Harpsichord Concerto of Manuel de Falla. Even some of the early music of Shostakovich (the First Piano Concerto, *The Golden Age*) shows some Stravinsky influence.

Third, and far most important, are the composers who either altered their mature styles, as Roussel and Casella did, or created them from scratch, as many of the younger composers did, to conform to the aesthetics of Stravinskian neoclassicism.

Long before 1940, the modernist movement in Europe and in Europe's sphere of influence was divided into two apparently irreconcilable camps: the dominant but disunited tonalists, and the nontonalists, relatively weak, but united under the aegis of Schoenberg. Many tonal composers of originality and merit lacked charismatic leadership, and Stravinsky had plenty of it. The result was that he was the most powerful figure among the tonalists. Assuming that, in 1945, at the time of Bartók's death, there were 4000 composers in the world with artistic ambitions, at least 90 percent of them would have been tonalists, and of them, about half either under the influence of Stravinsky or not hostile to it.

At its best, Stravinsky's influence shows up somewhat indirectly. Clean line and transparency of texture are characteristics of his that can be of great use to composers who, on other matters of style, are their own masters.

At worst, he emerges as a Pied Piper figure. Among modern composers (this was, of course, as true 200 years ago as it is now), the majority have very little individuality, and if they are swallowed up in some sort of mass movement, it is no great loss. To such composers, Stravinsky was undoubtedly a guide; whether they would have been better off with another guide is a matter of very little moment. The curious thing is that Stravinsky's influence, far from being confined to his camp followers, was felt by so many composers of real stature.

As for Stravinsky's rapprochement with Viennese serialism: it is clear from this distance that by the late forties the powerful trends in European music were away from Stravinsky, away from tonality, and toward radically different compositional techniques. André Hodeir, the John the Baptist of French atonality, has asserted (and I assume still holds) that Stravinsky, having looked on beauty once and only once (in *Le Sacre*), had turned his back on it and was beyond all hope of redemption. It is certain that Boulez and other young apostles of Webern did not look for Stravinsky's advice or support.

Want it or not, they got it. Stravinsky began to explore Schoenberg's method of writing with 12 tones and, in a few years, adopted it. Stravinsky's defection did not heal the breach between the rival factions in Western music, but it did have two immediate effects. First, it dragged his followers into the Viennese orbit; second, it left the remaining tonal composers without the authority of a generally acknowledged leader.

That Stravinsky should try his hand at writing "antitonal" music (he coined the term to describe the *Movements for Piano and Orchestra)* is no odder and no more inconsistent than that he should have experimented with ragtime. But in view of the gravity of the issues, it appeared that the most celebrated exponent of the older tradition was, by abandoning it, declaring it bankrupt. Actually, with only a couple of exceptions, Stravinsky's last works are clearly marked with the composer's stamp, and in spite of their brand of chromaticism, are not all that different in style or sound from some of the music he was writing a few years earlier. However, giving his blessing to Schoenberg and his school was surely the most influential gesture Stravinsky ever made.

When a man is cut down at sixty-five or seventy or some other normally attainable age, his reputation, and sometimes his work, undergoes a radical revaluation and may even disappear for a while. When Bartók died, his stock went up; when Hindemith died, his went down to zero. It is unlikely that anything so extreme will happen to Stravinsky, at least in the immediate future. This is partly because toward the end his output trickled down to nothing at all. His last big public success, the *Requiem Canticles,* dates from 1966, and even before that, people spoke of him as if his canon were complete.

Now that he is among the honored dead, he will find himself in a rank with some of the others, and I suspect that it will be among composers for the theater.

He has something in common with Rossini in that a great deal of his music is light and hardly any of it truly tragic. Like Rossini, he attained a vast celebrity during his lifetime, and it would not be ironical if, like Rossini, he turned out to be so much a man of his time that the future permitted most of his work to fall into oblivion.

Yet Stravinsky was by no means a merely fashionable composer. He had an intellectual commitment to his art and an abiding concern with technique. He was not as revolutionary as Wagner, but he was considerably more versatile. Since the men and their work were so utterly dissimilar, it would be pointless to try to push them into the same mold, but as figures of influence and power they are alike.

He will also stand some comparison with Verdi. I think that Stravinsky was much the stronger composer, but they are alike in that they both had long lives, that their most popular works were early, that in old age they sold out to the enemy (Verdi, after all, became something of a Wagnerian toward the end), and that they both wrote substantial religious works in their final styles.

Most of all, Stravinsky calls up the image of Handel. Both men spent their adult lives in exile, both were adored by the public, both were comfortable outside the theater as well as

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in it, both were sensitive to what was expected of them as men of fashion, both were marvelous craftsmen, both had a flair for the theatrical in real life.

Handel, in his blindness, had a young associate, John Christopher Smith, who attended to his personal needs, took care of his contracts and correspondence, committed his music to the page, trained choruses and orchestras, and prepared concerts which Handel himself conducted from the harpsichord.

Robert Craft would probably hate the comparison, but he was in many ways Stravinsky's John Christopher Smith. Like Smith, he has spent all of his adult life until now in close association with a musical superstar who, because of the increasing infirmities of age, could not have functioned without his help.

In preparing the books that he produced in collaboration with the composer, Craft has made a gift to the world that is, I think, unique. They give Stravinsky a charm that is entirely lacking in his earlier autobiography and the *Poetics of Music*. In the books written jointly with Craft, Stravinsky becomes attractive rather as Max Beerbohm is attractive. In the event that his music has its ups and downs like anybody else's during his posthumous career, the books can be counted on to keep his memory fragrant.

MOVIES

MAKING OUT VS. TALKING IT OUT

by David Denby

SUMMER OF '42
directed by Robert Mulligan
Warner Brothers

SATURDAY MORNING
directed by Kent Mackenzie
Columbia Pictures

If we are honest with ourselves, our adolescent sex experiences are likely to appear in memory as pretty funny or at worst an awkward mess—no matter how intense or spiritual they may have seemed at the time. Screenwriter Herman Raucher's recollection of himself and his friends at age fifteen, *Summer of '42*, is most fully alive when it is most explicit about the fantastic energy and humor of boys on the make: the physical problem of getting your hand around a girl's shoulders at the movies and then on to her breast (and not her arm, for Christ's sake!), the terrifying trip to the drugstore for contraceptives, and all the rest. But when Raucher tries to make poetry out of first love and the loss of male innocence (his own), he shows that he still thinks like an adolescent; the movie becomes both elevated in tone and incoherent in feeling, an exercise in soft-focus commercial nostalgia.

The male characters are sharply observed. At the center of the movie there is earnest little Hermie (Gary Grimes), the screenwriter-in-adolescence, a conventionally good-looking, all-American type of boy who falls recklessly in love with Dorothy (Jennifer O'Neill), the lovely twenty-two-year-old "adult" whose husband goes off to fight in the Second World War. Transfixed by her perfect physical wholeness and beauty, Hermie courts her with manly courage and abashed formality, completely unsure of what he should be doing or what he wants to happen. Then there's Oscy (beautifully played by Jerry Houser), the teen-age sexual entrepreneur: aggressive, affectionate, gregarious, Oscy turns the rites of sexual initiation into a vast comic game in which every event is to be celebrated and enjoyed. In pursuit of his "feels" and finally his "lay," he becomes an entertainer and prod for his friends, inquiring after their progress and denouncing them as "homos" when they fail to act (not because he means it, but because the word functions as an all-purpose reproach for a friend who's fallen into behavioral limbo). Girls, on the other hand, are not quite as real as friends; they are the others, the ones talked about and acted on, and are to be approached with put-on gallantry and a thorough knowledge of the illustrated marriage manual. Finally, there is Benjie (Oliver Conant), who is skinny and has glasses and is not ready for experience; he bolts at the first sign of a girl.

These three and their families are passing a dull summer together on an underpopulated island off the coast of New England; while brothers and husbands go off to fight, the boys struggle against boredom by staging raids on the Coast Guard station, picking fights with one another, prowling the island for girls, and spying on the beautiful war bride. Not only is the movie set in the forties, but it also has some of the feeling of a forties movie in its overall placidity, confidence, and emotional fullness. These teen-agers seem to have time to make mistakes, to have adventures, and to learn; as characters they are more attractive and believable than the contemporary kids in Frank and Eleanor Perry's *Last Summer* (1969), who were seen moving toward a miserable, neurotic adulthood as rapidly as their creators' hysteria could impel them.

The softness and evasiveness of the forties pictures are also evoked and kidded in the scene in which Hermie and Oscy go to the movies with two girls to see *Now Voyager*. The fancy manners and tactful passions (the second half of *Now Voyager* is devoted to the complicated reasons why the hero and the heroine cannot go to bed together) provide the perfect mood for some furious making out in the theater; in a wonderful piece of acting, the boys' faces struggle to hold serious expressions, receptive to the stately evasions on screen, while their hands are groping in the dark for a soft landing.

Robert Mulligan, who directed *To Kill a Mockingbird, Up the Down Staircase*, and many other films, is known for his lyrical touch, and in *Summer of '42* the lyricism works best when it is least studied. I don't think I've ever seen a movie in which characters were moving so much of the time; as Mulligan keeps his camera in motion to stay up with those hyperenergetic boys, it takes in the shabby old houses and careless beauty of the seaside landscape in a continuous, unforced flow of space. Compare the casual beach sequences here, with their hazy, salty look, to those in *Ryan's Daughter*, in which the camera spotted isolated figures from afar and then zoomed in across

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an immensity of gleaming white sand.

But in the scenes of Hermie's infatuation with the older girl, Raucher's script trails off into moony vagueness, and Mulligan begins working in a conventionally "sensitive" style. When the boys spy on Dorothy and her husband from a distance, she is indeed a vision of loveliness, and we can believe that Hermie is struck dumb, but then Mulligan switches to slow motion as the husband carries her into the house. This combination is repeated when the boys witness the husband going off to war: Hermie, emotional over what he sees, is again silent, and Dorothy is slowed down as she sadly walks away. Well, girls are pretty in ordinary motion, too, and that staring, silent boy isn't conveying much to the audience. The intimate scenes between these two are purposely awkward, but the awkwardness lacks tension; Raucher hasn't really created a character in Dorothy (as if he felt that giving her any distinct personality would reduce her loveliness), and Hermie's stumbling importunacy meets a rather blank response. She seems like a boy's fantasy of a real sweet lady, but the rest of the movie is told from the vantage point of adulthood, not adolescence. There's certainly no hint in these scenes of the complexity that would account for what Dorothy does later. In her struggle to find the right emphasis in an unwritten part, Jennifer O'Neill turns out to be a nervous, well-meaning young actress who winds up creating a little pocket of embarrassment around her whenever she appears.

The movie itself gets rather tongue-tied in these moments, and when Dorothy finally takes Hermie into bed, it becomes as evasive as anything from the sentimental forties. Is anyone really initiated this way? The woman is older but still young, beautiful, freshly crying from the news of her husband's death, in need of consolation. The boy doesn't have to do anything or say a word. Shadows loom over the characters so we can't see what they might be feeling (Mulligan may have wanted to protect his inexperienced actors here), breezes sweetly blow, and in darkness and silence the moment unfolds, blessed by tears.

Afterwards, Raucher's narration takes over: "For everything that we take with us, we leave something behind. In a very special way I lost Hermie forever." But what is the "very special way"? Since Hermie doesn't say a single word for the rest of the movie, we don't know whether he's appalled or thrilled or crushed by this first "adult" experience of life. He won't answer Oscy's questions or ours, and once again we're left with that staring boy (but we know that sex did not silence Raucher forever). The whole lively stream of detailed, funny, idiosyncratic reactions to experience which on balance make this a good movie suddenly runs dry, an inhibition which suggests that Raucher hasn't come to terms with that particular event even to this day. Hermie's silence represents not the maturity of his new consciousness, but the author's inability to relinquish a fond, foolish fancy.

The teen-agers in Kent Mackenzie's new documentary, *Saturday Morning,* are also getting involved in sex, but they appear to be devoting so much energy to forming their attitudes toward their experiences in advance of having any, that one wonders if it's going to be much of an adventure for them. The film is a record of a six-day marathon group-encounter session held last year in Southern California. Although the movie isn't of any importance in itself, it marks the beginning of a new genre (group-therapy porno, shot in the nude, is expected immediately, but additional serious films will undoubtedly follow); and it also shows what the ethos of group therapy may be doing to some of the people who believe in it.

The group consists of twenty teen-agers selected from more than 400 interviewed by the director. Almost all of them are very intelligent and attractive, and they sound quite healthy; the movie is not a display of neuroses, but of normal teen-age problems dramatized and wept over in public. In their discussions of sex a recurring theme for a while is their delight in sexual play and their unwillingness to go any further, but then a chicano boy, who is older in experience, makes the accurate and rather cruel observation that by advancing ethical and spiritual reasons for their reluctance, they are at-

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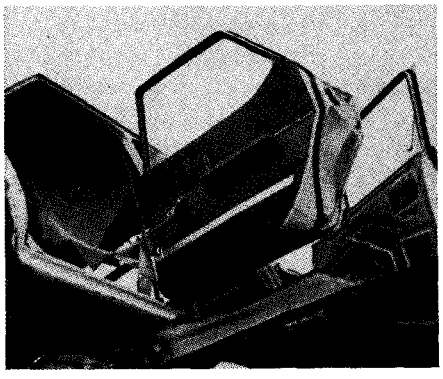

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tempting to disguise their fear of sex itself. The differences between him and the others, who are white and black middle-class kids, suggests a lot about the class and cultural determinants of behavior. We can see that in his insistence on sex first, love later, he is a realist, believes in accepting pleasure when it is available, and is possibly more adult than they; and yet we may also wonder why the others should not get involved in sex at whatever speed they want. The only strength of group therapy as a public dramatic form is that it occasionally allows us to respond in this way to the ambiguity of experience. At other times, it seems to take experience by the neck and squeeze it until dead; there is, for example, a scene in which the chicano boy is asked to demonstrate his seduction techniques on one of the girls, and then the boy and girl tell each other their feelings about what happened, and then the *group* asks them what they felt about it and also asks another girl what *she* felt when the boy rubbed her stomach earlier, then her answer is discussed, and so on.

The earlier part of the marathon (and the movie), where the kids talk about sex and act out their hostilities to their parents, is just a warm-up for what occurs at the end—the tearful breakdowns and confessions of emotional inadequacy and guilt. The leader of the group, who encourages such emotional outbursts, seems like a very bright, sensitive man, and although I felt that in most circumstances I would trust him as a person, I am wary of accepting the role he plays here. Group therapists have really got the country by the tail: they have a jargon, a method, and they offer us paradise; like traveling evangelists, they have the power to evoke confessions and furious self-accusations; they can dispel old illusions of spiritual safety and create new ones in their place. In several cases the emotions of the confessors in *Saturday Morning* seemed way out of proportion to the seriousness of the problem described, so one thinks that the real cause of the tears remains unconscious or that the group pressures are themselves responsible, regardless of what the person says is bothering him. No one could argue against the value of letting down defenses and getting to the root of things with friends or lovers or a professional who knows how to handle all that emotion, but what can the group do with the tempests it stirs up? Usually it rushes forward to congratulate the distraught person for being such a wonderful human being; but does that have any long-range effect on his problem? One boy seems aware of this when he suggests a crying girl not be smothered in support, that she be "allowed her pain," but the others don't understand what he means.

For me the most appalling moment in the film comes when one of the boys breaks down and confesses that he has never been able to give anyone his love, and as a consequence has never received any. Even as an infant, he insists, he was unable to love his parents. But if this is true, it couldn't possibly be his fault; it is something that was done *to* him, and he needn't feel guilty about it. A powerful sense of unworthiness will produce a confession; here is a boy who has discovered in himself the closest thing to original sin that our culture has to offer—an *innate* inability to love; but there is a way out. The previous night, he says, he asked first one of the group leaders and then one of the girls to love him. They each agreed to do it, and he declared himself to them in turn; they embraced, and he experienced the emotion of love for the first time. A friend of mine who is in group therapy says that the effort of bringing out something so painful produces a feeling of awe in the other participants; I was left awestruck myself by the extent of this boy's confusion and vulnerability, by his ignorance of what love is, by the difficulties he was yet to experience in the world outside group therapy. And yet this illusory "breakthrough" is used by the film-makers as the climax of the movie.

Earlier generations of teen-agers were pressured to be good, or chaste, or to go out and make money; in the new orthodoxy, teen-agers of the upper middle class are pressured by popular culture, by the therapeutic ethos, and by their peers to be generally open and loving (as if love were not a response to particular people and qualities). I'm sure the guilt that results from the inevitable failure to honor such a commandment is more severe than older forms of guilt. The older failures could at

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least be excused by the weakness of human nature; but failing to love is bound to be seen among these kids as a fact against nature. When the boy who made the remark about pain protests against the blotting out of individuality in the group and against the banality of "love" as a solution to every problem, he is made to feel so bad by the others that he finally drops his head and says, "I guess the trouble with me is that I think too much."

As a movie subject, group therapy is quite embarrassing, but I watched it with fascination. If we think of the group for a moment as a collection of people performing for cameras, the possibility arises that they are offering us this competition in anguished sensitivity as a form of protest against the deadness and externality of most public communication—think of those dreadful "personal" interviews with celebrities on the talk shows or of a public official "feeling deeply" about something in a television speech. In our new genre, the participant-actors voluntarily sacrifice their privacy in order to produce examples of personal revelation and authentic emotion; some of them, the real troupers, struggle through confessions despite a storm of tears. But this is probably too cynical. If I consider them as they want to be considered, simply as human beings, I am left with this: Oscy, the old-style teen-age boy in *Summer of '42,* probably turned out to be a fairly crazy man—a thundering male chauvinist, at the least; yet I think he is more energetic, more adventurous, more attractive in every way than the sensitized, rather sickly communicants of *Saturday Morning.*

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE PURSUIT OF WILDERNESS
by Paul Brooks
Houghton Mifflin, $6.95

John Muir, the Scottish-American naturalist, who was instrumental in preserving the Yosemite National Park, contributed many papers to *The Atlantic.* In 1875 he guided Emerson to the Mariposa Grove; thirty-two years later he took Theodore Roosevelt to the same spot. They camped out beneath the sequoias, and their talk enlarged the concept of our national parks.

Conservation has been building up political muscle since then, and its volunteers are at work in many communities. In the past decade citizens' committees in Greater Boston have preserved Beacon Hill as a national monument, have supported legislation sealing off 45,000 acres of salt marsh from the bulldozer, have resuscitated the American and English elms on the Mall, and have saved the Garden in the Woods, the wildflower sanctuary in Sudbury. But when the projects for exploitation are on a larger scale, such as General Pick's fantasy of damming and flooding the Missouri River Valley, when they have the backing of the Army Corps of Engineers and the partisan support of local representatives in Congress, then we need the leadership of the Sierra Club, the combined strength of many organizations, and the persistent questioning of Henry M. Jackson of Washington, chairman of the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, to head off disaster. In this "second American Revolution," as Paul Brooks calls it, "we are fighting for the rights of the land itself," and his book, *The Pursuit of Wilderness,* is a most timely exposure of how close we have come to losing three unique preserves in Alaska, the Everglades, and the North Cascades. In each case there was an inevitable conflict between those who wished to exploit for quick profit and those who wished to protect a natural heritage. "Of course we are going ahead and mine," the Kennecott Copper Company replied to all criticism of their plan to excavate Miners Ridge in the Cascades, "You can't desert property." And the lumbermen cutting in the same area against the faint protest of the Forest Service were of the same persuasion. In Alaska, it was Dr. Edward Teller, director of the Lawrence Laboratory, who sponsored Project Chariot, which would blast out a harbor north of the Arctic Circle by exploding five atomic bombs, with minimal apprehension of the consequences to the area. Alaska was also to be the site of the Rampart Dam, which would create a lake the size of New Jersey and hydroelectric power no one could use, while blotting out our greatest fish and wildlife refuge. The worst of the boondoggles was the Miami nightmare, the idea of gouging out a jetport on the periphery of the Everglades. As Mr. Brooks makes clear, the first round in each fight has been won by the conservationists, but the attacks undoubtedly will be renewed.

Mr. Brooks speaks with firsthand knowledge of all of these threatened areas. He has camped or canoed in them, questioned the natives, and considered the enormity. He shows how the promotors have used the tricky exaggeration of Madison Avenue, and how contemptuous they have been of the opposition until their pretensions were exploded. In his clear, firm prose he questions the experimentations of the AEC, the timidity of the Forest Service, and the recklessness of the Army Engineers, who were willing to "pull the plug" in Canal III of the Everglades "to see whether the result would be as disastrous as ecologists claimed." The Engineers are indeed elite, but I wonder if the time has not come when a nonpartisan national commission should be empowered to scrutinize their undertakings.

IMAGES AND SHADOWS
by Iris Origo
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.50

In her memoir, *Images and Shadows,* Iris Origo, Marchesa Origo when at home in southern Tuscany, describes in her cool Chablis style the excitement and misgiving of being brought up in three quite different worlds where wealth was the common denominator. Her father was an American, Bayard Cutting, who according to the school magazine at Groton was "by far the most remarkable scholar we ever had," and his family home, Westbrook, was one of the most luxurious, well-kept seigniories on the South Shore of Long Island. As she grew older, Iris was shuttled back and forth between the United States, where her father's promising

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career was cut short by tuberculosis, and Desart Court, her mother's home in Ireland, where she came under the influence of her most beloved elder, her English grandfather. She was happy in the freedom of this hospitable, Anglo-Irish country house, with its untidy garden and great beeches, its hunts and birthday picnics, and most important, in her closeness to Gabba, her grandfather, who brought order to this charming domain until it was burned to the ground in "The Troubles."

Iris' mother, Sybil Desart, was a vivacious beauty, so enmeshed in her own social career that she delegated her daughter's education to a relay of governesses. She was a lion-tamer, vain, egotistical, with real and fancied illnesses, and after Bayard Cutting's death, she maintained a salon at the Villa Medici in Florence. Here she was remarried, first to Geoffrey Scott, and when that ended in divorce, to Percy Lubbock.

The mother-daughter relationship was a taut one, and we speculate on what would have happened to the lonely Iris had she been permitted to go to Oxford at eighteen as she wished instead of being forced to make three debuts. Thrown onto her own resources, pining for friends, Iris found her consolation in books. It was the older men from whom she learned, the best of them, Professor Monti, who taught her Greek and Latin together as living languages, and who lifted her spirits. From her three exposures, the New York of Edith Wharton, the Ireland of Somerville and Ross, and the decorative days at Fiesole, Iris rightly decided that if she was to continue to live in Italy, it would be as an Italian, and her marriage to Antonio Origo in the Villa Medici chapel in March of 1924 marked her happy entrance into her own world. With her husband she devoted herself to building up the roads, the ditches, the farms and forest of their long-neglected estate, La Foce, which had cost their last penny to purchase; here she nursed her children, and after the tragic death of their only son, here, "in an effort to find some impersonal work," she turned to writing biography. Miss Origo has subtitled *Images and Shadows* "Part of a Life," and I think it regretful that some of the most distinctive parts of her maturity, such as the ripening friendship with Berenson and her own and Antonio's activity in the Resistance are omitted because she has treated them elsewhere. It is exceedingly difficult to recast, yet these realities would have rounded out and strengthened the more contemporary phases of this elegant, evocative book.

THE HEIRS OF THE KINGDOM
by Zoé Oldenbourg
Pantheon, $10.00

A historical novel is the art of persuading one's contemporaries to believe in a time and a place and a girl at several centuries remove. Mme. Zoé Oldenbourg is a French master of this genre who has assimilated the Middle Ages so thoroughly that one follows the large tapestry of her narratives with credulity. *The Heirs of the Kingdom,* faultlessly translated by Anne Carter, is the story of the First Crusade, not of the great princes, their knights and their ladies, but of the poorest of the poor, who, inspired by the evangelism of Little Peter, a monk with a vision, left their crafts and the safety of home for the perilous and exhausting march from Flanders to Jerusalem. They were always at the tail of the procession, hungry and footsore, their comelier women preyed upon by the soldiers, and all of them exposed to the guerrilla tactics of the Turks. It is Mme. Oldenbourg's achievement to make us think and feel as these rugged pilgrims must have done.

In so vast a tapestry our attention is confined to a group of weavers from Arras, numbering two hundred at their departure; their leaders are Brother Barnabé, a monk too rebellious for the monastery, and Baudry, the sturdy mason; and in the little company our attention is centered on Alix of the Thirty Pieces, the queenly harlot who has renounced her sins; Sir Evrard, a soldier of fortune now converted, who will fight only as a protector of the poor; and Jacques and Marie, the newlyweds, whose youth and innocence are to be tried. No romance this, but the story of a group whose characters are consistent throughout the long exposure. We see the credulous hope with which they are imbued and the hard, bloodstained reality which so often blots their visions; we see the births, the feuds, the lechery, and the ever-renewed trust in their leaders; and we see the incredible splendor of Constantinople through which the pilgrims are herded like immigrants, and the harsh and brutal sieges. We feel the heat and thirst as they approach Jerusalem, and the appalling revulsion after Jerusalem has fallen, when the pilgrims are paid to bury the dead. "To each his own reward," one of them remarks. "The knights have honor, the soldiers wealth, and the poor have Jesus Christ." With its animated portrayal of human nature, this book is like a Brueghel in prose.

SELECTIVE TROUT
by Doug Swisher and Carl Richards
Crown, $6.95

Because the stream is a fine and private place and because fly fishermen usually guard their secrets, the Swisher-Richards volume in which they have defined and craftily illustrated their no-hackle dry flies is certain to be the most revolutionary and popular fishing book of this year. These two Michigan anglers, the one a plastics salesman, the other a dentist, at home on the Au Sable River in Michigan found that they shared an interest in the life of the insects on which trout feed, and a curiosity to match their home-tied flies with the hatches they found on their neighborhood streams. Encouraged by success, they began collecting, photographing, and studying the local fly hatches, and the imitations they devised, often at wide variance from the traditional patterns, emboldened them to apply their "no-hackle" principle to streams in the East and Far West as well as their home waters. The drawings, the colorplates, and the common sense have been most persuasively arranged for the three seasons, early, middle, and late. They offer fresh hope for those who have never done well with nymphs, and their reasoning is hard to refute.

SHORT REVIEWS BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE GIFT HORSE by Hildegard Knef. McGraw-Hill, $7.95. Although Miss Knef is an actress and the later sections of her autobiography include

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the obligatory tartnesses on Hollywood plus what may well be the best description ever done of the zany confusion of trying out a Broadway musical and the boredom of sticking with it when the thing proves a success, this is no ordinary theatrical memoir. Miss Knef was born in Germany just in time to grow up under the Hitler regime and spent her youth waiting hopefully for the national insanity to cease. When it did, she put on men's clothes and with her lover joined the makeshift militia defending Berlin—not through patriotism, but out of a simple aversion to rape by the Russians. It was a wild, painful adventure, followed eventually by all the humiliations imposed by Allied officials on supposed Nazis. The chip that Miss Knef had always carried on her shoulder in regard to the Nazi authorities soon developed into a sort of international woodpile of grudges and squabbles. Not a comfortable burden, however justified, but readers can be grateful for it. Accumulating rage has finally produced this vivid, often witty, splendidly written roar of protest from an intelligent and talented woman unreasonably beset by lunatics and scoundrels. Translated from the German by David Cameron-Palastanga.

THE DARK NIGHT OF RESISTANCE by Daniel Berrigan. Doubleday, $5.95. Father Berrigan discusses the moral necessity of resistance against an immoral social system with eloquence and insight, but in terms unlikely to impress supporters of that system.

AS I CROSSED A BRIDGE OF DREAMS translated by Ivan Morris. Dial, $7.50. The Japanese "recollections" which Mr. Morris has translated were composed by a minor court lady of the eleventh century, one of those literary women who stuck to idiomatic Japanese while their male contemporaries floundered after Chinese butterflies. The material is entirely personal, subjective to the point of isolation, and spotted with poems that have driven the translator to despair because their full effect depends on double meanings and triple implications. Despite the impossibility of adequate translation and the necessity for an inordinate number of explanatory notes, the work is interesting because it reveals a familiar muddle of vague guilt and unfocused regret. This Japanese contemporary of King Canute would be quite at home in the twentieth century.

PATHS THROUGH THE FOREST by Murray B. Peppard. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95. Popularly remembered as collectors of fairy tales, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm were, according to their biographer, "the leading philologists, antiquarians, lexicographers, and folklorists of their age." Given that age—roughly from Napoleon to Bismarck—and the variety of the brothers' interests, the book should be more interesting than it is. Mr. Peppard spends time, often repetitiously, on dubiously useful detail but skimps on direct quotation and generalizes on the established scholarship which the Grimms sometimes developed and sometimes demolished.

ACROSS THE TOP OF THE WORLD by Wally Herbert. Putnam, $7.95. The man who thought up and commanded the affair describes the British Trans-Arctic Expedition, which in 1968-1969 dogsledded from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitzbergen. Walked, in short, across the frozen ocean via the North Pole. It was a well-organized trek, with air support, but a fiendish journey all the same. The author describes it with energy and honest pride.

READY FOR THE DEFENSE by Martin Garbus. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95. Mr. Garbus has sued a Southern sheriff on behalf of a black woman who had been thrown in jail for registering as a voter, and defended Lenny Bruce against obscenity charges. His account of these and other civil rights cases emphasizes the malfunctioning of the law and the prejudices of courts and juries rather than his own awesome persistence, which resembles that of a man attacking a glacier with an ice pick.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME by Isabel Bolton. Crown, $5.95. It is Miss Bolton's gift to establish character and reveal complicated, even violent emotions through delicate alterations in the surface of social maneuver. Her latest novel is a tale of misplaced loves and lost opportunities among a group of excessively well-bred, mildly monied New Yorkers, and she creates a surprising amount of action out of the essential inactivity of these Edwardian gentlefolk.

HELL HOUSE by Richard Matheson. Viking, $6.50. The house is haunted. Beware; the spook yarn is turning into an excuse for the deployment of what used to be called dirty words by authors and for readers who lack the nerve to confront them in a realistic setting.

THE ART OF THE DARK AGES by Magnus Backes and Regine Dölling. Abrams, $7.95. Translated from the German by Francisca Garvie. The text is tersely confined to where, who, when, and why, but the many illustrations, largely in color, are a record of lavish glory in jewels, goldwork, and bookmaking. Bibliography and a handy chronological chart.

THE BOOK OF NIGHTMARES by Galway Kinnell. Houghton Mifflin, $4.50. Mr. Kinnell's undeniably powerful and often beautiful poems are based upon an odd blend of pantheism and necrophilia. They offer lament for the past, one fierce diatribe against the present, and no future at all since, by the terms of his vision, the author perceives the future as inevitably more of the same.

BIRDS OF AMERICA by Mary McCarthy. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.95. Miss McCarthy's new novel (one section of which appeared in *The Atlantic*) is as brilliant as anything she has written in cool wit, precise observation, and the deft use of commonplace detail for deadly satirical effect; she can behead a whole garden club with one withered rose petal, and does. In addition to these expected merits, the book reveals a widening view in that it deals with an age group and a set of experiences quite different from those of the author. The hero is an overconscientious youth of nineteen, forever running afoul of the system at home or abroad but good-heartedly willing to comprehend his elders if only their conduct permitted it. He is, of course, the bird glasses through which Miss McCarthy views the trivial, mass-produced materialism of American society, but he is also a believable and likable young man whose presence gives the ironic story an unusual touch of warmth.

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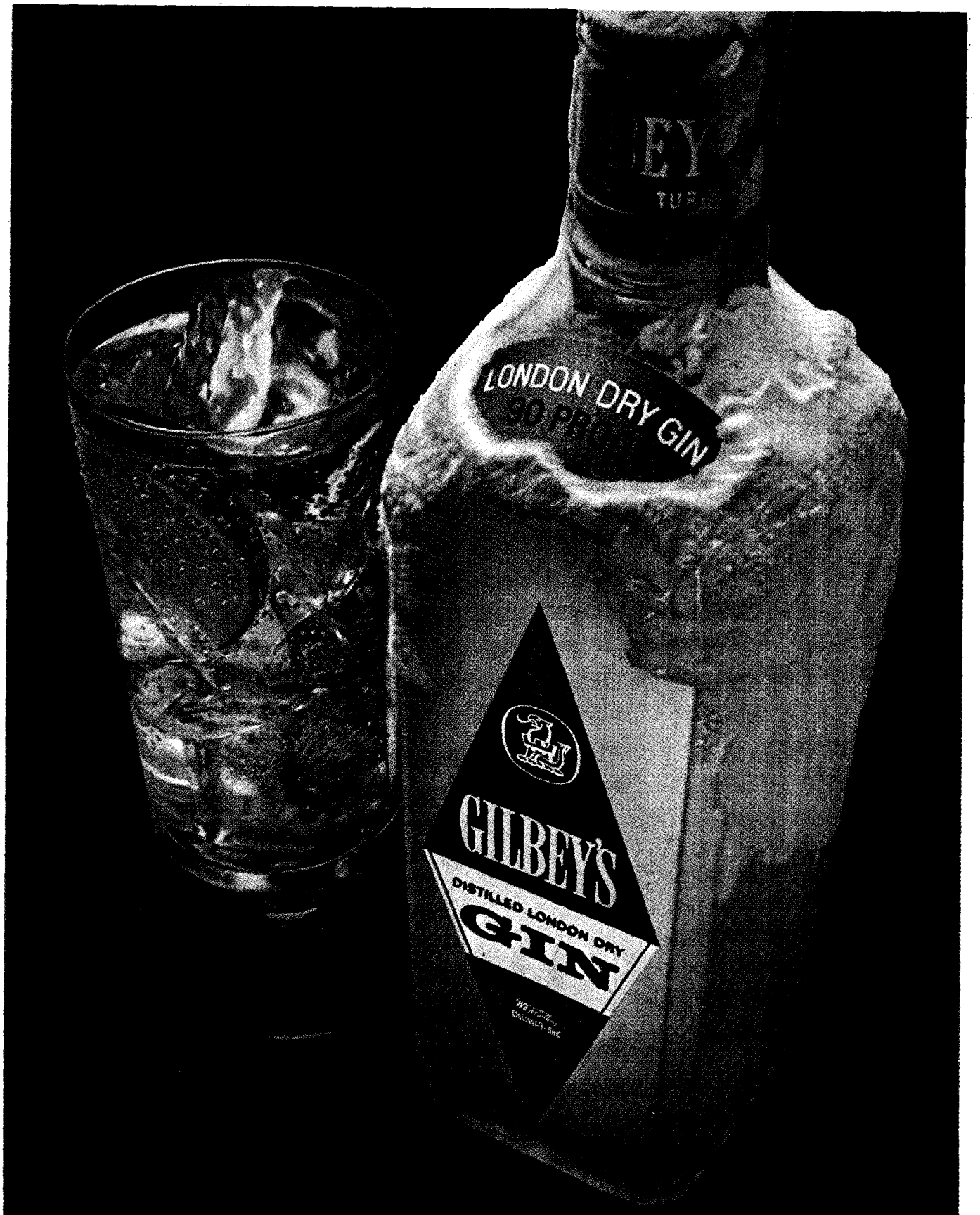

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